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THE ALEUTIAN ISLANDS, AND THE ADJACENT MAIN.

The islands called Aleutian or Aleutan, from a Russian word, Aleut, which signifies a bold rock, and which have now passed under the dominion of the Americans, constitute an archipelago which was once, and may indeed yet, for convenience' sake, be divided into three groups, those nearest to Asia being strictly the Aleutian, those near to the centre the Andrenovian, and those which are nearest to America the Fox Islands. The Andrenovian group were so named in honour of either the vessel—the *St. Andrean*—in which the discoverers sailed, or of her owner, Andrean Tolstyck. The Fox Islands received their name in consequence of the great number of those animals found on them. The oldest of the islands known is the most westerly, discovered by Behring, and in which that navigator died. It has preserved the name of the unfortunate Dane. Copper Island, as infertile, stony, and desert as Behring Island, was the next discovered, and in 1745 others of the Aleutian chain became known. The Fox Islands were discovered thirteen years afterwards, and, in 1761, the Andreanowske group was discovered. A survey of the entire chain was made by two Russian officers in 1768, by order of the Empress Catherine; but our knowledge of the islands, and of the adjoining coasts of the two continents, is principally derived from the narrative of the last voyage of Captain Cook, who, in 1778, determined with accuracy the positions of the islands, and of the more remarkable points of the two coasts.

We have seen, when treating of Arctic, formerly Russian America, that the sagacious mind of Peter the Great, having been stimulated by accounts collected from Kamtchadals, and transmitted to St. Petersburg, concerning the vicinity of the north-eastern point of Asia to the north-western angle of America, desired an expedition to ascertain their correctness; this, however, was delayed by his death; but the Empress Catherine, in accordance with his written instructions, immediately on ascending the throne despatched Behring to obtain information on this point. On the 14th of July, 1728, this intrepid navigator left the river Kamtchatka in the *Fortune*, with two lieutenants and forty men; and having coasted the Kamtchadal, Koriak, and Tchutskoi countries as far as 67 deg. 18 min. north, he returned, having unawares passed but a very few miles through the Straits which now bear his name. This unconsciousness is rather curious, as he had intercourse with people in their boats, who would seem to have been Tchutski or Tuski, who inhabit a country on the coast of Asia within thirty miles of the American continent; they, however, informed him that their nation, although travelling

with reindeer as far as the Kolyma, which runs into the Northern Ocean, had never attempted any passage by sea. He therefore returned home disappointed in the object of his search.

Behring renewed his attempt in 1729, but failed from adverse winds. No further effort was, however, made till 1741, when he again sailed with Tschirikof on their notable enterprise in their two vessels the *St. Peter* and the *St. Paul*, and steering to the east-south-east, and south-east by east, reached the continent of America on the 15th of July. The precise position of the spot has been much contested, but there is good reason to suppose he landed in the immediate neighbourhood of Kaye's Island, latitude 60 deg. north, longitude 144 deg. 30 min. west. It again seems strange that Behring should thus have proceeded so far to the east without reaching land, as the whole range of the Aleutian or Fox Islands, with the promontory of Alaska, lay directly in the course between the points of his departure from Asia and arrival in America, extending in a scattered line from America to within ten degrees of the Kamtchatkan coast. In the beginning of September, on their return voyage, the expedition, however, fell in with the chain of the Fox Islands, and on the 6th of November landed on Behring's Island, at first supposing it to be the mainland of Avatcha; here they suffered great misery and sickness, and, on the 8th of November, Behring died.

To Captain Cook, our own enterprising navigator, belongs the merit of the true discovery of the straits between the two continents, although, with his usual good taste and modesty, he gave to them the name of Behring, in honour of, as he supposed, the first European who ever navigated these seas. There is now, however, little ground for reasonable doubt, although the fact long remained involved in obscurity, that to Simeon Deshnew, or Deshnef, may be attributed the first passage of these straits by civilised man. Iseai Ignatiew, who is the first person recorded to have attempted the navigation of the Polar Ocean, sailed from Kolymsk, east of Kolyma, in 1646; but only reached Tchaun Bay. He obtained some walrus teeth by barter with the Tuski dwelling there, and described them as a warlike people. His accounts induced the Fedot Alexiew, agent to a Moscow merchant, to make an expedition in June, 1647, from the Kolyma, designing to reach the Anadyr. Attached to his mission was the Cossack Simeon Deshnew, or Deshnef, as government representative. Difficulties obliged them to return; and in 1648 a second expedition was commenced, consisting of seven vessels, of which four were probably lost, as further accounts have reached us of only three. Deshnew seems to have had a favourable season; and, passing Chelagskoi Noss, made his way eastward and to the south, until he reached the Gulf of Anadyr. He does not appear, however, to have had any knowledge of the proximity of the coast of America.

The inhabitants of Behring's Island are described by the admirable and sagacious Steller, who accompanied Behring, as mostly young, or middle-aged, of moderate stature, but tolerably well proportioned; their arms and legs very fleshy, their hair straight and of a glossy blackness, the nose flat, but not broad or large, the eyes black, the lips thick and turned upward, necks short, shoulders broad, and bodies thick, but not corpulent. They wore shirts made of the intestines of whales; boots and breeches of seal-skin, stained a brown red with alder-bark (the only

other shrub they have with the dwarf willow); and he describes them as having long iron knives, apparently their own manufacture (though he justly throws doubt on this point later in his narrative). They made hats of bark, which were coloured red and green, and ornamented with feathers and grass; and bored holes in various parts of the face, in which they inserted bones and stones. They had little or no beard.

They seemed to migrate from island to island, as also to the mainland of America, and, it is probable, to the mainland of Asia, whence they derived their knives, as we may judge from the condition in which the other islanders were mostly discovered to be, and who, like some of the inhabitants of Tierra del Fuego and other places, had not advanced beyond the stone period of archæologists. They were also accustomed to tattoo their faces with a red-hot needle.

The number of islands which compose the whole archipelago is very considerable; above forty have received names. The most important are those situated to the eastward. The Fox Islands are Oonemak, Oonalashka, and Oomnack. Otcheredin, who made a lengthened visit to these islands in 1770, described them as generally rocky, but destitute of wood, and abounding with rivulets and lakes, which contain very little fish; the population free and numerous, living principally in holes dug in the earth, and subsisting on sea animals and small shell-fish. The islands composing the Andrenovian division are smaller than the others, and are seldom visited. The principal of them are Amlak, Atchka, Tshetchina, Ayag, Kanaga, and Takavanga. The two last mentioned have volcanoes, and Tshetchina possesses a high hill, which is apparently an extinct volcano. The division nearest to the Asiatic coast contains, among other islands of less importance, Semitchi, Attoo, Agatoo, Copper Island, and Behring's or Commodore Island.

Establishments protected by fortifications were formed in several of these islands by Russian adventurers as early as 1785. These were all the result of private enterprise. It was the success by which they were attended that led to the formation of the Russian American Company, whose operations were carried on during several years in a somewhat irregular manner; but in 1799 the association was invested with considerable privileges by the Russian government, and it continued to prosecute the trade in furs with as much activity as the supply would permit until it sold its territories to the Americans.

The traders who first visited these islands are charged with having acted with the most wanton cruelty towards the natives, whose revengeful feelings were at length so far excited, that, as on the mainland, they seized upon every opportunity for retaliating upon their oppressors, and succeeded on several occasions in destroying the Russian vessels and murdering their crews.

The whole group of islands bears evident signs of a volcanic origin, and volcanoes are in a state of activity on several of the islands at the present time. Not only are the islands themselves rocky, but the coasts are so encompassed by breakers that the navigation among them is dangerous. The prospect on approaching any of these islands is also frightful and desolate. Black masses of lava appear to rise perpendicularly from the sea to a great elevation, the whole of each island presenting the appearance of pointed mountains lying close to each other, and some of

them having their summits above the clouds. If there are plains they are stony, and the valleys are blocked up with fallen rocks. No trees grow among these débris; a few coarse grasses, dwarf willows, heath-worts, and alders, constitute, with mosses, and lichens, and a few Arctic flowering plants, almost the whole of the vegetation in the southern islands. The inhabitants would, indeed, suffer much inconvenience from the want of wood for fuel, but for the great abundance of driftwood which is continually thrown upon their shores. This, however, will not probably trouble the Yankees, who will boil their kettles on a volcano. An unsuccessful attempt was once made to plant the pine at Oonalashka. Curiously enough, the northerly islands enjoy the mildest climate, and a few shrubby plants are met with, as well as willow-worts and heath-worts. Gardens have also been formed in a few sheltered spots, where the soil is of a better quality, and cabbages, turnips, carrots, radishes, potatoes, and other esculent vegetables have been successfully raised.

The land animals which are met with on the islands are bears, wolves, beavers, ermines or martens, and land-otters; but the numbers of fur-bearing animals both at land and sea have been much decreased by constant persecution. This is particularly the case with the sea-otter, whose skin is held in much estimation by the Chinese, with whom the Russians trade. Red, grey, brown, and black foxes are seen in great variety on the Fox Islands. The Russian navigators also mention reindeer, wild-boar, (?) and long-eared wild-dogs, very ferocious—probably wolves. Seals and whales are abundant on the coasts, and sea-bears or lion-seals are occasionally met with.* Both salmon and halibut are caught, and the latter, as off the coast of the mainland, are sometimes of an immense size. There can be no question as to the importance of the fisheries of Vancouver, British Columbia, and Arctic America, if turned to proper account. The preservation of beef and mutton from South America and Australia, and of fish from distant parts of the globe, are among the most interesting problems in the social economy of the day. There is no reason why we should not have, like that great delicacy *Thon marinée*, or prepared tunny, salmon and other fish in tins from British Columbia, where the fish sometimes rot at the river-falls, as cheap or cheaper than sardines.

The great peculiarity about the Aleutian Islands is that they appear, although so sterile, to have been always better inhabited than the adjacent mainland; whilst the Russians, advancing from the fort on Norton Sound, pushed on slowly to stations in the mountains above Escholtz Bay, and thence on to the river Colville, below the Beaver Mountains, and had merely a rendezvous on the same river known as the Youcon in its upper part, in the parallel of Mount St. Elias, the Indian and Esquimaux hunters being so few in number in the interior of that desolate country. Half a century ago the island of Oonalashka alone was assumed to contain thirteen hundred inhabitants, but recent accounts lead us to believe that the population was much over-stated, some having reduced it to three hundred. The reason for the islands being more populated than

* The immense quantity of animal life which existed on these islands at an early stage of Russian connexion with them, may be gathered from the fact that on one short expedition in 1750 the large numbers of 1781 sea-otters, 720 blue foxes, and 840 young sea-bears or lion-seals were taken, and their furs and skins carried back by one vessel to the Russian territories.

the mainland is to be found in the sea being open longer than on the coast, and the usual food of the inhabitants—fish, and the flesh or fat of sea animals—being more abundant. What few people are met with on the shores of the Arctic or Polar Ocean are met with for the same reasons along the shores, and it is only in the summer season that they go up the great rivers, the Colville, the Mackenzie, or Copper-mine River, or descend these from the far interior.

Another peculiarity is that the natives are said to be of different tribes or nations, speaking different dialects or languages. But this may be in great part owing to their isolation, and the corruption to which any language would in the course of time become subjected, by being limited to a few families, without written or printed records. The Russians, however, assert that different races are to be distinguished by different features, different outward aspect and conformation generally, and different habits and manners, as well as language. It is said that some most resemble the Koriak and Mongol races of Asia, others the European Esquimaux of the Arctic regions. People of one origin are again separated by people of a different origin. Thus the Russians took an interpreter from one island who could not understand the inhabitants of a neighbouring island, whilst he was quite at home in one more distant.*

These insulars are, as may be imagined, from living where there is no game, or fruit, or seeds, very coarse in their feeding. They devour the flesh of foxes, and of almost any animal or bird that they can kill or capture. But their chief resources are the oleaginous flesh of sea-whales, the gluey and hard flesh of seals, walrus, sea-bears or lion-seals, and sea-otters, dead fish brought up by the tide, shell-fish, edible sea-weeds, and the wild lily root, which latter is, with seal oil, their greatest luxury. A fresh shell-fish has not as much flavour to their taste as fish that is half putrid. Everything is devoured in its raw state, nor do they use salt as a condiment. In winter-time they expose bits of flesh to the heat of their lamps, but it is simply to thaw it. It is only on the occasion of great festivals that they boil their meat. They do this in a hollow stone, with a flat stone for a lid, cemented on with clay; but even then they do not eat the meat till it is cold. They obtain fire by rubbing two sticks, and letting the sparks fall on dry grass powdered with sulphur. Their bows are strung with the intestines of animals, or gut, and the same substance is used for making nets. Their arrows and pikes were, till they came in contact with the Russians, solely armed with sharp flint stones, or bones. They also make hooks of the latter material, and lines of the intestines and sinews of sea animals. They attack the latter when asleep, surround them, and kill them with their pikes, harpoons, or javelins. At other times they succeed in arresting the progress both of land and sea animals with their arrows, despatching them finally with their pikes. In fishing at sea they make use of a kind of canoe, which they call a baidar, and which consists of a skeleton of wood or whalebone, over which a covering

* Dr. Latham, in his "Varieties of Man," asserts that the inhabitants of these islands, including Behring's, Copper, Rat, Andreanowsky, and Prebülowüni, are all of Esquimaux origin; this he principally infers from the radical construction of the language. But it is now generally admitted that there are Esquimaux of different origin, Asiatic or Mongolian, American, and lastly, European in Greenland and other adjacent countries.

of seal-skins is extended. These skins also cover the boat itself, and are firmly attached to the body, so that no water can gain admittance. They are long and narrow in form, and are most usually made to hold only one person; sometimes they are constructed to carry two, and very rarely three people. In these cases two or three holes are left just fitted to the size of the body. But under no circumstances are the canoes so heavy that they cannot be carried about by one or two natives without difficulty. The islanders are very expert in the management of these vessels by means of double paddles, seven or eight feet in length, and they sometimes venture in them to a considerable distance from land, even in very stormy weather. As they have no tools but hatchets and knives of stone, it takes a long time to make a canoe, and the workmanship is rude enough; but it is lasting, all the more so as the fisherman, on regaining land, puts it on his head, with his fish, nets, and apparatus all within, and carries it home with him. When marine monsters, such as whales or walruses, have to be killed, several canoes unite in the chase, surround the creature, wound it with arrows and harpoons, and ultimately capture it.

The flesh of animals killed in the summer season, as also fish, are dried in the sun and smoked for winter use; but with regard to fish, they sometimes content themselves with burying them in snow. The favourite beverage is whale oil, which is handed round in bladders on the occasion of a visit or a festival. That of seals is, however, preferred; and the oil of young seals is said to be as sweet as olive oil.

The Aleutians have a great regard for the rights of property: each habitation has its own portion of the shore; it is his patrimony, and the fish, shells, and plants that he obtains constitute his revenue. Another native, still less a stranger, is not permitted to fish or collect molluscs from off a native's ground. This law is so sacred among the islanders that they unite to repel an invader, and many a strange crew visiting the otherwise kind-hearted and inoffensive people, as Cook described them to be, has been surprised at becoming involved in hostilities from their breaking the laws of the country, as unwittingly as the natives themselves do, when they appropriate to themselves a knife, a nail, or other object accidentally deposited on their territory. The propensity for thieving, found amongst all Esquimaux, and practised without almost any feeling of shame, is a psychological phenomenon which has not yet been studied in all its bearings. The desire to possess, or the principle of acquisitiveness, as phrenologists term it, is common to all human beings; but it is restrained in civilised life by teaching and punishment, when in its excess it leads to dishonesty or theft. It is just possible that some Esquimaux have never had such teaching, but it is evident that with regard to the Aleutians, and it must be so in a greater or less degree with all Esquimaux, that the laws of property are known and established. It can only be surmised, then, that in their savage state covetousness exceeds the sense of propriety. It would also be necessary to understand what are their ideas of punishment for theft, before shooting them down as some so-called civilised men have done, in retribution for a petty robbery.

The proprietor of a portion of the coast has, however, no particular claim to a dead whale that may be stranded on the shores. So great a treasure belongs to the whole island. The happy incident is celebrated by a general festivity. Every one rushes to the spot to participate in the

godsend, and the enormous monster is torn to pieces and devoured amidst songs and dances.

The habitations of the Aleutians are holes dug in the earth to a depth of nine or ten feet, about the same in width, and from thirty to even one hundred and fifty feet in length ; and these holes are covered with sticks, over which grass and earth are thrown. Several holes covered with dried fish-skins are left in the roof, to serve as doors, windows, or chimneys. The latter are, however, little wanted ; for these subterranean abodes, which resemble in some particulars those on the cold and lofty uplands of Armenia, as described by Xenophon, are warmed by means of lamps of moss burning in whale oil, and which make them perfectly warm during the severest cold of an Arctic winter. That this may well be so in an underground habitation will be understood when Lieutenant Hooper, R.A., describes the skin tents of the Tuski dwelling in the neighbouring continent of Asia, and which are warmed by similar means, as attaining a temperature of 100 deg. Fahrenheit, and the heat so oppressive, after the pure cold air outside, that every one on entering is glad to divest himself of his outer garments.*

From fifty to sometimes two or three hundred individuals are gathered together in these subterranean abodes, which are divided into separate apartments by means of seal-skins or mats of grass or tangle. Men, women, and children are grouped together in darkness, and in a state of semi-nudity. No regard is paid to either cleanliness or ventilation, and these populous interiors are rendered doubly repulsive by the odours of putrid fish and oil, and by numerous vermin. Savages are for the most part taciturn and morose. They have little to communicate to one another. But the Aleutians living in crowded huts are said to be very talkative and noisy.

Whilst the men content themselves in-doors with a simple frock or tunic of skins of birds or fish, the women prefer the skins of otters or foxes, which at once distinguish the sexes. The women sew these skins together with fish-bones and animal sinews for thread, and the frocks are made to come down to the knee. The frock is sometimes further decorated with a fringe. They also occasionally colour the smooth or inside surface of the skins with coloured earths, but the skins themselves are not well prepared, and are consequently not waterproof. They accordingly wear a mantle made of the intestines and bladders of seals and lion-seals in bad weather, and as this is lighter than the other, it is solely worn in fine weather. Hence, as Cook observed, they look at times as if clothed in parchment. They neither wear shoes nor stockings, but some wrap their feet in skins in winter. The skins of aquatic fowl with wings and tail constitute the favourite head-dress, but in war time they wear a kind of wooden helmet, variously coloured, with a very long peak, and surmounted with a plume of whalebone and feathers. A little idol, cut in bone, representing the human figure, and about an inch in length, is further attached to this head-dress. This rudimentary piece of sculpture is supposed to represent their tutelary genius. Pricking the flesh with fish-bones, they rub coloured earths, such as red and yellow ochres, into the wounds in the shape of flowers, birds, and quadrupeds. Two holes

* Ten Months among the Tents of the Tuski, &c. By Lieut. W. H. Hooper, R.A., p. 49.

are made in the lower lips of both male and female children, and bones two inches in length are passed through them. The nostrils are also kept expanded by fish-bones passed through similar holes. Some even carry coquetry so far as to make a third hole through the lower lip, through which they pass a reed. The general effect is, however, by no means pleasing to the unaccustomed eye. The women also wear feathers, beads, or any other trifle in their ears in guise of earrings. They plait the hair up in a single tress behind, and pluck it or shave it off with a sharp stone in front. The men also shave the head entirely in some of the islands; in others, they leave a crown or tuft. They have little or no beard, and whatever they have they carefully eradicate. The same people who devote so much time to adorning their persons, are, however, extremely dirty in their habits, seldom washing themselves, and hence they become black and smoky, when nature would give them the ruddy hue of health.

It is averred that the Aleutians have no sense of purity of manners or even of common decency. We hope, for the sake of human nature, that the charge is exaggerated. A man takes a woman to his hut without her consent or that of her parents, and she becomes his wife and slave at the same moment, without either ceremony or festival of any kind. As the women dry the fish, sew the skins and garments, make the mats, and do all the in-door work, the more wives a man has the richer he is; so when he cannot procure maidens he takes such as have been abandoned by their first husbands or masters, and he even takes children. But then, again, if a woman does not like her master she can go to another, and take her children with her if they consent. This without any quarrelling or disputes, for every one is said to be free to do as he or she likes—a statement which is open to doubt, and would scarcely, we fancy, bear a more close examination. It is even said that a woman who has left her husband and lived many years with another man, can return to her first husband with all the children of which he is not the father, and be well received. This neither from philosophy nor indifference, but because all increase to the family is a gain. The Aleutian will lend his wife or exchange her for any trifle that he longs for. When pressed by hunger, he will part with the most favoured of his wives for a bladder of oil or a half putrid fish. And yet, his appetite gratified, he will ask her back, weep for her, and even destroy himself for her sake, for these savages are said to hold but slightingly by life. According to M. Levesque, in his "Histoire de Russie," vol. vi. p. 44, "Dans leurs huttes communes, sur les chemins, dans les campagnes ouvertes, ils se livrent sans pudeur, comme les animaux, aux plaisirs de l'amour." The women suffer little at childbirth, bathe their children often in the sea, and wean them early. Thus they either perish or become vigorous men or women. As soon as they can provide for themselves boys and girls go where they like; if they come back to the parental hut they are received; if they go away no questions are asked; if they don't reappear they are forgotten. There is little love lost on either side, and parents sometimes cease to know their children, and children their parents.

Whilst the hardships of an Arctic life—which is indeed a perpetual struggle for primary necessities—thus robs humanity of all its finer attributes, it does not prevent their defending their individual or common

rights, which are indeed to them their sole chances of existence. Neighbours fight for a boundary, tribes for the possession of an island. When they go to war they put on their plumed helmets and their stoutest skins, and they further protect themselves by means of a kind of portable palisade, behind which several men can place themselves as soon as they have launched their arrows or javelins. They also use wooden shields. They seldom attack, except in superior numbers and by surprise. When successful the enemy is exterminated, but if the enemy is not taken by surprise and resists, they as readily give up the combat. They have war-canoes constructed for these expeditions calculated to hold as many as forty men.

Their amusements are but few in number. They exchange visits for the purposes of barter; the capture of a whale is, as we have seen, an occasion for general rejoicing, dancing and singing to the beating of a drum, the only musical instrument they are acquainted with. The men dance naked, the women remain dressed. Sometimes both parties put on hideous masks representing marine animals. Illness is little known, and if a man or woman ultimately succumbs, he or she is removed to a cave, or solitary hut, and left to die alone—a practice which obtains apparently among all the Esquimaux, and is said to have its origin in their dread of ghosts. Is it not strange that a belief in the possible intercommunion of the living with the spirits of the departed should be found amongst the most untutored savages as well as amongst the most cultivated nations? If deductions are drawn in favour of a future life from the universality of belief, why not also in favour of spiritual existences? But the Aleutians are said to be superstitious, and, as a proof, they leave a man's clothes, arms, and hunting and fishing apparatus with him in the cave where he is left to perish, nor will any one have to do with them.

Long communication with the Russians has wrought many changes in the Aleutians. Skins and valuable furs have become rarer and rarer. They have learnt the use of iron and copper both for arms and utensils. They have also learnt to place a value on things which before they despised. Mild and hospitable by nature, they have further become implacable towards those who treat them ill. They have manfully resisted all invasions of their property, all attempts at domination or subjection, and all insults offered to their wives or children. When no other resources remain to preserve their own, they seek refuge in death. Though Russian America never contained usually more than some two or three thousand Europeans, including the military, the mainland as well as the islands numbers many populous tribes of natives, who, with the skill and industry of the most enterprising of the Siberian tribes, possess greater intelligence and more powerful frames than the latter. It has even been urged that their natural inclination and aptitude for settled and steady employments would, under proper supervision and encouragement, render them capable of being instructed in all the pursuits of civilised life. They have been already employed to a certain extent by the Russians; but, were proper attempts made to develop the most valuable resources of the country, they might, it is argued, under a kind and judicious treatment, which they have not hitherto received, and proper instruction, be employed to a much greater extent most beneficially to themselves and to the country.

Of the natives generally of the north-west coast, Dr. Scouler, who lived among them, says: "The north-west Indians, especially the coast tribes, have made considerable progress in the rude arts of savage life. Their canoes are constructed with much skill; their houses, being for permanent residence, are erected with some forethought and attention to comfort; and their fishing apparatus and articles of domestic economy are far more numerous and elaborate than can be found in the temporary lodges of hunting tribes. From this settled mode of life they are more accustomed to continuous labours, and even show considerable aptitude for passing into an agricultural state."

Of some of the tribes, nearly all the men are six feet or upwards in height, and are well made in proportion, while, according to Dixon and other travellers, the people of one tribe on the coast are as white as Europeans, and have handsome features, with florid complexions. Marchand also speaks of the large-eyed, fair-skinned natives of the north-west coast of America, living in 54 deg. and 58 deg. north latitude, whom Humboldt supposes to be descended from the Usuns, an Alano-Gothic race of Central Asia. The barbarous custom of flattening the head in infancy does not, it is to be observed, prevail above British Columbia and Vancouver's Island.

As intelligent as Europeans, these Indians are also as vigorous and as daring. They show this not only in their hunting and fishing exploits, especially in the capture of ursine seals, walruses, and whales, but also in active warfare. These tribes repeatedly defeated the Russians when the latter first invaded their country, and they showed much ability and ingenuity, as well as a remarkable degree of courage, in their attacks. Cox, in his "Russian Discoveries," relates that after two defeats, and experiencing the destructive effects of the fire-arms of the Russians, the natives of Kodiak advanced at daylight, under the protection of wooden screens, to attack Glattoff and his men, who were strongly fortified in their ship, which was moored to the island. Of these moving breast-works the Russians counted seven, and behind each from thirty to forty men, armed with bone lances. Dissuasion proving ineffectual, and the arrows beginning to fall aboard the ship, Glattoff gave orders to fire. The shot from the small-arms, however, not being of force enough to pierce the screens, the islanders advanced under their protection with steadiness and intrepidity. Glattoff thereupon risked a sally, and succeeded in driving them off. The screens, which were left behind, were made of three rows of stakes placed perpendicularly, and bound together by seaweed and osiers; they were twelve feet broad, and about half a yard thick. In one of the previous attacks upon Glattoff, the natives advanced with scaling-ladders and bundles of hay containing sulphur (the produce of the island), for the purpose of taking or burning his vessel. Upon another occasion Sitka was entirely destroyed by them.

Nor are these islanders, wrapt as they are in ignorance, altogether blind to the advantages of commerce and of commercial intercommunication. Whilst the Russians maintained altogether some sixty establishments among the islands, including the Kurile Islands, which stretch across to the coast of Japan and upon the mainland, the Tuski of Siberia cross Behring's Straits to trade with the Esquimaux on their own account

for furs, fossil ivory, and walrus tusks. These articles the Tuski carry to the fair of Ostrownoi, situated on the Lesser Aniuy, accompanied by their wives and children, and as the journey between this mart and the American coast occupies them nearly six months, they pass the greater part of the year on the road. The Tuski also trade with the large island of St. Lawrence, lying in the centre of Behring's Straits, and at Sledge and Ukiwok Islands, situated higher up. To facilitate the carrying on of this trade, the intelligent, enterprising, and industrious Esquimaux have formed entrepôts at the latter islands, and through their brethren on the mainland they distribute the Russian wares, obtained from the former over several hundred miles of American coast, and through seven or eight hundred into the interior by the great river flowing into Norton Sound. This river, which Sir John Richardson calls the Kwichpack, is identified by him with the Youcon, but in most charts of the Arctic shores of the American continent the Youcon, or Yukon, is made to flow into Colville River, which was found by Simpson and Deese to be two miles wide at its mouth. Sir John Richardson, however, describes his river Kwichpack as being in 66 deg. north latitude and 147½ deg. west longitude, and it is said to be at a distance of a thousand miles from its mouth, a mile and a quarter wide. It would therefore appear, like the Colville or Yukon, to be navigable for a considerable distance. The Mackenzie has, it is known, an unbroken navigation, fit for steam-boats, from its entrance in the Arctic Sea to the Portage of the Drowned, a distance of from twelve to thirteen hundred miles. The Rat River, mentioned by Mr. Ibister, of the Hudson's Bay Company's service, in a communication to the Royal Geographical Society, flows from Russian America through the Rocky Mountains, at the first complete break in the chain in 67 deg. north latitude, to the Mackenzie.

Of these native traders, who, to a certain extent, acted as such in defiance of the orders of the Russian Fur Company, Sir John Richardson says: "Sledge Island, as small as Ukiwok, is also inhabited by skilful traders, who are employed by the Tchukche (Tuski) as factors, to exchange the articles of Russian manufacture entrusted to them for furs collected on the banks of the Kwichpack and neighbouring rivers of America. The great variety of dialects which prevail in the Aleutian Archipelago and neighbourhood of Behring's Straits is, most probably, the result of the active commerce there carried on having brought several nations into contact with each other."

It would even appear that the enterprise of these independent native traders, which Von Bäer compares with that of the Phœnicians, had begun to attract the attention of British merchants, for, when cruising in that quarter, the commander of the *Plover* mentions that, during his absence from Port Clarence, the British schooner *Koh-i-noor* had arrived there on a trading voyage. So likewise in the far interior of the mainland several marts have been established, and were kept up by the natives, quite independently of the Russians, and which were resorted to by many distant as well as by neighbouring tribes. All the natives of the north-west coast are, indeed, said to be skilful and enterprising traders. At Queen Charlotte's Island they not only dispose of furs and fish, but they cultivate potatoes, and hold, at stated periods, potato fairs, which are attended by the native traders from other islands, who, again,

supply these, and other vegetable products, to the more remote traders inhabiting some of the rocky islands in Behring's Straits.

It was mainly in view of checking the independent trade of the native tribes, which is carried on upon both sides of Behring's Straits, that the Russians, only a few years back, established posts higher up than at Alexandrowsk, in Bristol Bay, as more especially at Norton Sound, and up the river that flows into that sound east of Escholtz Bay; and it appears, by one of Captain McClure's despatches to the Admiralty, that they also established a post upon the Colville River, near its entrance in the Arctic Sea.

With the exception of Sitka, or New Archangel, the capital of the territory, and Kodiak, the former capital, and the second place of importance, each of these minor posts was occupied by from fifty to three hundred persons, made up of Russians, of half-breeds, and of native servants, including women and children; and they were generally protected by a block-house or a stockade, with a few guns mounted. A good impression is conveyed of the strength of the minor Russian posts by the account given of one at Garden Island, belonging to the Aleutian group, by Sir Edward Belcher: "The establishment consists of an official resident, eight Russian and fifty Aleutian, and other allies. The houses are included in a substantial wooden quadrangle furnished at its sea angles with two octagonal turrets, capped in the old English style, and pierced with loopholes and ports; the summits of the lines are armed with spikes of wood. The whole range is warmed by Dutch ovens, and the sides, being eighteen inches in thickness, are well calculated to withstand cold, as well as to defy musketry. The native allies live in houses outside."

The same navigator described Sitka as situated on a flat broad delta, with a fortress on an outer rocky peninsula. This fortress was very strong, mounting forty pieces of cannon, and commanding all the anchorages in the immediate neighbourhood, as well as the peninsula. All communication with the natives was through a portcullis door, which admitted those bringing goods into a railed yard. This door was closely watched by two or three guards, who, upon any dispute arising in the market, dropped the portcullis, and proceeded summarily with the delinquents. The arsenal was well stored, and the range of artificers very complete. There were also saw-mills about twenty miles distant, at some warm springs. The most valuable wood was a yellow cypress. The establishment comprised governor, lieutenant-governor, masters, and some eight hundred Russians. There were a church, hospital, school, and slips for building. Sir George Simpson, who visited Sitka in 1842, speaks not only of the commercial activity of the place, but also of its gaiety, "much of the time of its inhabitants being devoted to festivity, dinners and balls running a perpetual round, and being managed in a style which may be deemed extravagant." At one evening-party which he attended there were eighty persons present, "the ladies being showily attired in clear muslin dresses, white satin shoes, silk stockings, kid gloves, fans, and all other necessary appendages, and the music and refreshments, including champagne, being excellent." Sir George also describes the most luxuriant vegetation as growing around the warm springs, and many rare species of the feathered tribe, for so high a lati-

tude, had congregated there, including the humming-bird. Cook also found the humming-bird at Prince William's Sound, in 60 deg. and 61 deg. north latitude. Thirteen vessels were at that time in the harbour taking in cargo, the trade being estimated at ten thousand fur-seals, one thousand sea-otters, twelve thousand beavers, two thousand five hundred land-otters, and twenty thousand sea-horse teeth, besides foxes and martens, and the produce of its salmon, sturgeon, and turbot fisheries, and of the neighbouring forests. There can be no question, indeed, as to the importance of the fur trade and the fisheries in these regions, as we have before admitted, although the produce of the former has diminished of late. In Lutké's time (1808), as many as eight hundred thousand skins of the ursine seal alone were accumulated at Oonalashka, or Unalashka, one of the principal depôts of the Russian Fur Company among the Aleutian Islands.

It is a curious fact that, in the time of the war of the Crimea, and when we were in open hostility with Russia, a pamphlet was published in Montreal by A. R. Roche, advocating the seizure of Russian America (a large portion of which was discovered by Cook, Dixon, and Vancouver, and the possession of which, like that of Oregon, has only passed from us by the persevering aggression of other powers) by the British.* "Russia," the author remarked at that epoch (1855), "will readily sell these territories, as soon as she can be brought to regard their retention as hopeless, and the Americans are prepared to purchase them at any moment." "There is little doubt of the existence of an understanding between the two powers as to these eventualities, and of the Russian ambassador at Washington having full instructions to hand over the territory to the American government at the proper time." "The embroiling England and France in a war with America, together with the receipt of several millions sterling from the latter, would be a very agreeable compensation to Russia for the loss of her possessions upon this continent." "The greatest misfortune which could happen to us," Mr. Roche also observes, "would be to allow it (Russian America) to fall into the possession of France or the United States; the only two countries, besides Russia, which could in future attempt to become our rivals in the Pacific: the one through her extent of territory and her commerce upon that ocean, the other through her large fleet, and her desire (as evinced in her recent occupation of New Caledonia and the neighbouring islands) to acquire territory and influence there." In as far as France is concerned, her possessions in Oceania are politically advantageous to Great Britain rather than otherwise. Just as her interest in the empire of Mexico formerly counterbalanced our interest in British North America, so the possession of New Caledonia, the Marquesas, and other islands in the Pacific, will cause her to make common cause with us in case of the seizure of the Sandwich Islands, or any other aggressive acts on the part of the United States in those seas. It is the open navigation of the Pacific that gives to the "Question of the West" as much importance as the "Question of the East."

Mr. Roche, whilst advocating the occupation of Russian America by

* A View of Russian America, in connexion with the present War. By A. R. Roche. Montreal. 1855.

the British, naturally depicts the advantage of the possession in the most glowing colours—a view of the matter every word of which is now so much cause for rejoicing to the go-ahead Yankees. Few persons in England or in Canada, he says, have any knowledge of the extent and value of Russian America. It is about sixteen times the size of England. (What is the extent of the Hudson's Bay Company's territories, and of what avail are they to England?) It contains many mountain ranges of great height, and fine valleys, magnificently watered and fertilised by large lakes and rivers; and a large portion of this vast region (in some places to within a short distance of the Arctic circle) is covered with forests of the largest and most valuable trees. In Russian America, the northern limit of forest growth, Mr. Roche also adds, extends along the parallel of 69 deg., while in the east of the continent it is confined to the 60th parallel, and in Siberia, with the exception of one or two favoured localities, to 65 deg. north latitude. Peterman, however, in his "Atlas of Physical Geography, makes the northernmost limit of woods extend farther in Europe and Siberia than in America, although in the latter country it unquestionably extends farther north in the west than in the east. The greatest extent of the woods is along the valley of the Mackenzie River in our own territories. What is called the temperate zone extends also farther north in Europe than in America, whilst the frigid zone, or that of permanent frozen ground, extends farthest south in Siberia, next in America, and least in Europe. The great portion of Russian America is, according to these physical charts, permanently frozen ground.

Sir John Richardson describes the hill of Westerwoi, in north latitude 58 deg., as clothed to its summit by a dense forest of pines and spruce, some of which acquire a circumference of twenty-one feet, and the great height of one hundred and sixty feet; and Cook found the Canadian and spruce pine of a tolerably large size in the country adjacent to Norton Sound, lying in 64 deg. 55 min. north latitude, the trees increasing in size as they advanced into the country. Sir George Simpson also remarks, that "although at some points Behring's Straits are only forty-five miles wide, in the general appearance of the two coasts there is a marked difference, the western side being low, flat, and sterile, while the eastern is well wooded, and in every respect better adapted than the other for the sustenance both of man and beast." Sir John Barrow also says: "On the western coast of America, up as far as Cook's River, between the latitudes of 55 deg. and 60 deg., the certhias and humming-birds are said to be chirping and singing, when from Newfoundland, in 50 deg., down to Philadelphia, in 40 deg., frost and snow cover the water and the ground." Mr. Ibister describes the river Peel, a tributary to the Mackenzie, as having a spare and scanty vegetation at its mouth, but on ascending towards the Rocky Mountains the banks of the river become clothed with pines, poplars, and a thick underwood of willow. Traders, it is said, pursue a route from the Mackenzie through a pass in the Rocky Mountains by the north-west branch of the river of the mountains, to Lynn Canal above Sitka, between which so-called canal and their posts lower down the Hudson's Bay Company have steamers running. The mainland, as far as Cape Fairweather, was leased to that body by the Russian Fur Company. It constantly happens that what has been

pronounced a desert from ignorance of detail, turns out otherwise upon exploration, and there is much reason to believe that North-West America exhibits a varied surface of more or less wooded mountains, fertile valleys, with large navigable rivers, and many extensive lakes, besides being indented with numerous deep and spacious harbours.

The English, and so also the Americans, would enjoy an advantage over Russia in the important fur trade with China, by being able to make it a direct trade, instead of its being carried on, as it was by the Russians, through the tedious and expensive route of Siberia and the mart at Kiakhta. The importance of this trade will be further enhanced by the opening of the markets of Japan to general commerce. British Columbia and Vancouver can, however, always beat North-West America in the timber trade with Japan and China.

Much has been said of the mineral wealth of the same region, which is declared to be far greater than even its furs, fisheries, or forests. Certain it is that, from the time of the earliest explorations to the more recent visits of Franklin, Beechey, Lutke, Simpson, Richardson, and McClure, traces both of coal and copper have been found along the Mackenzie, and from the mouth of that river to Point Barrow and Icy Cape, and thence down to Sitka and Vancouver's Island, at which latter place coal has been worked for some time.* There are, indeed, no reasons, geologically speaking, why gold and the other precious metals should not be found in the interior as abundantly as in California and in British Columbia. Sir John Richardson long ago pointed out this fact to the unintelligent Hudson's Bay Company. "It would be true economy," he says, "in the Hudson's Bay Company, who are the virtual sovereigns of the vast territory which spreads northwards from Lake Superior, to ascertain without delay the mineral treasures it contains. I have little doubt of many of the accessible districts abounding in metallic wealth of far greater value than all the returns which the fur trade can ever yield." North-West America, containing old metamorphic rocks disturbed by volcanic action, would, however, hold out still stronger indications of mineral wealth. The working of the mines would be facilitated by the presence of wood and coal, and the transport by the large rivers and the coast being accessible for a great part of the year, and a large extent of it for the entire winter. In these respects North-West America presents advantages which are not possessed by the mining districts of Siberia.

The Aleutian and Kurile Islands comprise nearly all the best whaling stations of the North Pacific; these have long been largely used by the Americans, and there are no reasons why whalers should not be fitted out from Vancouver, Queen Charlotte Island, and British Columbia, as well as from San Francisco and Sitka. These countries are peculiarly adapted for the fitting out of whalers, being in the neighbourhood of very valuable fishing-grounds, and the country in their vicinity affording everything that is required for the construction of vessels, such as excellent timber, iron, and copper, coal for forges, water power for driving saw-mills, and even flax, which grows wild in the interior, for the manufacture of sails and cordage.

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* The Americans are said to be negotiating the purchase of the coal-mines of Vancouver.

It is certain that cattle and sheep might be raised in the north-west regions as well as in British territory. Cook was of opinion that upon some of the Aleutian Islands "cattle might subsist all the year round without being housed." Mountain or big-horn sheep and goats, indeed, already exist in the fastnesses of the mainland.

Subsequently to the unsuccessful attack made by the British and French fleets upon Petropaulovski, in Kamtschatka, and before the cession of Russian America to the United States, the Russians have availed themselves of their possession of the mouth of the Amur to strengthen both Sitka and Kodiak very materially. The town of St. Paul, for example, upon the island of Kodiak, near Cook's Inlet, is situated upon a safe and spacious harbour, and was defended by two citadels mounting more than a hundred cannon. The passage into the harbour was also defended by the Fort of St. Paul, which was garrisoned by four hundred men and mounted forty guns. As at Sitka, gun-boats carrying four or five guns each guarded the coast approaches. Hence it was that few foreign vessels cared to seek communication with these strong places. The large party ostensibly employed by the United States, under Russian protection, in surveying a line for an international telegraph, no doubt obtained an insight into the resources and capabilities of this vast territory, far surpassing what we are at present in possession of, and, no doubt, materially influenced by their reports the government of the United States in completing the terms of purchase.

The Canadians will feel the cession of North-Western America very acutely. They projected, on the occasion of the war with Russia, aiding and abetting Great Britain in resuming empire over her olden discoveries upon the condition of the central lands and territories of the Winnipeg district and the two Saskatchawans, including the "Fertile Belt," being taken from the close and pernicious monopoly of the Hudson's Bay Company, and passed over to Canada. The unprotected colonists of the Red River settlement have, in like manner, been appealing in vain against the oppressive rule of the company, and the settlers in Vancouver could never appreciate the charge made by the company of a guinea an acre for land, when equally good was to be obtained for half-a-crown on the American mainland opposite to Victoria. The interests of the Hudson's Bay Company are, as a fur company, diametrically opposed to all extensive or progressive settlement in the regions under their sway. They not only do not encourage settlement for industrial or agricultural purposes, but they do all in their power to prevent such. Whilst excellent markets exist for the produce of the Red River settlers among the mines of Lake Superior, the company, in dread of all contact with the enterprise of Canada, compel the colonists to make use of the inhospitable route to Hudson's Bay. Their rule rests, indeed, as a blight upon the vast extent of country over which they claim a power, which, if allowed to continue for any length of time, will inevitably throw all those territories which lie between Canada and British Columbia into the hands of the Americans.

"The giving up of Astoria," the Canadians argued upon that momentous occasion, when the opportunity of acquiring North-West America was for ever lost, "at the mouth of the Columbia, to the United States, at the end of the war of 1814, lost us an immense tract of one of

the finest countries in the world, and nearly led us into a war with the same power in 1846. Who can tell what misfortunes may result to us should we neglect the present opportunity for driving Russia entirely off the American continent? The possibility of her ever disposing of her American territory to the United States ought to be sufficient to urge us not to let that opportunity escape; for as soon as it should fall into the hands of the Americans, the latter would commence those encroachments upon the British possessions in its neighbourhood which immediately followed the purchase of Louisiana, and the country extending along the Upper Mississippi, from France."

The cession of the north-western portion of the continent of America, here anticipated with such melancholy forebodings, has now come to pass, and it will be more curious than pleasant to see in how brief a time (as once having the line of 49 deg. conceded to them in the south, they established a claim upon the island of San Juan, immediately off Victoria, and enforced that claim at the point of the bayonet) they will remain in possession of what was Russian America, without discovering that Queen Charlotte Island belongs to the archipelago of Sitka, or British Columbia and Vancouver to the north-west territory.

According to the latest intelligence, the revenue-cutter *Lincoln* was preparing for a cruise to Sitka and along the shores of Russian America, where she goes for the purpose of looking after the interests of the customs service, in anticipation of an early transfer of the territory to the United States, under the treaty which is expected to take place some time in July. Information of the ratification of the treaty had been received from St. Petersburg. On the strength of that ratification, the Russian minister, Baron Stoeckl, directed the Russian authorities at Sitka that American goods might be landed from American vessels, provided they came with manifests certified by a United States collector of customs, and countersigned by a Russian consul. An officer was to proceed at once to Sitka to represent the treasury department. The *Lincoln* was to spend the entire season cruising in these seas. The vessel, after visiting Sitka, was to cruise along the entire coast, if possible, from the southern extremity of the country to the western extremity of the Aleutian Islands, and no pains were to be spared to make the results valuable. "Much information," says the *New York Times*, "is from time to time coming to hand to show the unexpected value of the acquisition, and it will be a main object in view upon the cruise to verify the correctness of those statements." The reported discovery of a new island in 50 deg. west longitude, and 40 deg. 30 min. north latitude, would, to a certain extent, militate against the advantages supposed to accrue to the Americans by the possession of Russian America, inasmuch as it would furnish a coaling station on the natural line of commerce between San Francisco and Japan and China.

THE DEEPDALE MYSTERY.

A NOVEL.

By M. Sullivan.

PART THE SEVENTH.

I.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

Mrs. Marsh's story had a singular effect upon Grace. She saw plainly that Susan had been originally honest and upright, and had been warped by evil associations, and by the corrupting influences of an irregular and lawless life. She began to ask herself whether it might be possible that she too in time should learn to overlook all the old barriers of right and wrong, and to accept a creed that recognised self and self-interest as the one ruling principle of life. She always ended by firmly answering her own question in the negative. No, she *would* not be led away from the straight line of rectitude; once she had left it, and for that she had suffered, and must suffer still; but her fault had brought its own lesson with it, she knew that now.

She had been brought up, as she said, without a mother's guidance, but one influence at least had been brought to bear for good upon her childhood, and she never knew till now how much she owed to Miriam, the nurse of whom mention has been made in the early part of this history. Miriam had inculcated honesty of word and action as the leading principle of daily life; and though once, in a moment of mental and bodily weakness, Grace had yielded to the tempter's voice, so cunningly disguised, still, as soon as her eyes were fully opened, her natural conscientiousness asserted itself, and simple lessons of her childhood, long forgotten, rose vividly before her, telling her to follow the straight line of rectitude, neither sinking into despondency, nor listening for a moment to the specious arguments of the guilty plotters. Sometimes a great dread oppressed her, but she kept her mental energies awake by thinking over all her possibilities of escape; and, in the first place, she determined to write a letter to John Renshaw, and to trust to chance for an opportunity of posting it, or of getting it posted. His parting words, and the address that he had given her, probably suggested this idea.

Writing materials of every kind were kept carefully from her, the post-office was a mile and a half distant, and her two gaolers watched her continually, but still it might be done; other captives had overcome far greater difficulties, and she would overcome this one.

She knew how a small and single blank leaf could be procured, by tearing it out of one of the very few books of which their establishment could boast. Neither Susan nor Mrs. Ashton were at all disposed to enliven, by reading, the dreary life that they were now compelled to lead; they had no taste for any description of literature, and only five volumes were to be found in the house. A collection of miscellaneous poetry belonging to Grace, which had accompanied her in all her troubles,

the blank leaves of which were very small, as the book was short and thick; a church-service possessed by Mrs. Ashton, and open to the same objection; two torn and ill-used volumes of a work on horses and farriery, the property of Susan, and not containing any blank leaves at all; and an edition of Euclid, that had belonged to Susan's father, and was greatly disfigured by artistic designs from the pens and pencils of his pupils. One leaf there was, however, old and brown indeed, but still blank, and of this Grace managed to possess herself without any difficulty. Pens and ink were very serious puzzles, however, and Grace vainly racked her brain to think of some plan by means of which these commodities could be procured. At last she offered to attempt a likeness of Susan, if she were supplied with the materials, which must consist, she said, of a square of drawing-board, a cake of Indian ink, and a camel-hair brush. Susan's suspicions were not aroused by the mention of such articles as these; almost any occupation was welcome as a relief from the tedium of their present existence, and the materials were procured accordingly. Grace made a rather bad and smudgy sketch, sufficiently like to show that she could do much better, and then inquired for a pen, that she might produce an etching in better style. The pen was given her, but Susan never left her while the sitting lasted, and always carefully wiped the pen and took it away with her afterwards.

Grace was not to be discouraged, however; she planned various "studies" of her keeper in various attitudes—sitting, standing, the full-face, the quarter-face, and the profile. She composed, and carefully retained in her memory, a note that expressed as briefly and as clearly as possible what she wished to say; she conned it over and over in her mind, that she might strike out unnecessary words, and arranged with precision every comma and full-stop. The excitement consequent upon her project made her quite cheerful, and Susan vainly hoped that she was at last "coming to her senses." But at the first hint of that kind Grace thought it right to undeceive her; she had made up her mind that nothing should induce her to appear to be persuaded into becoming an accomplice in the fraud.

It is extraordinary that Grace should have succeeded in writing her note; but she did so succeed, by jotting down a word at a time, when the eyes of her gaoler were not fixed upon her, and when she held in her hand the pen dipped in Indian ink. A difficulty that she had not calculated upon awaited her—the leaf torn from the old school-book was unsized, and the Indian ink ran wofully, so as almost to make the words illegible. Poor Grace might almost as well have tried to write on blotting-paper, but she remedied matters as well as she could by care and patience, and by demanding a very fine pen for the better success of her etchings; and when the note was completed, it ran thus:

"My dear Mr. Renshaw,—I want your help greatly. You and yours were completely deceived, partly through my fault. Grace Meadows died that night, by fire; I, Grace Ashton, was saved. Forgive me, and help me, I am in the greatest need of help.

"G. A.,

"Tyne Hall, Basnet, Yorkshire."

When at length this was written, a word at a time, Grace could not devise any successful plan for making or procuring an envelope; she had only written on one side of the leaf, and she carefully folded it in three, letter-fashion. She fastened it down with a drop of wax from the wax candles that Susan always preferred to burn, and directed it as legibly as the nature of the paper would permit.

So far so good, but how was the letter to find its way to the post-office? Grace had a plan for that, too; her ingenuity was sharpened by the urgent necessity for its exercise, and she set to work to induce Susan to take walks with her in the neighbouring lanes. Susan's health was manifestly failing at the time; the cough to which Grace had alluded grew worse, the gloomy and secluded life that she was leading weighed down her spirits, and she had an additional cause for anxiety, for it was probable that in the course of the next few months a child would be born to her. Her child and Robert's! She had little affection for her husband; she had married him because she thus secured the completion of the enterprise that was to yield a golden harvest to the conspirators. But all the sympathies of her nature were awakened now by that strong maternal instinct that works so powerfully in the races below our own, and only becomes deadened through the influence of degrading vice. The people of the village believed her to be a widow; she wore no weeds, but the length of her widowhood, as she observed to Grace, could be no possible business of theirs, and if people liked to make ill-natured remarks, they were welcome to do so. In the mean time, she would take every possible care of her health, to which good end, as Grace did not fail to tell her, regular exercise would certainly conduce.

Certain infirmities of age were creeping over Mrs. Ashton; she could not now keep up unremitting vigilance, or anything at all like it, and she was inclined to be sleepy in the afternoon. It was, on the whole, safer for Susan to take her prisoner with her than to leave her at home, when she went out for a walk. But before she suffered Grace to cross the threshold, she required her to pledge herself in solemn terms not to attempt an escape, and Grace, whose conscience was sensitive, altered the words of the promise, and pledged herself not to attempt to leave Susan, or to speak to any other person on the subject of her misfortunes. The experiences of a life in connexion with the "turf" had caused Susan to hold an oath in great contempt, but she was satisfied to accept the parole of her prisoner, unlike Mrs. Ashton, who had no faith in promises, and who strongly advocated the opposite system of confining with bolts and bars so dangerous a captive.

But Susan had some faith in human nature, always supposing that the said nature were not abnormally "good," and she was willing to accept the word of so scrupulous and truthful a person as Grace; moreover, she felt the want of companionship, and lonely walks would have still further depressed her. And so Grace hoped for an opportunity of safely depositing her letter in the letter-box.

The opportunity came at last. The post-office was one of those general shops, in which almost any commodity can be purchased, always excepting the particular article which the purchaser may happen to require. Grace, although she was a very bad actor, and a nervous and transparent hypocrite, managed to draw the attention of her companion

to some object in the window, which they both stopped to look at for a minute or two, during which time Grace contrived to move up to the letter-box, and to push her letter through the opening.

It was done, and Susan had no suspicions; but at that very moment she remembered that she wanted some postage stamps, and with a whispered word to Grace, reminding her of her parole, she went into the shop and asked for a dozen stamps. An old woman in spectacles, the presiding genius of the place, peered curiously at her customers, and unlocked a drawer containing various articles, postage and receipt stamps among them. While she was "fumbling" in the drawer, a lad came into the shop from the inner room with a stamp marked "Basnet" in his hand, and opened the letter-box, from which a number of letters tumbled out upon the counter, and these he proceeded in a leisurely manner to mark, one by one, in readiness for the postman.

Grace turned sick and faint; she could not see the queer, brown, blotted letter that she knew must be there, conspicuous among all the others; she took firm hold of the edge of the counter, and tried to steady herself, and to prevent her agitation from being seen. But Susan's sharp eye detected it in a moment, and almost at the same instant she sought for its cause among the heap of letters before them. She was quickly attracted to the singular-looking one which had cost poor Grace so much anxious thought. She read the direction, and knew everything. The lad was bending down over a letter that he was stamping, the old woman had turned her back on them to take from the opposite wall a small paper bag, in which to place the postage stamps; in a moment Susan had secured the letter, in another she had taken and paid for her stamps, and had led Grace out of the shop. Grace feared and almost knew what had happened, though she had not seen it, for strange mists had floated before her eyes, and the heap of letters had seemed to recede into the distance. As soon as they were fairly out of the shop, Susan's indignation burst out.

"I wouldn't have believed it of you, Grace, though I was warned over and over again not to trust you; but I might have known that if you could plan the downfal of your own twin-brother, you would be bad enough to break your promises to me."

"I did not break my promise," Grace replied. "I have not attempted to leave you, or to speak to any other person on the subject of my misfortunes."

"That's all very fine; that's what I call holding a candle to the devil; helping him to do his work, though you haven't pluck to do it yourself. You knew very well that when I agreed to take you out, I meant you to promise not to take advantage of me, and that's just what you've done, and from this very hour you'll stay in the house, or only take a walk in the garden, that you will. All you think or plan is to get your brother hanged, and me and the baby on each side of him, and your grandmamma opposite, you cruel, unnatural bag of spite!"

"I kept my promise literally," Grace maintained, "though I endeavoured, and still mean to endeavour, to restore the stolen property to Mr. Meadows, by making known the whole truth. I will try to do what is right, and sooner or later I shall succeed. It will be better, as you say, that I should make no more promises, and that I should be allowed

no more indulgences. Do your best or your worst, and, after all, the Right will be too strong for you."

Susan did not seem much inclined to reply; she clutched the letter firmly in her hand, and hurried her companion back to the gloomy and dilapidated old house. That evening, with various expressions of penitence, she laid the letter before Mrs. Ashton.

"I knew her better than you did," the old lady remarked, with conscious self-complacency. "I knew she would try to play you false; she was always the same from a child—never trustworthy. And the time is coming when you will not be able to look after her; and the worst of it is, that I am not so active as I used to be. Sometimes my poor head seems quite to fail me, and no wonder. Nobody knows what I have to bear, all through her obstinacy. You don't feel it as I do, for you don't care about the privileges of religion, or about mixing in genteel society; but I have been used all my life to go twice to church on Sundays, and to be respected and looked up to among my neighbours, and to lead a proper and respectable life, and here I am now, in this ruin of a place, quite out of the world, afraid to leave the house even to go to church—and to be sure I might as well be at home, for nobody in the church would know me—afraid of every sound that I hear, feeling that there is no comfort in the present, and nothing to look forward to but disgrace and imprisonment, that might come at any moment. Oh dear, I wish I had never been persuaded into it! I wish the fire had never happened! Oh, if I had only refused to have anything to do with it!"

Good-natured Susan was really sorry for the old woman. "Cheer up," she said, encouragingly, "I'll watch her as close as if she were first favourite for the Derby; goodness knows, it's bad enough for me as well as for you. I thought I was in for a real swingeing piece of luck, and instead of that, every pleasure and amusement of every kind is taken from me, and I'm shut up in this dismal place without a soul to speak to. And I've got a cough, and the rain comes into my room at night, and I can't have the place mended, because Grace would get to speak to the workman. I'm worse taken in than you are, I think, all through her obstinacy. But we must hope to persuade her to be reasonable before my trouble comes. That's what we must manage to do."

"And that's what we never shall do," Mrs. Ashton declared, "never; I've left off trying, because I know it's no use. She's bent on our destruction; she'll never rest, day nor night, till we're disgraced. Oh dear, I get such bad nights now! I shouldn't wonder if she knows that Brooks was here about her, that time; I managed him cleverly, and sent him abroad, but he'll come again. Oh, what shall we do?"

"She knows nothing at all about that," Susan declared; "you forget she thinks that Brooks is engaged to somebody else—Miss Flora Gaythorn is the lady's name. I managed that very neatly, for I thought she only refused to join in the plan out of love to Brooks, and that she was still hoping to marry him. But she refused just the same when that hope was gone."

"Yes, it's to spite and ruin us that she holds out," moaned the elder sinner; "it's to kill us—it is killing me. Oh, if she would only die herself! Or if something could be thought of—some *safe plan*. Oh dear, and I have tried to be religious and respectable all my life! Why does not Robert come home and help us?"

Susan looked at her distrustfully, and without reply.

That very evening brought them a visit from Robert, to whom the incident of the morning was related, with various comments upon the continued obstinacy of Grace, and upon the general abominableness of an existence at Tyne Hall. Susan would have preferred, if possible, to screen the treachery, as she called it, of which Grace had been guilty; but she had a feeling, common to women under her circumstances, that she must look for help and protection to the one who had the greatest right to stand between her and all possible danger, and some impulse of this kind urged her to tell everything to Robert. He was considerably altered for the worse since his last appearance at Basnet; his features had acquired the unmistakable stamp of dissipation and excess; his face, always animal and unrefined, was growing coarse and bloated, and his whole expression was brutalised.

They had not much opportunity for spending money at Basnet, but still funds were required to meet the expenses of housekeeping, and for these Robert was appealed to. His answer was an oath. The two women were aghast at the discovery that the interest of Grace Meadows' fortune did not suffice to keep him out of debt, and that the object of his visit was to obtain from Susan some cases of jewellery, partly his own presents; the proceeds of selling these would, he declared, keep off his most troublesome creditor until the next dividends should become due. Afterwards, the jewels should be exactly replaced.

When Susan's first horror had subsided, she was anxious to learn particulars; how was it that, with the interest of a large fortune at his command, any creditors of his should be so impatient and distrustful?

"Why, you see," Robert answered, "I did promise to pay the fellow last dividend time, and the time before, and I really meant to give him something, but there was always such a blessed lot of things to pay, and what was left went in all sorts of ways before I knew where I was. And now the beast won't listen to reason, and will have his money. It's nothing but money, money, money. I do believe racehorses were invented for emptying pockets."

"Does this man know where to find you?" Susan inquired, disregarding the lamentations of Mrs. Ashton over "Robert's reckless extravagance."

"Yes, unluckily he has found out this address, Tyne Hall, Basnet, and if I don't pay him he might be hanging about here, and scenting out the secret, perhaps. Of course we could cut from here, but taking Grace about is confoundedly dangerous, I can tell you."

"She is dangerous here, as well as anywhere else," Mrs. Ashton put in. "We shall never know an hour's safety as long as she lives."

Robert muttered an oath and turned his back on the two women, but not before Susan had caught the expression of his face.

"Oh, Robert, don't—*don't!*" she exclaimed, and in a moment she was standing beside him, an imploring hand upon his arm.

"Don't what?" he asked, angrily, shaking himself free from her.

"Don't do *that*, or—or think it."

"You're a fool," he answered, sullenly, and in another moment he had quitted the room.

The two women looked at each other with mutual distrust. A feeling was growing up between them that bordered on antagonism; for these

two sinners against their own souls differed so widely in disposition and temperament, that mutual interest itself could scarcely keep up more than a show of civility between them. A great change had come over Mrs. Ashton during the last twelve months. She had been singularly active and young-looking for her age, which was now about sixty-six or sixty-seven years. She had been able to go through a day's fatigue that would have tired out most women of half her age, with ease, and even pleasure to herself; but since the anxiety that must always follow a guilty act had weighed upon her mind, she had become, almost suddenly, as old as her age, or older. She was no longer equal to much exertion, or to continued vigilance of any kind, and at times her memory was greatly at fault, and it was easy to see that her mental faculties were failing her.

Her nature had been originally a hard one, and she had closed her heart against the softening influences that come to us all in turn, sometimes under the guise of sorrow, sometimes in the form of prosperity, a cup running over with blessings, or a life on which the shadow of the last enemy has fallen. None of these things had moved her, or broken through the crust of selfishness that enclosed her shallow nature, and now the tree lay as it had fallen, the mental infirmities of age had come upon her suddenly, and with no faith in the future, and no kindly sympathies gathered from the past, she could but harden and deteriorate more and more, even unto the end. She wearied of her dull existence at Basnet, even while she wanted the faculties that would have enabled her to enjoy a more varied and cheering life; every ache and pain, every sense of blunted perception and of dulled and dimmed existence, she set down to the evils of her gloomy and monotonous life, not perceiving that for her the future could but contain a short and darkening path leading to a grave.

"This is a miserable business from beginning to end!" Susan suddenly exclaimed, thinking aloud, as she was sometimes apt to do.

"Yes, she doesn't die—she doesn't die," the old woman repeated, rocking herself to and fro.

"Who doesn't die?" Susan asked, not without another thrill of horror and repulsion.

"Grace. We might be happy and at ease in our minds if she died; the sickly-looking minx, she was always the same, always pale and miserable, and still living on. Always the same. When I was her age, I looked like a young woman, round and blooming, and the dresses we wore then set us off and made the best of us. Cherry colour always suited me, real deep cherry; none of these colours come up to it at all."

Susan glanced at her with a kind of half pity; she did not like her enough to be really sorry for the evident breaking up of her faculties, but she had a species of sympathy for the old woman, whose hopes, as well as her own, had been disappointed by the extraordinary and unforeseen persistence with which Grace clung to her resolution.

"I do wish she would listen to reason," she said, presently.

"She never will—I tell you she never will. Nothing can serve us now except her death. There are places where the air is so unhealthy that no one can live in it long, but if we took her to one of them, we should

have to stay with her, and it might fall on us first. And it is so dangerous to take her about, and almost as bad to keep her here; she was near being too many for you to-day. If she were once dead, all the money would be Robert's, and we could enjoy ourselves, and live where we liked."

Susan knew that the death of their prisoner would release them from a ceaseless and unresting fear, but she had forgotten that any other advantages could arise from it.

"What money would be Robert's?" she asked, not quite certain whether to believe all the old woman's statements now.

"All the money, all Grace Meadows' fortune, principal and interest, would be your husband's then. Don't you know that he only has the interest now? It would all be his then, all, all, and we needn't be frightened at our shadows any more. Only, you know," speaking low, but with horrible distinctness, "it can't be done in a corner, because the trustees would make such a fuss as never was heard of; if we could make it an accident, you know, and a doctor called in directly—don't you see?"

A sick dizziness seized upon Susan, and as she turned to leave the room a kind of inarticulate prayer, or appeal to Destiny, seemed to be struggling for expression in her thoughts. Would it have been anything like "Lead us not into temptation," if she had put it into words? On the threshold she encountered Hannah, their one in-door servant, who was coming in with the supper-tray. She was little more than half-witted, and had been chosen by reason of her solid and unobservant stupidity; but she was never suffered to approach Grace, except in the presence of one or other of her keepers. Even she was struck by the expression of Susan's face, for she watched her with a wondering stare as she slowly and clumsily arranged the supper-table.

"Be Mrs. Robert coming down?" she asked, with a broad Yorkshire twang.

"No," Susan answered. "Where is Mr. Ashton?"

"A seed him in t' arbour yonder," pointing to a dilapidated summer-house in the garden, visible through the window.

Susan hurried down the stairs and across the garden to the summer-house.

II.

DOOMED.

Robert was standing in the porch of the summer-house, smoking; the wooden seat within was wormeaten and decayed, so as scarcely to present the appearance of a safe resting-place even for a few moments. Susan did not wait for him to speak, but began at once.

"We are in a great strait," she said, abruptly.

"That's as clear as mud," Robert answered, after a preliminary puff at his cigar.

"I never knew how great till to-night. I can only see one thing quite plainly, and that is that we must not make it a thousand million times worse than it is."

"No, the thing is to make it better, if we can. You have some plan, I see. Out with it, Sue."

"I don't know that I have, except that you must be less extravagant, give up some of your horses, and make the interest of the money do for everything. I know I'm not very careful myself, but I will be, if you'll only promise to be the same."

"That's all very well; that's only one part of the bother, as you must know particularly well. I may be as careful as I please, and so may you, and after all she may give us the slip—*will* give it us, I should say. I don't know that I'd trust her if she took an oath not to betray us."

"I would, Robert; but the worst of it is that she will not take an oath or give a promise. She must be mad, surely, not to see that her own interest is the same as ours."

"Mad or not mad, she'll get you and me transported, as sure as we stand here, unless we do something to prevent her."

"And what can we do? Oh, Robert, what?"

"Well, that's what I want to know; what do you say yourself?"

"Couldn't we say she was out of her mind, and get her taken care of on that account?"

"What, in a lunatic asylum?"

"That, or some more quiet and out-of-the-way place than an asylum, where they would believe she was not right, and would be kind to her, and careful of her."

Robert shook his head.

"So that's your notion, is it? It's a very green one for you to take up with. Don't you know that she is supposed to be Grace Meadows Ashton, the Australian heiress, and that we should have to give an exact account to that confounded old Renshaw, of any step of the kind that we might take? These things can't be hidden, when an heiress is in the case."

"No; but if we said that she is out of her mind, and that she fancies herself to be Grace Ashton—the Renshaws have seen her, you know, and they would be ready to swear that she is Grace Meadows."

"Oh yes, and the servants at Clifton-street have seen her, and the neighbours, and the tradespeople, and Brooks, her old sweetheart; and all these would be ready to swear that she is not Grace Meadows. And I'll tell you another thing, Sue, and that is, if we could manage to stick her in an asylum, which we never can, she'd manage to get out, or to betray us, somehow. We shall have to think of another way. I don't like it any more than you, but it'll have to be done, or——" He turned round to the dark interior of the summer-house, and groped for a box of pipe-lights among the decaying leaves that had drifted in from the garden.

Susan made some half-articulate remonstrance; it was more like a wail than a coherent sentence.

Robert turned upon her angrily:

"Will you tell me what it is that you wish to have done? Do you see any chance of bringing her to reason?"

She shook her head.

"Are you willing to stand a trial? If you are, I am not."

"No," she answered faintly. Her own answers were bringing her to the conclusion that she dreaded.

"Shall you be able to look after her when you lie in? And can you do without a stranger of any kind in the house?"

"You must know that it is not possible, Robert."

"Very well; and do you suppose that the old woman in there is able to watch her always, so sharp and cunning as she is?"

"I am afraid not."

"Then there is only one way out of it; you must see that yourself."

But Susan would not see it.

"There might be other ways—there must be. I thought I should bring her to reason by making her believe that Mr. Brooks was engaged to somebody else, and that her chance there was lost."

"Confound that fellow! He came here, the old one says."

"Yes, but she sent him off to Naples. Grace has not the least idea that he was here, for, as I tell you, I made her believe that he thought no more about her. In one of the Leeds newspapers there was an account of an accident that had happened to a Miss Flora Gaythorn: a pair of ponies ran away, and the lady's life was in danger, but she was saved by a Mr. Brooks, who was engaged to be married to her. Well, I first told Grace that I had heard from you how her Mr. Brooks was engaged to a Miss Flora Gaythorn at Leeds, believing that Grace was dead; and then I managed to get the newspaper, quite by accident, and I showed her the report. She never doubted that it was her old sweetheart, although Brooks is quite a common name, for she has got it into her head that she is to be punished for consenting at first to take her cousin's name; but the odd part of it is, that although she gave up all hope of marrying the one she loved, she kept as obstinate as ever, and would not think for a moment of joining in the plan."

"And that is why we must—act," Robert concluded.

"No, oh no. We must think of some way. I could go away for my confinement, and you could come here and keep watch till I got up my strength and came back. Oh, that is the very thing! That will do."

Robert looked at her queerly. "Yes," he said, after a pause, "that will do."

"It will cost more for me to go away," Susan presently suggested.

"Oh, I'll see about that. I think you've hit it this time, Susan, upon my soul I do."

A great load was lifted from Susan's heart, and she went up the weedy gravel-path to the house with a lighter step than usual.

"Robert and I have been planning what it will be best to do," she said to Mrs. Ashton, who looked up, half apprehensively, at the opening door, as she came in.

"You have, have you? Then I hope you've found out something that will get us out of this dreadful danger. He says little enough to me about his plans—not that I want to hear them; I only want to be able to get up and lie down in peace, without being every moment in fear, as I am now. When you opened the door just now, my heart seemed to turn right over. I didn't know your footstep as you came in."

"We have not thought of any way for persuading Grace to be reasonable," Susan answered, "and I am afraid there is no way to be thought of. But I have been worrying myself for some time to know who is to look after her while I am laid up, and how I am to get the

attendance that I shall want, without giving her extra chances of making her escape."

"It's not to be done," the old woman repeated, earnestly; "it's not to be done. She'd be certain to betray us, or give us the slip—she that I've brought up so carefully, ever since she was quite a baby, and been fonder of than I was of my own children."

"No, it would not do at all," Susan resumed; "and yet we cannot think of any safe place to send her to, so we have settled that I am to go away for the time—Robert says that the money can be found for that—and he will come here, and help you to look after her, till I can come back."

"You'll never come back here; you'll be taken straight away to Newgate, or wherever they take prisoners to for such things as this. Robert will no more be able to look after her, night and day, than he will be able to fly in the air. And as for me, I'm not what I used to be, especially since all this trouble and anxiety have come upon me. It's you that we depend upon to watch her sharply, and it takes all your wits to do it. As sure as ever you go away, she'll be off; bolts and bars won't keep her here, I tell you."

"And if I stay here——"

"If you stay here you must have a doctor, and as soon as a stranger puts foot in the house we shall be betrayed. Besides, you will be of no use while you are laid up. No, we must find out some way—we must find out some way."

She was still crooning these words to herself when Robert came in from the garden.

"I must find some way to stop that infernal old tongue of hers," he muttered, after listening for a moment. "Come, come," he said aloud, taking his place at the supper-table, "we won't talk about ways now, nor means either. Susan looks fagged, and the sooner she gets some supper and goes up-stairs the better. Where's Grace now?"

"In her own room at the top of the house," Susan answered. "I locked the door of the lobby and brought away the key."

"She'll find some way of getting out," Mrs. Ashton here observed.

"No, I don't think she will," Robert replied, "but Susan had better be quick over her supper, and not leave her too long alone. Going to take something with you up-stairs, eh, Susan? Perhaps that will be better than staying any longer here."

Susan's fears on the subject of the prisoner's possible escape had been so much quickened by the incident of the letter, that she failed to perceive Robert's evident desire to send her away, imagining that the feeling which actuated him was merely the reflexion of her own fear. So she went up-stairs with two plates in her hand, her own supper and her captive's, and left that ill-omened pair together.

"She tells me," Mrs. Ashton began, "that she is to go away for her confinement, and that you are coming here to look after Grace. It's a stupid plan as ever you could have thought of, and you may make up your mind to one thing—Grace will make her escape before Susan has been gone a day."

"I hope not," Robert answered, helping himself a second time as he spoke, "because we shall not be able to manage it in a day, but we may in a week, I should think."

Then there was silence. Mrs. Ashton rose from her seat, and closed the door of the room.

"Is that girl sharp enough to listen?" Robert asked.

"No, she is as stupid as possible, but one cannot be too careful. And so you really mean to send Susan away that you may——"

She paused for Robert to complete the sentence, but he did not do so.

"Not that I may do anything. Whatever I do you must help me in—that is, if you have quite made up your mind about the necessity of the case."

"Oh dear, I wish you had never thought of changing one for the other at first! I wish you had told the Renshaws that Grace Meadows was dead!"

The miserable old sinner shrank from the contemplation of a capital crime now that it was spoken of as a reality to be presently accomplished, although she had been ready to complain that this mode of freeing themselves from impending danger had not been duly considered by Robert.

"Look here," he presently replied, "I ran a great risk that did not affect anybody but myself; as soon as any profits came in you had a good share of them; you were jolly enough at first, and the money went like winking in all sorts of amusements that you shared in and seemed to enjoy. Grace might have been jolly too; there was nothing to hinder her from enjoying herself with the rest of us, except that she would have had to give up all thought of that Brooks fellow, and she has had to give him up as it is. She has taken some ridiculous notion or other, and she sticks to it like wax; fools always do. So now we have to take our choice between being betrayed and transported for felony, and stopping her mouth for ever by helping her out of this world. That's the English of it, and this absence of Susan's gives us the opportunity; only remember that it also gives Grace the opportunity of cutting away from here, if we don't look devilish sharp."

"Oh, Robert, I feel afraid——"

"Are you afraid of being taken up for a felony—policeman, warrant, magistrate, committal, trial, and all the rest of it? Perhaps you'll tell me that."

"Yes. I get bad nights now with thinking of it."

"So do we all, I suppose. And to get rid of that fear for ever we must do a bold thing; it will be no cruelty to Grace that I know of, for her life seems to be a misery to her, and it will do more than set us free from fear, it will give the principal of Grace Meadows' fortune into my hands, and we can enjoy ourselves without any stint. Only you must help me; don't you shirk it when the time comes for action."

"Have you thought of how it is to be done?" Mrs. Ashton asked, with a strange quaver in her voice.

"No, you must help to think it over. How do you suppose it could be done? Give us your ideas now. Never mind about the supper-things; let them stay where they are."

They were talking together in low tones until the night was far advanced.

The following letter, written at Paris, bears the date of that ill-omened evening:

"My dear Renshaw,—I have made inquiries at Naples, following the plan that we proposed, but with no success at all, for there are very few English people there; it is insufferably hot and very unhealthy, so that travellers are not at all likely to visit it just now, and though the English contrive to be everywhere, in season and out of season, the name of Ashton does not appear upon any of the official lists. I was returning homeward, very sick at heart with hope deferred, and bringing with me, I think, some evil reminders of the tainted air in which I passed several days of real hard work; I proposed to remain only a single night here, not that I want to go home, or feel any capability of applying again to business, but I wanted to push on from a feeling of mere restlessness, and unwillingness to stay in one place. When one is thoroughly wretched and worn out with disappointment, any place seems better than the place one is in. I tell you all this that you may understand how great the revulsion must have been when I heard this evening that a party of English travellers who left Paris for Bruges to-day correspond in name and description with those I am seeking. That is to say, their luggage was marked Ashton, and the party consisted of a gentleman and two ladies, one old and the other young. I could probably learn their christian names if I could find out the hotel at which they have been staying, but to do this would be to lose time, and the delay might cause me to miss them at Bruges. I feel almost sure that I am on the right track now, though I know you would tell me that the evidence is insufficient. Grace Meadows can tell me what I want to know, and that is why she was refused to me. Headaches and languor disappear, with the terrible heart-sickness that I spoke of.

"Yours,

"William Brooks."

Even while he wrote those words of half-coherent hope, the plans of Grace's enemies were being considered and matured.

HYMN TO THE RISING SUN.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

Hail! bridegroom of creation, never old!
Shake off thy sleep, thy curtained brow unfold,
Put on thy vests of purple and of gold.

Rise from thy couch behind the Orient hill,
Shoot thy beam-shafts, and heaven with splendour fill,
A god, a god, in power and beauty still!

Ocean beholds thee, and affrighted Night
Flies his blue waves, his sands turn jewels bright,
His billows sparkling, leaping in delight.

The vales and mountains, welcome! welcome! cry,
To see thee like a giant climb the sky,
Vigour and life wide flashing from thine eye.

Man's sense rejoices, and his frame acquires
New freshness, strength, with thy rekindled fires,
And grateful soul in sympathy aspires.

All Nature feels thy influence, king of light!
Each beam a blessing, whether flashed in might,
Or gently stealing down the infinite.

The little flower that all the night had kept
Its petals closed, and in chill shadow slept,
Moist with the tears its eyes of beauty wept:

Thrilled by the ardour of thy piercing ray,
Expands its bosom, shakes grief-drops away,
And laughs in joy to front the jocund day.

Thy beams reach tenderly the lark's low nest,
Where 'neath the stars soft mosses he had prest;
He opes his diamond eye, and starts from rest.

Up, like a mounting thought, or arrow's flight,
He shoots in glowing air, till lost to sight,
But rains down music from that blinding height.

O sun! there's nothing in wide earth or sky
But blesses thee; thou wakest, far and nigh,
The eternal chords of golden harmony.

Hail! world-reviving, all-embracing sphere!
Burning but unconsumed, thy great career
Passing in splendour all things splendid here.

How terrible yet beautiful art thou,
Power throned on thy unchanging, mighty brow,
To which the circling worlds obedient bow.

Great minister of God! mysterious sun!
Will e'er thy beams die out, thy mission done?
Will the worlds need thee when Time's course is run?

We know not, dazzling glory, what thy doom,
Yet, reft of thee, yon skies to us were gloom,
And Death would turn quick Nature to a tomb.

Then hail, thrice hail! thou eldest born of Time!
Walking the heavens as in thy golden prime,
Fountain of life! God's emblem most sublime!

Dispensing good, still in our centre blaze!
Let glad Creation, basking in thy rays,
Clap her exulting hands, and hymn thy praise.

ABOUT THE SOCIAL FORMULA, *NOLO CITHARIZARE.*

A CUE FROM SHAKSPEARE.

By Francis Jacox.

"Come, Balthazar, we'll hear that song again," is Don Pedro's call, when the confederates are carrying out their scheme on Benedick, in Leonato's garden. But the young man genteelly hums and ha's, is not in voice, is not in the vein, feels he ought not to attempt it, begs to be excused.

> O good my lord, tax not so bad a voice
> To slander music any more than once.

Don Pedro rejects the appeal, refuses the motion, and renews the call; saying,

> It is the witness still of excellency,
> To put a strange face on his own perfection:—
> I pray thee, sing, and let me woo no more.
> . . . Nay, pray thee, come;
> Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument,
> Do it in notes.
> *Balth.* Note this before my notes,
> There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting.
> *D. Pedro.* Why, these are very crotchets that he speaks,
> Note, notes, forsooth, and noting!*

After which punning preliminary, and partial puff preliminary, the real crotchets begin, and Balthazar

> Leaves off discourse of disability,†

and without further preface, deprecatory or apologetic, strikes up.

When Touchstone and the two blithe pages are well met in the Forest of Arden, his joyous "Come, sit, sit, and a song," is at once approved by one page with a "We are for you," and by the other with a "Shall we clap into 't roundly, without hawking, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse; which are the only prologues to a bad voice?"‡—No sooner has Lady Mortimer finished her Welsh song, than Hotspur, who had just declared he would rather hear *Lady*, his brach, howl in Irish, than that Lady sing in Welsh, calls upon his wife for a song:

> *Hot.* Come, Kate, I'll have your song too.
> *Lady P.* Not mine, in good sooth.
> *Hot.* Not yours, in good sooth! 'Heart, you swear like a comfit-maker's wife. . . .
> Come, sing,

again he bids her. So, this time, rejecting the use of such pretty sarcenet oaths as he bantered her upon, "such protest of pepper-gingerbread," but

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* Much Ado about Nothing, Act II. Sc. 3.
† The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act II. Sc. 4.
‡ As You Like It, Act V. Sc. 3.

declining tacitly to adopt his recommendation of "a good mouth-filling oath" instead, my Lady Percy utters the simple, flat refusal, "I will not sing."*

The pretty protests for which her bluff lord had rated Lady Percy, are emulated by Scott's Lady Heron, with whom King James is wasting the precious hours in gay Holyrood, while the Queen sits alone in Lithgow pile:

> And first she pitched her voice to sing,
> Then glanced her dark eye on the King,
> And then around the silent ring;
> And laughed, and blushed, and oft did say
> Her pretty oath, by Yea, and Nay,
> She could not, would not, durst not play!†

Horace long ago declared it to be a fault common to all singers, that when called upon to sing in company there's no getting them to begin; but when not called upon, no getting them to leave off:

> Omnibus hoc vitium cantoribus, inter amicos
> Ut nunquam inducant animum cantare rogati,
> Injussi nunquam desistant.‡

It was accounted an engaging piece of courtesy on Cimon's part, when, at a symposium at Laomedon's, on being asked to sing, he did so at once, with a winning grace of compliance as well as effective musical style. And the ready acquiescence was contrasted, in his favour, with the disdainful refusal of Themistocles, who met a like request with the reply, that he had never learned to sing, or play upon the harp, but *did* know how to make a mean city rich and great.§

Swift is said to have once insisted upon Lady Burlington's singing for him, though she urged continuous pleas to be excused, and was at length so upset by the despotism of his demands, that she burst into tears. The Dean has his fling at young-ladyism's *Nolo Citharizare*, in his "Polite Conversation," where Lord Sparkish requests a song of Miss Notable, as the fine ladies and gentlemen prittle-prattle, tittle-tattle together round the breakfast-tea-table in Lady Smart's ante-chamber:

> *Spark.* Pray, miss, will you be so good as to favour us with a song?
> *Miss.* Indeed, my lord, I can't; for I have a great cold.
> *Colonel.* O! miss, they say all good singers have colds.‖

Molière's Mascarille, in *his* more than Polite Conversation, his High-polite conversation with the *Précieuses ridicules*, taxes the elements with unkindness, in the ravages wrought by the weather on his voice: "Ecoutez si vous trouverez l'air à votre goût: *Hem, hem, la, la, la, la.* La brutalité de la saison a furieusement outragé la delicatesse de ma voix; mais il n'importe, c'est à la cavalière. (*Il chante.*)"¶ Poor Sganarelle, on the other hand, may well stand excused for falling back on *any*

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* First Part of King Henry IV., Act III. Sc. 1.
† Marmion, canto v. ‡ Horat. Sat.
§ Plutarch, Life of Cimon.
‖ Swift: Polite Conversation, dialogue i.
¶ Les Précieuses Ridicules, Sc. 10.

excuse, when required by Don Juan to sing at the supper-party at which the Statue has just sat down to table:

Don Juan. Bois, et chante ta chanson, pour regaler le commandeur.
Sgan. Je suis enrhumé, monsieur.*

Beau Tibbs, at the supper-party to which Goldsmith's Citizen of the World is conducted by the Man in Black, is all anxiety to prove to the company that his wife's pretensions to music are just: he accordingly entreats her to favour them with a song. "But to this she gave a positive denial; 'for you know very well, my dear,' says she, 'that I am not in voice to-day, and when one's voice is not equal to one's judgment, what signifies singing? besides, as there is no accompaniment, it would be but spoiling music.' All these excuses, however, were overruled by the rest of the company, who, though one would think they already had music enough, joined in the entreaty. . . . At last then the lady complied, and after humming for some minutes, began with such a voice, and such affectation, as, I could perceive, gave but little satisfaction to any, except her husband. He sat with rapture in his eye, and beat time with his hand on the table."† Rather a different net result from, although the preliminaries may have resembled, Lady Adeline's performance of the Black Friar:

After some fascinating hesitation,—
The charming of these charmers, who seem bound,
I can't tell why, to this dissimulation—
Fair Adeline, with eyes fixed on the ground
At first, then kindling into animation,
Added her sweet voice to the lyric sound,
And sang with much simplicity—a merit
Not the less precious, that we seldom hear it.‡

For Adeline, as we are afterwards told, in a careless way, and as if she rated such accomplishment as the mere pastime of an idle day, pursued an instant for her own content,

Would now and then as 'twere without display,
Yet with display in fact, at times relent
To such performances with haughty smile,
To show she *could*, if it were worth her while.

Goldsmith has touched on the same topic in other of his essays. Mr. Spriggins, at the club meeting of Choice Spirits, being knocked down for a song, "endeavoured to excuse himself"—but "his excuses were overruled by a great majority, and with much vociferation." As our author professes to have heard few young fellows offer to sing in company that did not expose themselves, it was no great disappointment to him to find Mr. Spriggins among the number.§ And the second of Oliver's Rules for Behaviour, drawn up by the Indigent Philosopher, runs thus: "When you are desired to sing in company, I would advise you to refuse; for it is a thousand to one but that you torment us with affectation or a bad voice."‖ Here he ignores the affectation of a denial, and the

* Molière, Le Festinade Pierre, Acte IV. Sc. 12.
† Goldsmith's Citizen of the World, letter lxxi.
‡ Don Juan, canto xvi.
§ Goldsmith's Miscellaneous Essays, No. I.
‖ Id. ibid. No. II.

fuss preliminary glanced at in a Scotch proverb about bagpipe-playing: "Ye are as lang in tuning your pipes as anither would play a spring"—or in Mr. Browning's impatient remonstrances:

> But why such long prolusion and display,
> Such tuning and adjustment of the harp,
> And taking it upon your breast at length,
> Only to speak dry words across its strings?*

At the Rummins's Conversazione at Little Pedlington, "Now, my dear Miss Cripps, if you mean to sing, sing at once," is Mr. Rummins's ultimate entreaty; but "a good quarter of an hour was exhausted by Mr. Hoppy in tuning his guitar, and by Miss Cripps in protestations that she didn't sing, couldn't sing, never did sing—that she was hoarse, out of health, out of spirits, &c."† Theodore Hook illustrates in Fanny Wells the regular course of proceedings adopted by country Misses in such a case—and pictures the details, such as screwing up or down the creaking music-stool, rumpling over a hundred songs as if to look out, off-hand, for something to sing, the said girl having made up her mind to sing no other than the one at which she had been thumping and screaming all the morning: "humming and ha'aing during the pretended search, and talking of a cold, and declaring that she can't—really—and a thousand other little essays of rustic affectation."‡ One clause of the preceding indictment is touched upon, again, by Mrs. Gore, when Cecil Danby is pressing that fair fat fräulein, Wilhelmina, to sing: "After the much-approved fashion of performers and innkeepers, of asking what you will please to have, though predetermined to inflict the pig and prune-sauce which your soul abhorreth, Wilhelmina, on seating herself at the piano, inquired what she should give me?"§ and of course gives something utterly unlike what she is asked for.—But to Theodore Hook for further examples. His Emma Fisherton, urged by the Colonel with reiterated "Come, come," fifty times at least, with different intonations, is at length "gently forced (nothing loth)" towards the harp. "Emma, after this pretty interesting display of reluctance, proceeded to her pedestal .... and began first to discover that her fingers were cold, then that the harp was dreadfully out of tune, then that it was a dreadful harp, then that she had no music,"‖ &c. &c. Of better breeding he gives a sample in Lady Maria Rutherford and her sister, in another tale; when the Viscount asks for music, and as soon as he has done so, feels abashed and mortified at having thus inconsiderately subjected himself to a refusal, or at least to that sort of yea and nay exhibition, in which he had seen Miss Amelrosa Ewebright and Miss Margaret Hodges, and persons of their standing in the select circle of his country acquaintance, indulge themselves; he "anticipated a scene of affected shyness and coy willingness, with at least a concluding speech about having a cold, or the instrument being out of tune." But no,—in this case the sisters, "without the slightest hesitation, and with a smile of the sweetest good humour,"¶ complied with the request, and again requested, again as readily complied.

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* Robert Browning: Transcendentalism: a Poem in Twelve Books.
† Little Pedlington and the Pedlingtonians, ch. ix.
‡ Gurney Married, ch. xx. § Cecil, vol. ii. ch. vii.
‖ Sayings and Doings, Second Series, p. 49.
¶ Passion and Principle.

Mr. Dickens exemplifies a professional type in Miss Petowker, when that young lady meets Mrs. Kenwigs's appeal—the proposal whereof has caused a great clapping of hands and stamping of feet—with the apologetic remonstrance, "You know that I dislike doing anything professional in private parties." Now Mrs. Kenwigs and Miss Petowker had arranged a small programme of the entertainments between them, but had settled to have a little pressing on both sides, because it looked more natural.*

Mr. Charles Reade presents us with a bucolic specimen in his prose idyl of a harvest-home—in the person of Tim Brown John, a lad with a small rustic genius for music, which he illustrated by playing the clarionet in church to the great regret of the clergyman. At the harvest-supper he is incited to strike up, and begins "making those mock-modest difficulties which are part of a singer in town or country." "Drat the boy," at length exclaims the hostess, "sing and have done with it." "I'll do my best, ma'am," replied Tim, gravely; and so saying, he drew from his pocket a diminutive flute, with one key, and sounded his G at great length; then paused, to let his G enter his own mind and those around.† Tim was but doing, in his poor way, as Hermogenes is made by Ben Jonson to do, at the Roman banquet:

Chloe. Is that hard-favoured gentleman a poet, too, Cytheris?
Cyth. No, this is Hermogenes: as humorous as a poet, though he is a musician.
Chloe. A musician! then he can sing.
Cyth. That he can, excellently; did you never hear him?
Chloe. O no: will he be entreated, think you?
Cyth. I know not.—Friend, mistress Chloe would fain hear Hermogenes sing: are you interested in him?
Gal. No doubt his own humanity will command him so far, to the satisfaction of so fair a beauty; but rather than fail, we'll all be suitors to him.
Her. 'Cannot sing.
Gal. Prithee, Hermogenes.
Her. 'Cannot sing.
Gal. For honour of this gentlewoman, to whose house I know thou mayest be ever welcome.
Chloe. That he shall, in truth, sir, if he can sing.
Ovid. What's that?
Gal. This gentlewoman is wooing Hermogenes for a song.
Ovid. A song! come, he shall not deny her. Hermogenes!
Her. 'Cannot sing.

And so on, until Tibullus shrewdly suggests,

Tut, the only way to win him is to abstain from entreating him;‡

and after some manœuvring the recalcitrant is won over to sing, and then, as we shall presently see, can scarcely be got to leave off.

At the Duke of St. James's banquet, in Mr. Disraeli's novel, we read that his grace "requested Count Frill to give them a song. The Bird of Paradise," like and yet unlike Miss Petowker, "would never sing for pleasure, only for fame and a slight cheque. The Count begged to decline, and at the same time asked for a guitar"§—and then preluding with a beautiful simper, struck up the arietta of Charming Bignetta.

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* Nicholas Nickleby, ch. xv.
† Clouds and Sunshine, ch. ii.
‡ The Poetaster, Act. II. Sc. 1.
§ The Young Duke, ch. xviii.

Cervantes makes it an engaging trait in young Antonio, who could play upon the rebeck, his comrades said, as well as heart could desire, and could sing a song of his own composing equally well, that when desired by them to entertain Don Quixote and Sancho with a taste of his quality, he replied, "With all my heart," and, without further entreaty,* sat down upon the trunk of an old tree, tuned his rebeck, and commenced his strain.

So with Chaucer's *verray perfight gentil Knight*, when requested to open the series of the Canterbury tales. To him the lot fell:

——what needeth wordes mo?
And whan this goode man seigh that it was so,
As that he wys was and obedient
To kepe his forward by his fre assent,
He seyde, "Syn I schal begynne the game,
What, welcome be thou cut, a Goddes name!
Now lat us ryde, and herkeneth what I seye."
And with that word we ridden forth oure weye;
And he bigan with right a merie cheere
His tale.†

The commentators point out how characteristic it is of the Knight's good breeding and knowledge of the world to tell his tale frankly and cheerfully, and without endeavouring to excuse himself.

Of the conventional class of *nolentes Citharizare* an illustration may be seen, with the difference allowed for between poet reciting and singer singing, in Mr. Tennyson's Everard Hall, when that epic minstrel,

——little urged,
But with some prelude of disparagement,
Read, mouthing out his hollow oes and aes,
Deep-chested music.‡

Beginning at once, and singing "right away" as soon as desired, is not the rarest of phenomena, whether in literature or in real life. For *Nolo* read *Volo, citharizare*, not only in will but in willing deed.

"Now sing a song," said Boniface,
"Thy best, and do not grudge it."
"Yes, that I will," the youth replied,
"I've many in my budget."

Then Orson oped his throat and sang,
Both loud, and sweet, and clear,
A song that much the landlord charmed,
And caught fair Ellen's ear.§

D'Erfeuil, in Madame de Staël's "Corinne," is astonished at the readiness of the fair Italian's compliance with the request of friends, "accustomed as he was to the refusal with which it is the fashion to precede consent. In Italy these airs are unknown: there, every one is simple enough to believe that he cannot better please society than by promptly fulfilling whatever it desires."‖ So with unaffected, genial Janet, in

* Don Quixote, ch. xi.
† The Canterbury Tales, The Prologue.
‡ Prelude to Morte d'Arthur.
§ Peter Pindar's Orson and Ellen: A Legendary Tale, canto iv.
‖ Corinne, l. vi. ch. i.

Miss Eden's charming story of a Semi-detached House. Blanche "begged Janet to sing, and opened the pianoforte; but Janet said that an accompaniment was not necessary for the little she could do, and that little was not worth asking for twice. So without the slightest shyness she began 'Auld Robin Gray,' in a rich sweet voice that astonished her hearers. She seemed to be reciting the story, rather than singing the song, with a degree of pathos that overpowered them."*

Herr Kohl, the travelled Teuton, was struck, at an Oxford supper-party, with the fact that none of those who were asked to sing made any fuss about it, but, even if he had a bad and inharmonious voice, sang what he happened to know, and as well as he could. "This, too, is the case," remarks Herr Kohl, "with English ladies, who, when called on to sing, require far less pressing than our German ladies; and without any affectation, though with grace and modesty, sing what they are asked for, even though often, the truth must be told, with less precision and harmony than our German singers possess."† Washington Irving, at Abbotsford, notes admiringly of "an occasional song from Sophia Scott, at the request of her father," that she never wanted to be asked twice, but complied frankly and cheerfully.‡

Alice Niphet, in the last of Mr. Peacock's clever, shrewd, satirical stories—which are a clear case of caviare to the general—is thus characterised by an admiring and reverend senior, Doctor Opimian: "She is animated in conversation when she is led into it. Otherwise, she is silent and retiring, but obliging in the extreme; always ready to take part in anything that is going forward. She never needs, for example, being twice asked to sing. She is free from the vice which Horace ascribes to all singers, of not complying when asked, and never leaving off when they have once begun. If this be a general rule, she is an exception to it."§. One might apply to such feminine tactics the words of an elder classic than Horace:

> ——Novi ingenium mulierum,
> Nolunt ubi velis, ubi nolis cupiunt ultro.‖

As regards the difficulty of getting them to leave off when they have once begun, Clemency Newcome, in Mr. Dickens's story, who with infinite difficulty has at length been persuaded into signing her name—in certain cabalistic characters, which required a great deal of ink—is a typical exemplar. For, now, "having once tasted ink, she became thirsty in that regard, as tame tigers are said to be after tasting another kind of fluid, and wanted to sign everything, and put her name in all kinds of places."¶

The Bavarian *voiturier* who drives Hamilton to his destination, in the Baroness Tautphœus's story, lifts up his voice in song, and shouts out a melody which distance would beyond doubt have made more sweet, and which, as he pours the whole force of his stentorian lungs into Hamilton's

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* The Semi-detached House, ch. ix.
† Kohl's Travels in England and Wales. [Reisen, &c.]
‡ Crayon Miscellany: Abbotsford.
§ Gryll Grange, ch. xvi.
‖ Terence.
¶ The Battle of Life, part i.

face, compels the latter to protest. "Thank you," cried Hamilton, hastily—"thank you—that will do. I have long wished to hear a Tyrolean jodel, and am sure it must sound very well—in the mountains." "There's no music like it in the world," says the man, who, laying aside his pipe, continues singing for more than an hour, interrupting his *sostenuto* strain only by an occasional "Ho-he-ho!" addressed to his horses.*

The amatory David, in "Adam Bede," is urged to sing by Ben Tholloway, the big thrasher, and is not indifferent to the invitation, but blushes, and laughs, and rubs his sleeve over his mouth in a way that is regarded by the company as a symptom of yielding. Yield he does not at once, however. And when he does begin, it is *sotto voce*: whereupon Tim, thinking slightly of that kind of vocalisation, is impelled to supersede that feeble buzz by a spirited commencement of "Three Merry Mowers"—but David is not to be put down so easily, and shows himself capable of a copious crescendo, while old Kester suddenly sets up a quavering treble—as if he had been an alarum, and the time was come for him to go off.† And this kind of alarum once set off, there is next to no stopping. As Theodore Hook observes of a more polite class, the cloying kindness of these amateur exhibitors is actually overwhelming; for when once the first painful ceremony of solicitation is over, once the *premier pas* taken (and *ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte*), their liberality is unbounded, and whole books full of charming *morçeaux* are gone through with a persevering assiduity, which nothing but the happy announcement of carriages, or the absolute defection of the majority of the party, can possibly put a stop to.‡ So with Hermogenes, in Ben Jonson,—with his "You shall hear me sing another. Now will I begin," which one guest deprecates; and anon with his "Why, 'tis but a short air, 'twill be done presently; pray stay: strike, music,"§—which another forbids.

Of singers who strike up unasked, *suâ sponte*, there are types of all sorts. John Ballantyne, for instance, who at the Waverley dinners would "roll out unbidden some one of his many theatrical songs, in a style that would have done no dishonour to almost any orchestra—'The Maid of Lodi'—or perhaps 'The Bay of Biscay, oh!'—or 'The sweet little cherub that sits up aloft.'"‖ Or Mrs. Gore's "impertinent Monsieur de Béthizy," who, in spite of the porter's denial, forces himself upon the Misses Willingham for a morning call, and having made good his entry, and seeing Claudia's guitar lying on the music-rack, straightway, without inquiring if they are tunefully inclined, favours them with aria after aria, romance after romance.¶ Or that precocious whelp in petticoats, Master Neville, in the "Scattergood Family," who, when his mamma desires his sister Blanche to sing, and that demoiselle declines, "directly struck up a popular infantine melody, which he had picked up from the children who played outside the [Fitzroy] square-railings on fine even-

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* The Initials, ch. i.
‡ The Sutherlands.
‖ Lockhart's Life of Scott, ch. xli.
¶ Mothers and Daughters, vol. iii. ch. vii.
† Adam Bede, book vi. ch. liii.
§ The Poetaster, Act II.

ings"*—from which performance it requires the most strenuous exertions and even personal assaults to induce him to desist.

Mrs. Abell, in her Recollections of St. Helena, tells us of Napoleon volunteering to sing *Vive Henri Quatre*,† and singing it accordingly, but in such a style that even the most devoted of Generals or Marshals, it is alleged, could not have told what tune the august throat was humming.

Of the soldiers in the drinking scene in Mr. Roscoe's tragedy of "Violenzia," the first volunteers, "I'll sing you a song,"—which spirited offer the second has bad taste or good ear enough to scout with a cavalier "Away! thou hast a little piping voice like a sickly weasel; I had as lief hear a grasshopper. We'll none of it. It turns the wine sour on the stomach." A third comrade thereupon strikes up, without preliminary prelude or proposition; but is pulled up in full career by the same objector's shout of "Stop him! appease him! quiet him! Why, man, are our ears anvils, that thou hammerest them thus?" If he must needs sing, let him go out to sea a quarter of a mile or so, and sing to them on shore, provided always the wind be against him. Another soldier then proposes that "Edmund shall sing;" but the same captious critic, who is intent on singing himself, though quite unasked and undesired, objects, "Oh, he sings beastly out of tune. Nay, if you will have it, I'll sing myself."‡ And no sooner said than done.

Hardly less willing is Sheridan's Duenna, when Isaac rashly asks could she favour him with a song. "Willingly, sir, though I am rather hoarse—ahem! [*Begins to sing.*]" "Very like a Virginia nightingale," is the little Jew's *aside*; while aloud he begs her to forbear, "Ma'am, I perceive you're hoarse—I beg you will not distress——" "Oh, not in the least distressed,"§ rejoins the too ready dame, and resumes her croaking song.

Good Mistress Hannah More made the complaint, in her time, that "young ladies, who from apparent shyness do not join in the conversation of a small select party, are always ready enough to entertain them with music on the slightest hint . . . . to sing those melting strains we sometimes hear sung, and which we should be ashamed to hear said."‖

Mrs. Trench, in her lively correspondence, tells of a French gentleman whom she met in company with the Abbé Delille, and who on finding the Abbé could not recollect some lines she had asked for on Rousseau, drew his chair close to hers, saying, "Eh bien, Madame, puisque Monsieur l'Abbé ne veut pas réciter ses vers, je vous en dirai des miens," and set off with them immediately.¶ Acceptable as a representative man of the class of singers unbidden. Of another kind there is that Mr. Holland of Clerkenwell whom the *Saturday Review* celebrated some years ago, in connexion with his indignant exposition, at a parochial meeting, of the High Church services at St. Philip's. The clergyman now entered, he said, "and commenced intoning the service in a sing-song manner, of which he (Mr. Holland) could give a specimen if it were interesting to the committee." The committee, however, declined this spirited proposal,

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* The Fortunes of the Scattergood Family, vol. ii. ch. vi.
† Recollections of the Emperor Napoleon in the Island of St. Helena.
‡ Violenzia, Act IV. Sc. 3.
§ The Duenna, Act II. Sc. 2.
‖ Cœlebs, ch. xxiii.
¶ Remains of Mrs. R. Trench, p. 160.

and Mr. Holland's speech proceeded without the musical interlude he had designed.*

That in England in the sixteenth century music was regarded as an essential part of a polite education, appears from an old work of Thomas Morley's (1597), wherein the following paragraph occurs: "Supper being ended, and Musicke Books (according to the custome) being brought to the table, the mistresse of the house presented me with a part, earnestly requesting me to sing; but when, after many excuses, I pretended† unfainedly that I could not, every one began to wonder. Yea, some whispered to others, demanding how I was brought up,"‡ &c. When George the Third was King, two centuries later, it should have been the same, could that monarch have had his will. His Majesty once told Fanny Burney that to him it appeared quite as strange to meet with people who had no ear for music, as to meet with others who were dumb. The occasion on which he made this remark was that on which he had almost asked, and not quite asked, Fanny to play; generously refraining from a request direct, which in his case would have been equivalent to a command. "Are you musical?" he had asked her, at tea-time; and was answered, "Not a performer, sir." Then, going from her to the Queen, he cried, "She does not play." But anon he returned to Miss Burney, with the point-blank question, "Are you sure you never play? —never touch the keys at all?" "Never to acknowledge it, sir." "Oh, that's it!" cried he; and flying to the Queen, exclaimed, "She does play—but not to acknowledge it!" Great now was Fanny's consternation, in expecting their Majesties' commands to perform. The eager air with which the King returned to her fully indicated what was to follow; so she resolved to speak first, in order to stop him,—crying (every one "cried," in those days), "I never, sir, played to anybody but myself!—never!" "No?" cried he, looking incredulous; "what, not to ——" "Not even to me, sir!" cried kind Mrs. Delany, who saw what was threatening her young friend. "No?—are you sure?" cried he, disappointed; "but—but you'll——" "I have never, sir," cried I, very earnestly, "played in my life, but when I could hear nobody else—quite alone, and from a mere love of any musical sounds." The King repeated all this to the Queen, whose answers were inaudible to her perturbed tirewoman; but when he once more came back, with a face that looked unwilling to give it up, and as though he must hear what sort of a performer Dr. Burney's daughter was, the latter, in her fright, had recourse to dumb show, and raised her hands in what she calls "a supplicating fold, with a most begging countenance to be excused." This, luckily, succeeded, she tells her father; the King understood her very readily, and laughed a little, but made a sort of desisting, or rather complying, little bow, and said no more about it.§

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* *Saturday Review*, viii. 674.

† "Pretended"—not used in its present sense of insincerity, as the next word *unfeignedly* suffices to show.

‡ A Playne and Easy Introduction to Practicall Musick, 1597.

§ Diary and Letters of Mdme. d'Arblay, part ix., Dec. 16, 1785.

GLORY AND MISFORTUNE.

FROM THE FRENCH.

By Mrs. Bushby.

There was still standing not long ago in the midst of the Rue Saint Denis, and almost at the corner of the Rue Petit-Lion, one of those old houses which furnish romance writers and antiquarians with the means of representing Paris as it was in ancient times. The walls of this gloomy edifice appeared to be covered with hieroglyphics, for what other name could be given to the Xs and the Vs traced in profusion by transverse and diagonal pieces of wormeaten wood, which were to be seen all over its dingy front? The prison-looking building was surmounted by a triangular roof, of a description which is now exploded in Paris; it advanced three feet over the street, apparently both to shelter the door of the house from rain, and to shade a projecting upper window and the sides of a sort of garret made of planks laid over each other like tiles.

One rainy morning in the month of March, a young man, carefully wrapped up in a cloak, stood on the steps of a shop opposite, and seemed to be examining this oddly constructed house with all the enthusiasm of an historian. And truly this relic of the opulence of the fifteenth century offered a curious study. Each story of the building had its singularity. On the first were four long narrow windows, very close together, partially boarded, so as to yield that doubtful light within so advantageous to the knowing shopkeeper. The young man seemed quite to disdain this important part of the establishment, for he scarcely glanced at it; his eyes, slightly surveying the windows of the second story, whose open blinds displayed through large squares of Bohemian glass bright pink muslin curtains, wandered more frequently to the humbler loopholes of the third story. These last were garnished with such small panes of green glass in a framework so thick, that it was difficult to discern the blue curtains within, which concealed the mysteries of that apartment from the inquisitive eyes of the profane.

Sometimes the impatient scrutiniser of this antique abode, either fatigued by his unsatisfactory watch, or annoyed by the silence in which the house seemed buried, condescended to examine the inferior regions. Then it was that an involuntary smile curled his lip. From a formidable piece of wood, horizontally resting on four pillars, which seemed to have shrunk beneath the weight of this decrepit house, and that had apparently received as many coats of paint as the cheeks of any old duchess, there depended a sign or picture, representing a cat gambolling. This chef-d'œuvre seemed to amuse the young man exceedingly, and no wonder, for it would have been difficult for a modern painter to have executed so wise-looking a cat, sitting so uprightly on his hind-paws, waiting with his fore-paws extended to receive a ball almost as large as himself, which a gentleman in embroidered clothes was about to throw to him. The design, colouring, and attitudes of this painting gave evidence of a rare talent, and time had lent a hand to improve it by so mutilating

the tail of the cat, that it looked like a spectator of the sport. To the right of this attractive picture, upon an azure ground, was emblazoned the name of *Guillaume;* and to the left, *Successor of the Sieur Chevret.*

The young man who stood admiring the above-named effort of genius had himself his singularities. From beneath a cloak arranged in folds to imitate the elegant draperies of antiquity peeped two very small feet clad in white silk stockings, which were strangely contrasted with the black mud of a Parisian pavement. Under his hat some clustering black locks, uncurled by the dampness of the morning air, indicated that his hair was arranged à la Caracalla, an antique style affected by the exquisites of the day. A cravat of dazzling whiteness rendered his pale face still paler. His eyes were dark and brilliant; his mouth wore a bitter smile, and when he frowned there was something fatal written on his brow, for the brow is the most prophetic feature in the human face. His countenance, replete with genius, seemed capable of expressing the deepest passions, and in its ever-changing lines might be read the traces of joy and grief, of hatred and of love. His white gloves announced that he was returning from some ball. It was half-past six o'clock in the morning. Except a few late revellers like himself, whose hurried steps awoke the silent echoes, the street usually so crowded was hushed and calm, for at that hour Paris seems almost a desert, its subdued noise sounding afar off like the distant voice of the mighty ocean.

So wrapped up in his own thoughts was the solitary occupant of the street, that he did not perceive the garret window open suddenly, and three round, plump faces appear at it. These faces resembled the bluff heads of angels so often sculptured on the walls of churches, and painted in the midst of clouds. The young apprentices seemed to inhale the heavy, damp, morning air with an avidity which proclaimed how hot and close was the atmosphere of their confined garret. The youngest of the three pointed out the individual beneath to his companions, and in another moment the stranger found himself sprinkled all over with a soapy liquid, whose perfume proved that the three chins above had just been shaved. Fits of stifled laughter followed this polite feat, and the trio retreated on tiptoe to enjoy the anger of their victim, who merely shook his mantle with profound disdain.

At this moment a white and delicate hand opened a window below, and the young man received the reward of his long and patient watch. The charming face and form of a young girl, fresh as a water-lily, presented themselves to his view. She was carelessly wrapped in a white cambric undress, which the unpremeditated movements of sleep had so disordered as to leave visible her fair throat and rather more of her figure than she was aware of. Graceful and unconstrained, with a countenance all innocence and tranquillity, she might have been a model for one of Raphael's heavenly Madonnas. The young girl, apparently only half awake, and resembling one of those flowers whose petals, partially closed during the chill of night, have not expanded beneath the genial rays of the sun, permitted her blue eyes to wander over the neighbouring roofs, up to the sky above, and from thence to the sombre street below, where she suddenly encountered the artist's eager gaze. Blushing deeply, doubtless at being seen thus in dishabille, she retired quickly, and the window was instantly closed. The bright vision had disappeared—it was as if

the most brilliant of the stars of morning had been suddenly concealed by a dark cloud.

Whilst these little events were passing above, the heavy bars within that defended the entrance of "Le Chat qui pelote" were removed as if by magic, the old door turned upon its hinges, and an aged porter, who seemed as ancient as the ensign he bore in his trembling hand, attached to it a sort of flag, on which was embroidered in yellow silk the name *Guillaume*, successor to Chevret. It would have been difficult to have divined from the outside of the shop in what the said Mr. Guillaume dealt, for nothing was visible but innumerable large packages enveloped in brown cloth. Nevertheless, Mr. Guillaume was one of the first drapers in Paris; he carried on a very extensive business, and was so well known as a moneyed man, that the government itself often applied to him for loans.

The old merchant appeared at the threshold of his shop at the very moment when the domestic retired. Mr. Guillaume looked up and down the Rue Saint Denis, and stared at the opposite shops, as a man who had just arrived at Havre after a long absence from France would stare. Having convinced himself that nothing had changed during his hours of sleep, he was about to retire, when his eyes fell on the young artist, who, on his part, regarded the patriarchal draper as Humboldt might have contemplated the first kangaroo he saw in America. Mr. Guillaume wore large nether garments of black velvet, ribbed stockings, and square-toed shoes with large silver buckles. His coat was cut square at the collar, and square at the tail; and his ample vest was of a green stuff, ornamented with gigantic metal buttons, which had once been white, but were now discoloured by age and service. His grey hair was so stiffly arranged on his skinny yellow forehead, that it resembled a furrowed field in miniature. His little green eyes looked as if they had been bored with a gimlet, and glared from beneath two arches slightly marked out with red in place of eyebrows. His whole countenance, in short, expressed a patient anxiety, a commercial keenness, and a kind of habitual cupidity. The chief of the family of Guillaume was one of those notable guardians of ancient customs which are still occasionally to be found in the midst of modern civilisation, like the antediluvian remains discovered by Cuvier.

In favour of these customs doubtless it was that, always the first up in his house, he awaited every morning the descent of his apprentices, ready to scold them if they were in the least late. They, on their part, dreaded nothing so much as the Monday mornings, when they might be called to account for some escapade of the evening before. But at this moment the old draper was too busy to think of them; he was entirely occupied in observing the cavalier with white silk stockings, and wondering what might be his nefarious design in so attentively studying his premises. The eldest of the three apprentices seemed also to have his curiosity excited, as, stepping a pace or two into the street, he beheld Miss Augusta retreating with precipitation from her window above. But the fears of the draper and his amorous clerk soon subsided, for the unknown, having hailed a passing hackney-coach, drove off with affected indifference, and thus also tranquillised the souls of the younger apprentices, who had felt not a little uneasy at the propinquity of the victim of their unwelcome shower-bath.

"Well, gentlemen, have you nothing to do but to stand with your arms crossed?" said Mr. Guillaume to his neophytes. "Odds bodkins! in former times, when I was with the Sieur Chevret, I had before this hour examined half a dozen pieces of goods."

"It must have been light at an earlier hour in those days then," muttered the second apprentice, to whom this business belonged.

The old draper smiled aside, pretending not to hear him. Though two of these young men were the sons of wealthy manufacturers, Mr. Guillaume considered it his duty to hold them under the rod with a despotism unknown in the magasins of modern years, and the three assistants went through work that would fatigue ten of the counter-dandies of our days, whose peccadilloes so often swell the pages of police reports.

No sound ever disturbed the peace of this solemn abode, where the well-oiled hinges had never learned to creak, and each article of furniture stood immovable in its own proper place. Though even the youngest clerk paid a handsome board, none of them had ever dared to remain at their master's table until the dessert appeared. Some little intercourse with the family was permitted on Sundays, but this was limited to accompanying them to church. The eldest clerk received a salary of eight hundred francs per annum in return for seven years of labour and discretion. He was also indulged with an occasional drive into the country, and a seat in their box at the theatre, when, after months of irresolution, it was decided that the family should visit that place of amusement. As to the younger apprentices, so mighty was the barrier of respect which separated them from their master, that it would have been easier for them to have stolen a piece of linen than to have overstepped the laws of etiquette. Such a system would seem ridiculous now-a-days, but if it had its hardships it had also its advantages. The apprentices were in some measure adopted by their masters; their morals were watched over; their health attended to; their wardrobes taken care of; and in due time, by being permitted to marry their masters' daughters, they frequently became the partners of his business and successors to his wealth.

Mr. Guillaume, we have said, was one of those old-fashioned merchants, therefore Mr. Joseph Lebas, his head clerk, an orphan without any fortune, was the husband whom he had fixed on for his eldest daughter, Virginia. But Mr. Joseph had not quite adopted the arithmetical precision of his patron, who would not for an empire have allowed his younger daughter to take precedence in matrimony of her elder sister, and had placed his affections on Miss Augusta. Mr. Guillaume had but two daughters: the eldest was the picture of her mother. Now, Madame Guillaume, the daughter of the Sieur Chevret, was so stiff and perpendicular in figure, that she seemed to have swallowed one of her father's yard measures; her long and narrow visage had the sour expression of a bigot in religion, and it was always shaded by a head-dress as sombre as a widow's cap. Her words were few, her most graceful motions like the jerking movements of a telegraph, and her eyes, for ever on the watch, were like those of a cat. Miss Virginia, educated under her strict surveillance, had attained the age of eight-and-twenty, and, notwithstanding the large fortune she was entitled to, without having received a single offer.

Augusta, scarcely eighteen years of age, resembled neither father nor mother. She was small, lovely, and well made; and in spite of the rigid discipline in which she had been brought up, there was a degree of native grace about her.

It is easy to imagine the result of the education which these sisters had received. Accustomed to hear nothing but monotonous mercantile calculations, having learned nothing but the outlines of sacred history, a little grammar, and the history of France, having read only the few grave works which their mother admitted into the house, their ideas were anything but enlarged. They were well acquainted with the details of housekeeping; they knew the value of all sorts of goods; and having learned to appreciate the difficulties of making money, they were strictly economical, and had imbibed a profound respect for men in business. Ignorant of the pleasures of the world, and seeing how evenly the lives of their parents flowed on, they seldom let their thoughts wander beyond the precincts of the paternal roof, which formed their mother's universe.

Their highest terrestrial joys were confined to solemn family parties. On these great occasions, when the saloon on the first story was opened to receive their uncle, the notary, and his wife, who sported diamonds, a cousin who was in the War-office, two or three old bankers, and one or two young men who were considered patterns of propriety, the necessary arrangement of the plate, china, crystal, and wax-candles, which, in usual, were sedulously locked up, made a diversion in the ordinary taciturn life of these three females. At these times they came and went, giving themselves as much trouble as nuns when about to receive a bishop; and at night, when fatigued with washing, dusting, packing up, and putting away all the ornaments of the feast, these two girls assisted their mother to undress, she would exclaim to them, "We have done nothing to-day, my children!" Augusta, however, had been endowed with a soul capable of perceiving the void in her existence, and perhaps the perusal of one or two romances which she had found in the chest of drawers used by a cook whom Madame Guillaume had recently discharged contributed to develop her ideas, for she had secretly devoured them during the silent hours of night.

Mr. Joseph Lebas, we have hinted, had fallen in love with the blue eyes, the delicate complexion, and the soft voice of the youngest Miss Guillaume. But, by a too frequent caprice, *she* felt no predilection for him in return; however, as if to indemnify him for her indifference, his lanky figure, sandy hair, and ruddy cheeks had found a secret admirer in the more mature Miss Virginia. Nothing could be more natural than the two passions born amid the silence of these warehouses, like violets in the depth of a gloomy forest.

"At the rate at which this man is going on," said Mr. Guillaume to himself one day that he had been reading Napoleon's first decree in favour of the conscripts, "our daughters will be all throwing themselves away on beggarly upstarts."

The idea recalled to him the age and fading charms of his eldest daughter, and, remembering that he had married Mademoiselle Chevret when he was much in a similar situation to Joseph Lebas, he bethought him of at once settling his daughter in life, and discharging his own debt

to Providence, by rendering to his orphan protégé the same benefit that he had himself received. Mr. Joseph was thirty-three years old; he sometimes reflected with sorrow that there were fifteen years between his age and that of Augusta, and, clear-sighted enough to have suspected the intentions of Mr. Guillaume, he knew him too well to dream that he would bestow his younger daughter in marriage before his elder one; therefore the love-stricken clerk became a prey to silent suffering.

Such was the state of affairs in the little society, which, in the heart of the Rue Saint Denis, resembled a monastery of La Trappe. But, to throw light on the succeeding events, it will be necessary to go back to a few months prior to the scene by which this tale commenced.

One evening a young man, who was passing by the shop with the "Chat qui pelote," stopped a moment to contemplate a scene that would have attracted the attention of any painter. The warehouse in front, not being yet lighted, formed a dark foreground, beyond which was visible the dining-room of the merchant's family. Round a table covered with the whitest damask, and lighted by an astral lamp, were to be seen the strongly marked faces of the father and mother, the visage of the head clerk, and the heavenly countenance of the young Augusta, near whom stood a fat blowzy maid, their only attendant. These heads were all so original, and seemed so fully to express the modest peaceful life of this primitive family, that to an artist accustomed to paint from nature the tout ensemble formed an interesting study. And the artist who was so struck with it was a young painter who had seven years before gained the great prize. He had just returned from Rome—his mind revelling in poetic ideas, his eyes, satiated with Raphael and Michael Angelo, sought for nature and for truth after a long residence in that splendid country, where everything is on a grand scale. Having imbibed all the fire of Italian passion, his heart longed to meet with one of those pieces of female purity and perfection which at Rome was only to be found in sculpture and painting.

His enthusiasm once awakened, the young man passed to the most profound admiration for the principal figure. Augusta ate nothing; she seemed absent and pensive, and the artist saw in her an angel exiled from her proper sphere. After gazing for some time with a new and delicious feeling, he flew to his studio to commit to canvas the scene and the charms which had so fascinated him. But he was not satisfied without having a separate portrait of his idol. Many were the visits that he paid to the Rue Saint Denis, and two or three times he even penetrated in disguise into the interior of the enchanted castle, where, strictly guarded by her dragon mother, lived the heroine of his daily and nightly dreams. He sent the pictures to the exhibition, crowds flocked to admire them, and the crown of merit was placed on the portrait of Augusta by the hands of the great Girodet himself. Large offers were made to him by the amateurs of the day; he refused to sell these pictures; enormous sums were tendered by the principal engravers, but the artist would not permit them to be copied.

The affair of the pictures made quite a sensation in the world of Paris, but did not, even by an uncertain rumour, reach the recluses of the Rue Saint Denis. However, it so happened that Madame Vernier, the notary's wife, having during a morning visit spoken of the exhibition to

her favourite, Augusta, the latter was inspired with so violent a desire to visit it, that she ventured privately to ask her aunt to take her to the Louvre. The aunt forthwith entered into a negotiation with Madame Guillaume, which ended in Augusta's being for two hours released from the monotony of her daily tasks. Arrived at the exhibition, the young girl succeeded in penetrating through the dense crowd until she reached the picture that bore the envied crown. What was her surprise, what her emotion, on recognising her own likeness! She trembled violently, and, struck with sudden terror, looked round for the protecting presence of her aunt, from whom an influx of spectators had separated her. At that moment her eyes fell upon the excited countenance of the young artist. She remembered all at once the features of a loiterer in the street Saint Denis, whom she had often remarked, and had fancied some new neighbour.

"See what love led me to do!" whispered the painter into the ear of the timid creature, who stood looking like a frightened fawn. Forcing herself through the surrounding throng, she hastened to rejoin her aunt, who was slowly elbowing her way to the picture.

"You will be suffocated there!" cried Augusta. "Let us go, dear aunt."

But it was not so easy to go. In spite of themselves, the moving crowd carried them along, and finally they found themselves before the other celebrated picture. Madame Vernier uttered a loud exclamation of surprise, Augusta burst into tears, and, as if involuntarily, placed her finger on her lips on perceiving the gratified young artist near.

He replied by a silent bow, and, pointing to Madame Vernier, showed Augusta that he understood her sign. This pantomime, after a moment's consideration, horrified the poor girl, who felt like a criminal on having entered into a sort of mysterious paction with the unknown. The stifling heat, the splendid dresses of the ladies, the multitude of moving figures, the vivid colouring of the pictures, and the glare of so many gilded frames, united to the excitement of her own mind, almost overcame the inexperienced Augusta, and the novelty of her sensations made her fancy that she had fallen under the empire of that demon whom in gloomy sermons she had often heard denounced.

Her youthful admirer, who seemed the personification of happy love, followed her to her aunt's carriage. Again and again their eyes met, and it was impossible for the artless Augusta to conceal the new-born feelings, which gave a deeper tint to the carnation of her rounded cheek. When she saw the artist no more, her beating heart seemed still to hear his "*See what love led me to do!*" and she at once trembled and triumphed at the certainty that she was beloved by one whose name was on every tongue, whose talents were destined to immortality. She feigned a severe headache to avoid replying to the questions with which her aunt assailed her, and with dismay heard Madame Vernier tell her mother of the celebrity obtained for "The Rampant Cat," and Madame Guillaume declare her intention of going to see it. Again she pleaded headache as an excuse to escape to her own apartment.

"Ay, see there!" exclaimed Mr. Guillaume; "a headache is all one gets for going to foolish exhibitions! Vastly amusing indeed to stare at in a picture what one can see every day in reality. Don't talk to me

about artists; they are all like our authors—they all starve in the end. What the devil right have they to take *my* house to make a spectacle of it in their good-for-nothing paintings?"

"Perhaps it will procure you the sale of some yards of cloth," suggested Joseph Lebas.

But this pacific observation did not mollify the master of "Le Chat qui pelote." He continued to inveigh against arts and artists, much to Augusta's secret distress, to whom the events of this day appeared like a bright dream, which she delighted to recal. What a void she all at once discovered in her sombre home—what hopes became awakened in her simple mind! It was as if a ray of light had penetrated into a subterranean prison.

The next day, when her parents returned from the exhibition, their discontented faces announced disappointment. In the first place, the two pictures had been withdrawn by the capricious painter; and in the next place, Madame Guillaume had lost her black lace shawl. To hear that the paintings had been removed immediately after *her* visit to the rooms was a new triumph to Augusta, who admired the delicacy of sentiment thus evinced.

The morning when, returning from a ball, Henri de Sommervieux (that was the name he had given Augusta) had received the savoury shower-bath from the clerks in the Rue Saint Denis, whilst waiting to catch a glimpse of his unsophisticated idol, the lovers had only met for the fourth time since the scene at the exhibition. The obstacles which he encountered in the strict regularity of Mr. Guillaume's family, gave to Henri's passion for Augusta a violence difficult to describe. How was he to speak to her, when she was always guarded by two such women as Madame Guillaume and Mademoiselle Virginia? How convey a letter to her through any of the formal clerks, who were, most probably, his rivals themselves? The young painter saw nothing but barriers on all sides, and this very difficulty increased his love. At length he contrived to bribe the blowzy servant-girl, and letter succeeded to letter, until the two young people had agreed to meet for a few moments one evening, and the following Sunday at mass. Augusta also conveyed to her dear Henri a list of all the connexions and friends of her family, that the painter might try to get access to some of them, and thus facilitate their occasional intercourse. But how did Augusta elude the vigilance of Madame Guillaume and Joseph Lebas? It happened that once a year an inventory of goods was taken, every piece of cloth was measured, every article examined, and the prices altered according to their probability of sale. At this important epoch the whole household were in a state of bustle and movement, which could only be compared to equinoctial gales. Then was to be seen Mr. Guillaume, like a skilful pilot directing a ship in a storm, with his measure in his hand, his pen behind his ear, and his sharp clear voice thundering forth those commercial barbarisms which are expressed by enigmas.

"How much of H. N. Z.?"

"Finished."

"What remains of Q. X.?"

"Two yards."

"What price?"

"Five-five-three."

"Carry it to three A. All J. J., all M. P., and the rest of V. D. O."

A thousand phrases equally unintelligible floated backwards and forwards across the counters; words wrapped up in as much mystery, to uninitiated ears, as flaming flights of enthusiastic poetry to unpoetical prosy people. In the evening Mr. Guillaume, shut up with his wife and his chief clerk, balanced his books, examined his profit and loss, wrote to customers whose payments were tardy, and sent new orders to correspondents. The result of this labour of love happily proved that the respectable house of Guillaume possessed so much in goods, and so much in hard cash, that it did not owe one sou, and that there were due to it two hundred thousand francs; that the capital had augmented, nay, nearly doubled, and that *of course* it was an imperative duty to economise more strictly than ever, to amass money with increased avidity, without dreaming of asking that pertinent question,

"To what end?"

By favour of this annual turmoil it was that the happy Augusta escaped for a while the surveillance of her Argus.

HANNAH LIGHTFOOT AND GEORGE III.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

SIR,—In my "Fifty Years' Recollections," p. 18, vol. iii., second edition, will be found a letter addressed to myself from a relation of Hannah Lightfoot, dated January 9, 1845. When I printed it I did not attach the date. The writer, who gave me his name and address, requested me not to publish them. I conceived myself in honour bound not to do so. The date of the letter so long before the appearance of the "Recollections" arose from the circumstance of its writer having observed in the *New Monthly Magazine* some observations upon the affair of Hannah Lightfoot and George III. when Prince of Wales. These observations were given under the head of certain conversations with the late Mr. Beckford, once of Fonthill, who had died the preceding year, or 1844. The "Recollections" did not appear until 1858, the letter in question relating to the magazine article remaining by me until that time.

Mr. Jesse, an acquaintance of long standing, whose "History of the Reign of George III." has attracted, most deservedly attracted, much attention, made some remarks upon the affair of Lightfoot, and they attracted the notice of Mr. Thoms, who, it is probable, judging from the different and better state of manners at the present time than in that alluded to, expressed incredulity regarding the affair of the marriage and disappearance of the lady. In short, he seemed to place no faith in the

case altogether, and he so expressed himself in *Notes and Queries*. This gentleman advances his reasons for the disbelief of a story, at all events if not correct, at least most characteristic of the time to which it belongs, and of the state of morals when the affair was said to have occurred, in all respects so different from the present. Into the arguments of Mr. Thoms it is not my purpose to enter. I could give little more than I have already published, and therefore I will not attempt to comment upon what he states are his reasons for the side he supports, especially as he argues upon the case clearly with an anxiety to sustain what he believes to be a correct view of the matter, though conjectural only. I had no intention myself but to state facts as they came before me at the time—in short, just as I have given them.

The *Quarterly Review* has entered upon the subject in a very different mode. It denies all quite *ex cathedrâ* in manner, with an authority that would seem to dare contradiction to what it says. It negatives every syllable of the matter with the full force of High Church reasoning, which, as usual, means no reasoning at all, demanding illimitable credit for all it advances. It asserts that the entire story of Hannah Lightfoot, from first to last, is "as complete a fabrication as the Book of Mormon;" in short, that the whole is a myth, and that there were no such persons or incidents as those mentioned by Mr. Jesse in his history. To use a coarse parliamentary phrase common a few years ago, the *Quarterly* "goes the whole hog in the denial"—an excellent mode of proving that certain persons never existed at all, and that certain statements, because unsavoury to the nostrils of the *Quarterly*, are untrue.

In a Review which circulates as original articles verbatim translations from the French, it is not wonderful that such a mode of expression should be adopted, so abrupt, so defiant, so priest-like, so powerfully conclusive! In return, Mr. Jesse has exhibited in true colours the value of the assertion, and the situation in which the Dennis of the Review endeavoured to place him in return for the evidence he had collected and published, by a flat contradiction of every iota of that of the merits of which he knew nothing.

No one doubts Mrs. Serres being an impostor. Her effort previously to make the world believe that Mr. Wilmot, her father, wrote the letters of Junius is proof enough of what she was capable. In the present case, however, Mrs. Serres has no place beyond that which she assumed. I have said in the "Recollections" that I did not write the account I was stated to have written about her. This, however, is of no moment to explain here; I had written statements that preceded it, and seemed in connexion, and was supposed to have written all. I was consequently addressed in the following letter, the original of which I placed before Mr. Jesse:

"Sir,—In reference to your conversation with the late Mr. Beckford upon the subject of the affair between George III. and a Quakeress named Hannah Lightfoot, I beg to furnish you with the following further particulars:

"Hannah Lightfoot's mother's name was Wheeler, and at the time of her daughter's disappearance (for disappear she did, and the family never saw her again) was staying with her brother or nephews at the house

you justly state to have been a linendraper's of the name of Wheeler, at the corner of Market-street, St. James's Market. Her brother kept the shop during his lifetime, and afterwards his sons, but not knowing exactly when the death of the former took place, I am unable to state precisely who had the shop at the time in question, whether the father or sons, but that is immaterial.

"Hannah Lightfoot's mother lived near Richmond, and Prince George's admiration of her was known to the family and to others, by some of whom the well-known song, 'The Lass of Richmond Hill,' was said to be written.

"The mother was a frequent visitor at St. James's Market with her daughter, sometimes remaining there for a considerable time, and upon the last occasion of the daughter's disappearance Hannah Lightfoot was standing with a little girl, I believe about ten years of age, at one of the dining-room windows up-stairs, over the shop, when a carriage drove by; and immediately making some excuse to the little girl, her cousin, who was with her, for going out, she hastily put on her bonnet and other articles of apparel, and left the house by the front door, instead of going through the shop. Behind her she left a note for her mother, telling her not to be uneasy about her, and that in twelve months' time she would hear from her again, but not before. Her mother waited anxiously until that time had expired, but the expected letter did not reach her. She bore up against the disappointment for some months, and then fairly died of a broken heart. Hannah Lightfoot, at the time she went off, was courted by a person who was not a Quaker, and after her disappearance he gave the family in St. James's Market much trouble, as he would have it that they had conveyed her away to break the intimacy between them.

"The only thing the family ever heard of her afterwards was in the following manner: A few years after the above occurrence, a gentleman, a friend of the family, was travelling in Germany, and being at a ball one evening, he saw a female, having two boys with her, whom he thought he knew, and whom he soon recalled to memory as Hannah Lightfoot. He endeavoured to speak to her, but finding she was recognised, she left the room, and although he made every inquiry after her, and did all he could to trace her, he was unsuccessful, and nothing more was heard of her, for certain, by the family.

"I will now tell you, sir, how I came to know all this. The little girl I have spoken of was afterwards my grandmother, from whom I heard it, when I little expected to see it in print, and *I can find a person a generation older than myself* who has also heard it from her. I don't know for a fact, but being in France in 1825, an aunt of mine told me she had heard that a paragraph had appeared in some one of the English newspapers shortly before, in which it was stated that George IV. and the Duke of York were the children of Hannah Lightfoot. This, of course, was a great absurdity, but it shows that parties were then living who knew something of the previous affair. I never heard before I saw your conversation with Mr. Beckford that Lightfoot was really married to the Prince, and as you appear to think his account of the Prince and her so strange, having a little time to spare, I have taken the liberty of

putting what I know to paper for your further amusement. Whatever use you may think proper to make of this, I must particularly request you will keep my name secret.

"I am, &c.

"P.S. The shop in St. James's Market was kept by one of the Mr. Wheelers until it was wanted to pull down to make room for Regent-street, and I have often heard one of his sisters speak of the notice taken of any of the family by George III. and his queen, whenever they met them, as they sometimes did in Kensington Gardens and at Kew."

The writer of the above letter to myself twenty-two years ago is still alive, as I have recently ascertained—that is, if writing to me the acknowledgment be any proof of it, though the reviewer may assert that the letter of which I now speak is as much a fiction as the Mormon forgeries.

Thus a remark about one of Mrs. Serres's redoubtable falsehoods has, at all events, been the means of bringing out a fact flatly contradicted by the *Quarterly*. It hazarded an assertion without knowing one syllable about the matter, after the mode of those who seem entitled, in their own opinion, to exact credit from society for any wholesale statement they may take it into their heads to make, that happens to suit their own political views, or the pretensions which they put forward to be credited before others for anything they may choose to advance out of their own heads. No argument is to be admitted against their self-exaltation. They pronounce, in perfect ignorance of dates and times, that every syllable they read is false if they do not relish it—in the present case, "as false as the Mormon forgeries!"

But an amour with a young Quaker was not all the reviewer denied, as well as what some courtiers may have done to obtain the royal gratification. There was no such person at all! No Hannah Lightfoot! Young princes were regarded in the times to which allusion is making as what Rousseau calls *Dieu-mortels* among courtiers; the morality of the affair is therefore of no moment in the way of contradiction. The present time in this respect has no analogy with the past. If any offspring, semi-Hanoverian or British, might chance to appear, any left-handed progeny, such as that of which Charles II. left such "glorious" examples, it was naturally to be guarded as a secret. Hence the marriage and disappearance of Hannah directly after the ceremony—that marriage which the *Quarterly* declares as false as the lying volume of the Mormons, for Hannah Lightfoot never existed! Mr. Jesse, after great pains, has obtained the certificates of Hannah's birth and of her marriage to one Axford, at Keith's Chapel, May-fair, whence she is said to have been taken from the church, qualifying, it is presumed, what a comedian might use for a drama, and entitle "The Innocent Adultery." The certificate of the marriage, false, of course, "as the Book of Mormon," bears date in 1753. Hannah Lightfoot was born about 1730. Mr. Jesse gives extracts from the registers, which the *Quarterly* must reiterate as forgeries, in order to be consistent, or show that its declarations are gratuitously worthless.

The better morals and manners of courts since those times must be admitted by all who reason. This a careful reading of the memoirs of different individuals in, of, and about the courts of Europe before the end of the last century, and especially before the French Revolution, all who know anything of the subject may show.

I well recollect a general officer, who commanded in a garrison where I once resided more than half a century ago, who was said to be a son of George III. People in those days did not mince the matter, nor mistake George III. when he was a youth for a St. Anthony, in the matter of temptation. That George III. admired the plain dress of Quaker women was well known. Ladies, down to the end of the last century, used as an argument against flashy dressing, "The king loves a dress like a Quaker's." This where no Quaker intrigue had ever been heard of upon the king's part, but it had no doubt an origin in some fact regarding royalty.

In respect to agents in such an amour as that to which allusion is making, true or false, there was no difficulty. Court ladies enough were ready to engage in aiding similar intrigues. Not nice in those days on the score of morality, or maladroit in the management of similar affairs, fitting agents abounded. No idea can be formed, from the pure and sounder moral bearing and manners in the court of England in later times, of what little regard was paid in high places in the last century to the dictates of common decency, for which the loose state of public feeling and the idolatry of rank would suffice as justifications.

Mr. Jesse has flung back upon apologists for the writer of the foregoing article in the *Quarterly* the reflections they make upon his statement. The days are gone by when the mere *ipse dixit* of a party-reviewer, who supports a high-flown anonymous character in politics, will go for anything. The advocates for the credit of statements to be believed because they are merely asserted, have no longer a value in the world, nor do they deserve to have. Prove some reasonable portion, only some part of what is asserted, or expect no belief. No one is justified in giving credit to party-writers, who utter flat contradictions from behind a screen on matters of which they really know nothing. Blunt assertion is a useful resource with such, as it excludes argument. The proof afforded by a single fact in favour of a similar question to the present is better than the strongest asseveration against it from the united pens of all the anonymous party-writers in the kingdom, church-register certificates against the lies and forgeries of the Mormons notwithstanding.

There was not a coarser man in his dominions than George III., when he pleased to show it. His mother, it is probable, rendered him what he was in character, wily and false. I heard circumstances, years ago, and from good sources, regarding his coarseness at the card-table, that showed this, which now would be hardly credited. Of his obliquities this way it is probable he was, at later times, hardly conscious, as his mind—the limited mind he possessed—was not always under control. He was, no doubt, kept to public business longer than he ought, both on his own and the public account. I remember, too, he travelled down to Windsor with hurried speed near the end of his "supposed" sanity, surrounded by cavalry at full gallop. I had met him going at this rate more than

once, with horsemen, too, in advance, who made passengers draw up on one side of the road until he had passed. Nobody was to observe him. He had once courted rather than shrunk from the presence of his subjects.

In regard to the Lightfoot affair, there can be no doubt of its truth, as far as evidence can now be obtained, and that the contradiction given is bald assertion, most probably written by persons who were not old enough to scribble in their copy-books when the king died. Such can have no weight in the matter beyond the evidence they produce.

Mr. Jesse has vindicated himself as far as he can be expected to do so. He has disproved the assertion of the anonymous writer completely, who, it is pretty clear, ventures a denial of that of which he knew not a single incident to bear it out. One who has acted, in short, in the way of writers who can, from the obscurity of their anonymous, advance assertions to carry a point which they would not venture to do if they were known, and evidence demanded of them. There can be no humiliation where there is no one to witness it. Few such are capable of feeling it for themselves, who only meet assertions by the like means.

Mr. Jesse has ransacked the certificates of the Quakers'-meeting registers, and of the different parish churches, and has proved that his assertions are not "false as the Book of Mormon." I have no doubt, with him, that Hannah went from the house of her relative to be married to Axford, after all had been previously arranged. The marriage is proved, and the scheme exhibits some long heads concerned. I have read that the noted Duchess of Kingston, once Miss Chudleigh, was named as concerned in all sorts of intrigues at the court about that time. She was admirably adapted for such an affair in the present instance. She married in 1744, and afterwards stole the leaf containing her marriage certificate, to prevent evidence of it. She was a maid of honour, married the Duke of Kingston, and died in France in 1788. There is, however, no evidence of her interference, except that the qualification for an agent at court was not wanting in her nor in others in those times, the manners of which it suited to the letter.

One objection yet remains to be answered, and here the difference of manners, the present virtuous character of royalty in this country, with the difficulty by the present generation of crediting the licentiousness of all connected with European courts prior to the French Revolution, render it difficult to credit what was then common-place both in regard to morals and court incidents. The first George, it is too much to be feared, was, beyond all pleas that can be urged to qualify the crime, an assassin. George II. was notorious for his mistresses and his intrigues with English ladies, which he related to his wife as a sort of confidante! He was, however, a man of his word, and personally brave. The manners of courts in those times may be found described in colours strong enough in different memoirs of former days, as before observed. George III. was the son of a mother neither in principles nor in morals supposed to be overnice, and, when not under the direct observation of his tutors, the prince was no doubt inclined to have indulgences, openly or by stealth, in modes that in the present day might surprise many. He could not be relied upon for twenty-four hours when a king. He was selfish and obstinate.

It is not easy to credit the changes in respect to public character that have happened even within our own memory both at court and among the people. The manners of the present hour, in and out of courts, cannot in any mode form a criterion of past times, down to the day of the death of George III. No standard can be fixed in this respect from the observations of the last fifty or sixty years, compared to the times that preceded. The objection to the truth of the Lightfoot story, most weighty in the present instance, is that George III. was at the time of Axford's marriage only in his sixteenth year. But here the difference of the times and manners must be considered. There was no lad of sixteen formerly—perhaps there hardly is now—that had not been head over ears in love at that age, or fancied himself so. In courts, when the hours of a tutor's surveillance were not pressing, there were people and modes enough of administering to the wishes of persons in such a high station amid the corruption of the society there. Boys early fancy themselves in love. The marriages of princes frequently occurred at that age, as well as those of more humble individuals. Fashions change in this respect. No more than sixty years ago marriages generally took place early in life. Women were married at fifteen, while the husband was generally termed of age when able to support himself. In courts, marriages were commonly premature. Louis XVI. of France and his unfortunate queen were married, the king at sixteen, and the queen, Maria Antoinette, at fifteen—about the time in question, perhaps, or a little earlier, Axford and Hannah Lightfoot are said to have been married. We must judge by the manners of their time, not of our own. Hannah was above twenty, but every youth knows that his preference in regard to the sex is for those older than himself. Put the question to any Eton or Westminster boy, or those of any grammar school who abide at such establishments as long as they did then. It is necessary, in considering such a subject as the present, to take the mode of the time, changes in manners, and every point into consideration that is likely to bear upon it. The books openly read by ladies of unimpeachable virtue in my youth, respectable women could not now look into. It is not easy, as I have stated, for the existing generation to credit the differences in manners and feelings in all ranks, even in the last threescore years, but how much more so before the French Revolution and its terrors, which seemed like the portentous writing upon the Babylonian wall, to have indicated to the gross profligacy of the courts, then existing unscathed, that they must mend their manners, or take to themselves the warning of the mysterious handwriting—"Mene, mene, tekel upharsin!"

I am, Mr. Editor,

Your most obedient Servant,

CYRUS REDDING.

London, July 2, 1867.

MUHBOOB JAN.

Part III.

I have never heard any person who was capable of forming a judgment on matters treating of the education of youth, who did not say that the worst place for a youth of fortunate expectations, an only son who was the undoubted heir of thousands, was the father's home. I know the poem which the pious Cowper wrote, and admire the religious tendency of all the sentiments in the "Tirocinium"—I fully appreciate the great sense of religion which runs through every publication of any length that he has given the world—but I cannot help thinking that there is more evil to be apprehended from the companionship of a person in any inferior station in life, or the company of a groom or a menial (and the boy who has no companion in his father's house must resort to some one of that kind), than in what he could learn from a schoolfellow. To say that he is to have no companion of any kind is idle. It would be almost impossible to carry this into effect; and if it were successful, the result would surely be such as to leave him in a most nude state of preparation for undergoing the different trials which lie before him in his progress through life. But the contest which he engages in early, the race for renown which he must apply himself to in a public school, the animating impulse of emulation which renders fame an ennobling object, to use the words of the Greek dramatist—the inspiration to the hopes of youth—

χρυσεας τεκνον ελπῖδος Ἄμβροτε φαμα,

is surely healthful, and productive of the genuine excellence that characterises the British youth.

The nawaub and the begum lived together on terms of great affection for some time, and the very strong passion which she began to feel for him soon after their union was unclouded by any tinge of jealousy or fear of his becoming weary of her society. The little girl, Muhboob Jan, also continued to be a great favourite with her, and was frequently present when she sat in the hall conversing with the nawaub. Every day she seemed to improve in beauty. Her growing graces, her look of intelligence, her bright eyes, her unaffected manners, made her charming to every person's eye who associated with her. The begum, who, like most of her sex in that country, was solely influenced by impulse and passion, had conceived first of all a sort of whimsical affection for her, and this kept on for some time. She treated all her dependents as a spoiled child treats his toys; they are prized as jewels at first, and afterwards soon lose their charms. So it was with her. She would have expended thousands to humour her own caprice, and to give herself pleasure by indulging in her partiality for a favourite; but the moment her fancy became satiated with possession, and her taste palled with use, she was just as ready to act the unjust part of discarding, or even destroying, what she had before so highly esteemed. And the boundless generosity which she sometimes so suddenly and so impulsively showed, and which led her to acts of such princely munificence, was frequently succeeded by a fit of passionate anger if her fancies were in any

way thwarted, that was fully as irrational; and, considering her power of enforcing her wishes, more likely to be unjustifiable than her uncalled-for liberality. One day, about five months after the marriage, she left the nawaub in the sitting-hall, and went outside to speak to one of her attendants relative to some house affairs, and was detained longer than she supposed at first by some detail of the cookery which she had wished to superintend herself. When she was away, the nawaub, who found it tiresome to have no one to speak to, addressed Muhboob Jan, who was left alone with him when the begum went away, and asked her to let him know her history. She was very much ashamed; she was only a little more than thirteen years of age. She was dreadfully frightened, also, at being addressed thus by a fine-looking youth, and she at first could scarcely answer him by reason of her tears and her sobs, brought on by the recollection of her father, of whom she had a most tender recollection, notwithstanding the number of eventful incidents that had occurred since she had last seen him. She began by saying: "Oh, sir, lord of my life, how can this little slave speak? She fears her lord, and her tongue is powerless to say also the wonderful story which her master has asked her to relate." Then he found his curiosity very much excited by all this, suggestive as it was of some eventful history, and by the interesting and simple-hearted creature who thus stood before him, and he told her to take courage and to let him know the whole of it without reserve from beginning to end. She said:

"How can I speak of the days when I was happy with my father, who is now lost to me? This slave will never see again the face of the being who gave me life, who never said an unkind word to me. When we travelled together from Nagpoor, it was to bring me away safe that he sold what he had at a loss, and took his departure; and then the storm of calamity came upon us, and my star of destiny set on me, and the tide of misfortune poured over us; and the robbers came upon us and bound my father and his two brothers, and this your little slave was taken by one of the men of war and carried away to the robber chieftain's house, and kept there some months; but one day he, too, for whatever cause I know not, took it into his head to take me away and leave me alone in the great tomb of the princess, near Agra, and the old man, the servant of Allah, saw me there, and had compassion, and led me out by the hand, until we met the procession wherein the lady was travelling, and, by the kind bounty of Heaven, the lovely begum took pity on me, and has kept me with her since. But, sir, if you know any one that can tell me of my father, take pity on me, and let me know. Oh! have mercy on a poor little slave, who has now no friend in the world but the lady who saw her thus by chance."

She began to weep more plenteously. She thought of her dear father and of his kindness; she thought in her innocence there was possibly a hope of this great lord finding out for her the place where he was and restoring her to him. She resolved to lose nothing by the want of entreating for it earnestly. She threw herself at his feet, and begged him to restore her to her father; she went the length of clasping his knees. She had been untaught in any school of restraint, and she both gave way to her passionate feeling in expressions of grief and also in her gestures. Just as she was most vehement in the act of supplicating him, the begum

came in, and found her at his feet and seizing his knees. She never paused to think, or even to ask the meaning of it. She was enraged beyond measure. She told her instantly to be gone; and the little girl, of course, left the apartment. The "Sire, to hear is to obey," is the rule of the zinana as well as of the divan, and when she was alone with her husband, she asked him what was the meaning of his allowing her slave girl to take liberties, and whether he did not think her a fit substitute for his wife. He was rather confounded, and told the begum the story that he had just heard from Muhboob Jan, and said that he believed the little girl only meant to ask him to interest himself in finding her father.

The begum, whose jealousy was now roused, and who had observed that he had frequently looked at this little girl before, and had in consequence begun to take umbrage at it, did not believe this story. She thought that the child was her rival. She burned with rage at the idea of a kánazadee taking her place in the affection of her husband. She would have sacrificed any one, her bosom friend, herself too, also, rather than that such a humiliation should happen to her. She dearly loved the nawaub, and the thought of taking vengeance upon him for his part of the delinquency which she fancied had been committed, never entered into her head. It was unfortunate for Muhboob Jan that she was so very pretty, for nothing could eradicate from the mind of her mistress that her charms had made an impression upon her husband. The common proverb of the country, "Roop rowe bagh khawe," ("Beauty weeps, but good fortune comes in for all benefits"), was realised in her, and for no fault, or indeed for no real cause, the begum was now so incensed that she resolved upon effecting her ruin, and poor little Muhboob Jan, who was wholly ignorant of the cause of her mistress being offended, only mourned in secret. Her mistress did not allow her to come into her presence. She began to be treated with contempt by the other handmaidens. Some few days after this there was a grand nautch held in the country, a few miles from the palace, by the river-side. The cold season had just begun, and the air of the country in the forest wilds was cool and refreshing. The tents were ordered to be carried out to a place near a large Mussulman tomb on the banks of the Jumna. The walks in the neighbourhood of the building were laid out, and all the surrounding country fresh and beautiful, and the orange-trees, acacias, tamarinds, palms, banyans, and bare were pleasing in the shade they afforded and charming to look at, and their branches were the continual resort of parrots, minahs, hoodhoods, chukwees, and other singing-birds. The jumbaylees and the lotus, the suringhas and hosts of flowering shrubs gave a continual perfume to the air. The surupurdas for the begum and her suite of attendants were pitched in a small plain between the river and the tomb, and the tents for her husband were beside hers. The numerous servants who were always required for such a party were accommodated in tents which stood in the rear of these. The day fixed for their arrival was the Thursday, when it was customary for the good Mussulmans who wished to perform the rites of respect to the tomb of the saint to bring offerings of flowers and lamps, and leave them at the shrine. The nawaub and the begum came in time, and the whole of the ceremony was gone through. The next evening there was a grand nautch, in which all the tayefas of girls performed before the men, and there was one part of the side of the large tent fitted

out with lattices, through which the begum and her attendants looked on at the amusement. All the suhuleyans, and Muhboob Jan amongst the number, were present, but her mistress, although she suffered her presence, had never spoken kindly to her, and evidently kept her at a great distance. The nawaub came in to see her when she was enjoying the sight, and he, when he sat down with the cushions at his back, began to look round him, and, seeing Muhboob Jan, he said to the begum that he thought she looked prettier than ever, that she was a charming little girl. The begum could scarcely restrain her anger at hearing this, but she resolved that she would be revenged upon Muhboob Jan, and that she would on the first opportunity get rid of her. Her remorseless cruelty prompted her to a design that was as fiendish as anything that ever entered into the heart of an assassin. There is an expression common in the country amongst the Mussulmans who wish to destroy any person that is a bitter enemy by treachery, "I will take him to the jungle and appoint him his resting-place." This means, that they will hire assassins like the sicarii of the Italians, who will, under pretence of forming an escort, take any person who has so become obnoxious to their employer to some distance into the wilds of the forest, and having murdered him, they will bury him where no one can find his grave. She resolved to sacrifice Muhboob Jan, but one obstacle most powerful lay in the way of her doing so; it was that her husband would be sure, now that he had begun to feel an interest in the girl, to inquire after her every time that he came to see her. She said to herself, "Had it been otherwise, I could send her away with my jullads and bildars, and very soon afterwards I should be no more troubled with any thoughts of her." "Now,' she said to herself, "what I will do is this. I shall propose to the nawaub to make an excursion down the river. I shall visit the tomb of the saint, where they say any married lady who wishes for children has only to go alone and to say prayers, and to tie some of her hair to the wall surrounding it. It is a short way from the river. I shall take no one with me but my handmaidens and a few bearers, whom I shall select. I shall leave the nawaub in the boat, and go as if on zearut to the tomb. But I shall send there my trusty jullads, who have never refused to do my bidding, and the bildars, who dig the ground for me whenever I bid them."

Two days after the nautch was over, and when the nawaub was seated near her, she said, "Oh, how troubled is my soul that I have not been able to offer any of the fruits of the tree of life to my lord! If my prayers at the tomb of the saint, and my offerings there could help me, perhaps the bounty of Allah may send us better fortune, and the light of the star of happiness might shine on us. Could we not go there together in the boats? and we should reach it in the course of a day; it is not many miles down the river." The nawaub agreed to this proposition, and all the necessary orders were given, and the boats, four or five in number, were brought down from the ghaut, which was some distance from her palace, and they all, with their servants and handmaidens, embarked. There was the large pinnace, which held the nawaub and his attendants, and there was the budgerow, which held the begum and all hers; there were oulaks, putaylees, and dinghees, which contained servants, and amongst them the chosen executioners and diggers, who only took their

orders from their mistress. They embarked early on the third morning after the nawaub and begum had had the conversation relative to their journey. The voyage on the Jumna was delightful; the water was blue and clear, and the wind, fresh and favourable, took their sails soon after they had gone on board, and they were carried down to the remote part of the banks, where the tomb of the saint was situated, in a few hours. The begum, who really also wished much to try what her prayers at the saint's tomb and her offerings there would effect, rejoiced at their making such a good voyage, and said to her companion:

"The day is nearly gone, and in the evening I shall go, when it is cooler, to the tomb of the holy man. But no one except my women can accompany me, as is usually the custom in such cases."

This she said to one of the women most in her confidence; then she told one of her attendants to send for the jullad who always obeyed her orders, and the man came. She told him to go to the tomb with two bildars, and to have the bildars ready with their tools, and to wait there until she arrived in the evening. She said, "When I get there I will give you an isharat, which is the signal for moving on before me, at such time as I wish to take my departure, and you will know by my hand pointing to you as to which direction you are to take." She then went to the nawaub, and told him of her anxious wish to pray for the saint's intercession, so that she might have the blessing which she was sure he wished for as well as herself. He said, "Inshah Allah ho t'allah —that is, by the will of God, I hope your prayers may be accepted." It was not according to custom, neither did he wish to be near her on her tour of pilgrimage to the tomb, which, however, was not more than three miles from the river; so she managed the whole of the excursion herself. She ordered her ruth, and told the driver to take her and her maid, whom she was most confidential with, in it; and another maid who had been very long in her service, along with Muhboob Jan, were ordered to follow in a ruth or carriage drawn by one horse. They soon reached the large mausoleum, to which numbers of pilgrims from all parts of India were continually coming. The women generally composed the mass of visitors, and came to the shrine in covered carriages, those amongst them who were able to afford it giving presents to place over the sarcophagus, which is always covered over with new cloths either of silk, cotton, chintz, or brocade. There were several vacant apartments near it for the reception of travellers. When the begum arrived she told the rest of the party to wait in the grove, which was at a little distance, and she herself walked alone to the entrance of the tomb. She took off her clothes; she threw herself before the monument, and she said the usual sentences from the Koran; she took off some of her hair with a scissors, and tied it to the side-rail, which, like a balustrade, stood round the tomb; she then dressed herself, and returned to where the ruths were standing; she saw the jullad and the bildars there, and gave them the sign; they went slowly onward; she got into one of the ruths, and told the old woman who was in the other to follow her in it also, as she wanted to go a little distance into the country. The drivers were men who had been in her service many years, and, indeed, all who were near her were persons who would have done anything for her. She then told them to drive on, and so they did for about two

miles, until they came to a very thick jungle, principally overgrown with surkoondees, which were so high that a man seated on an elephant could scarcely see over them; she got out, and made the maids follow her into an intricate path which threaded through this jungle. The three—her own trusty maids and Muhboob Jan—were along with her, and the jullad and bildars, to whom she made the sign every now and then, went on in front, but the drivers were told to wait till she came back. On the way, some fears of her mistress's anger, and some vague presentiments of the foul intention that she had formed, began to find birth in the mind of poor little Muhboob Jan. They went sadly enough and silently through the intricate path, and the height of the plants and their extreme thickness, both as to the proximity of the stalks and the number of leaves, almost enveloped them. For about a quarter of a mile they passed onward thus, the jullad and the workmen leading the way till they arrived at a plain where the reeds had been cut down and the country was clear. Near this was a plain, partly planted with jhou. They then stopped, the begum raised her arm in signing to the jullad, and the man gave some orders to the bildars, and they instantly commenced digging up the earth with their phaoras and making an excavation. One man had a shovel, and he flung away the clay as fast as the other man hollowed the earth with his phaora. When Muhboob Jan saw this, she ran to her mistress and fell at her feet; she wept, she implored her, she looked a lovely little picture. Had any people but the stony-hearted, apathetic natives of India been witnesses, they would have been moved to tears, but the other two women were the tried slaves of their mistress's will, and if they had ever been taught any lesson but implicit obedience to that will, she would not have kept them as servants, and the men were the passive stolid instruments of tyrannical vengeance—creatures of which the soil produces numbers as impassive to feeling as the nethermost millstone, who rather enjoy than otherwise the infliction of pain:

> Such tools the Tempter ever needs
> To do the savagest of deeds.

As to the begum, her soul was full of the fury of jealousy. The more piteous the gestures of the girl, the more beauteous the victim, the more intent was she that she should not stand a stumbling-block in her way, and be the means of estranging her husband's affection from her. But Muhboob Jan saw the terrible work that these men were about with a sort of dreadful shudder, and poured out her loud complaints and entreaties. She fell at her mistress's feet; she recapitulated all that had happened; she asked her why she did not leave her with the old man, and not take her off to the jungle to sacrifice her, and she said that her father might perhaps have found her had she been left with the moolah; she screamed, she entreated, but the men of fate kept on digging, and the grave had now been cut several feet deep into the earth, and the man who had shoved all the clay aside with the shovel spoke to the executioner to say that the ground was deep enough, and the executioner was just about to move towards the begum to hear her orders, and Muhboob Jan saw the murderous wretch about to approach her, and renewed her screams and cries for pity, when from the other side of the plain, which was nearly overgrown with jhou, the assembled party heard the sounds

of horsemen galloping, and as no impediment to the progress of a horse is offered by that plant, the process of their approach, when

Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungala campum

came nearer and nearer. And the men dropped their implements, and took the path by which they had arrived at the plain, followed also by the begum and the two women, who, being very much terrified and confounded, thought it better to decamp before the horsemen should come in sight. But they left little Muhboob Jan, and she, wondering and terrified, was perceived by the men on horseback, who had heard her cries in the distance.

They belonged to the kafila of Khurreem Buksh, who were on their way from Agra to Delhi, and had pitched their tents at some distance from the plain. In the evening, Khurreem Buksh and Morad Alee, who was now his chosen attendant, had gone out for a ride, and hearing the screams of the little girl in the distance, had ridden in the direction of where they heard the sounds, and had thus providentially been the means of rescuing her.

As the intricate nature of the path through the very thick reeds was quite favourable to the escape of the begum and her servants, they soon reached the place where they had left the ruths and their drivers; and the begum gave orders, both to them and to the jullad, to proceed in the direction of the river, where she had left her husband in the boats. She only feared that he might question her as to what had become of Muhboob Jan, and she cautioned her maids to say that she had given her to a party of travellers, and she also told her jullad that she meant the same story to be told by him. Indeed, she said to herself, in all probability she is now in charge of some party of travellers, so I am not, perhaps, saying what is untrue. Neither was she dissatisfied when she thought that, happen what might, the girl was away from the chance of being again seen by her husband. It was not that she felt fully confident that any transgression had occurred, but it was the suspicion of the charms which the little girl possessed being influential in engaging her husband's attention, and weaning his affections from her, that rendered her so implacable and so cruel. The uncontrolled passion which masters the mind of an Eastern female, and makes her a demon in her moods of jealousy, is almost beyond the conception of a European girl, who, happily, so generally curbs, and so early is taught the lesson of subduing her temper. But it has been the curse of heathendom always, more or less, before and since Horace spoke of the "Tristis ut ira,"

——Fertur Prometheus
Vimque insani leones
Apposuisse stomacho nostro;

and the history of the different dynasties in India gives hosts of instances, in which the deeds of the rulers of that country show them to have been always, on the slightest provocation, "maddened to crime."

When the horsemen came up to where the grave intended for the poor little innocent had been dug, they looked round them, and Muhboob Jan, trembling and half dead with the mingled sensation of surprise and terror, took her saree from her face and looked up. Morad Alee could

scarcely believe his sight; but he rode near her, and saw that she was indeed his own daughter. He said, "Shukur i khoda, meree Jan jetee hye!" ("Thanks to God, my darling still lives!") He dismounted and took her hand. He led her to his master, and said, "This is indeed the little daughter of whom I so often spoke to you; but how she came here I know not. It is a miracle which the kindness of Allah has had the ordering of. She must herself tell the story."

So they asked her to tell them what had befallen her, and why she was there beside an open grave, and whom she had offended. And the little maid began her story, after many choking sobs and much grief and hesitation, and told them the whole of what had happened to her from the time that the robbers had taken her away on the plain, until the moment that they were then speaking. At first, her seeing her father almost bewildered her with joy; but the confusion inevitable upon the different changes of scene had an effect upon her nerves nearly depriving her of consciousness. But when she became in a little time aware of the certainty of her father's presence, she regained her courage, and told her story with unction and earnestness.

Khurreem Buksh, who now had the strongest feelings of friendship for her father, told him to ride to the encampment and order a ruth to be got ready to take the little maid thither, and that he would himself stay with her until the ruth came. Morad Alee instantly galloped away in the direction of the merchant's encampment. Very soon after he left them he reached where the tents were pitched, and gave the necessary orders, and then hastily returned himself to where Khurreem Buksh and his daughter were waiting. He was, indeed, as much rejoiced as a man could be at the unexpected meeting with his daughter under such circumstances. He had himself come into great favour with the khan he served under—he was always his chosen companion. There is a fellowship amongst Mussulmans which is unknown to their Hindoo countrymen; and when a man is of the Syud tribe, and can prove it by his genealogy, however small his means, and however mean his condition may be, he is, in a measure, treated with respect. But though the circumstance of Morad Alee being a Syud was what first induced the merchant to look favourably upon him, the great cause of his finding favour in his sight afterwards, was that he proved himself most trustworthy on several occasions. This man had been very successful in his different speculations, and now found himself possessed of considerable wealth; but he had no son; and two daughters, which were born many years before he had taken to the life of a roving merchant, had both died when very young. Their mother, shortly after that, died, and he was comparatively old when that event occurred, and though, like most men in that country, he had his zinana inmates, he found himself much isolated in the world, and also felt at a loss as to whom he should appoint heir to his wealth when he should be summoned away by the Angel of Death. He was very much rejoiced at the circumstance of Morad Alee's regaining his daughter, and the next day they all proceeded with the kafila in the direction of Delhi, where he proposed to stay some time. She, on her part, was overwhelmed with joy, and the meeting between her and her old attendant, who was in the zinana of Khurreem Buksh, was most cordial and affectionate. The two, when they met, threw

themselves into one another's arms and cried for joy; they embraced and then separated, to look at each other again, and then locked themselves in a close embrace. The attendant said that she would not have known Muhboob Jan, she was grown so tall and so much of a woman. Muhboob Jan then asked her to tell her all that had happened to her since she saw her, and listened while she recounted the adventures; and she herself told the old servant the different particulars of the strange story of what had befallen her, both with the robbers and also what had happened since she had been with the begum. Then the woman held her hands over her head and made the ballaeen, as the custom of the country is, by cracking her fingers over her. She repeated the Lahol wallakoof Illah Billah—there is no power in any but in God—over and over again. She was lost in surprise.

They continued to express their feelings of wonder and their emotions of regard for a length of time. The affection which prevails amongst females in the East is carried to such an extreme that they almost resemble fanatics in their moods, and their expressions of attachment are accompanied with the violence of gesture which infatuated devotees exhibit; but after a time they calmed down; and at night, after the severe trials and anxieties which Muhboob Jan had undergone, she slept well. The next morning Khurreem Buksh ordered the move of the encampment, and they proceeded another munzil on their way to Delhi. The same order prevailed of marching early and resting during the day, and three days after Morad Alee had met his daughter they arrived at the great city, and soon afterwards Khurreem Buksh set up a shop there, and had a very extensive assortment of clothes, jewellery, and other articles in it for sale. The clothes he had brought from other countries, and the gold and stones he had also brought, but the workmanship of the jewellery he carried on after his arrival. He sent for the workers in gold and silver—the Sonagars and the Roopagars—to sit in his verandah, and make from gold and silver any trinkets which he gave them patterns of. They brought the melting furnaces with them, and worked out the gold and silver with the utmost neatness, and an ingenuity with which men who are better educated, and who have all sorts of appliances and means to boot in the way of instruments, are quite strangers to. Considering the rudeness of the implements and the primitive apprenticeship of these workmen, attired as they were simply in the dhooty, which they fold from the waist to the middle of the thigh, and uneducated as they in other respects showed themselves to be, one cannot but be surprised at the excellence which they have attained in their business—"the cunning of their right hand." Khurreem Buksh made a very profitable sale of his goods in Delhi, and though, on his arrival after the battle of Delhi its government was changed, he was so well satisfied with the situation, and found himself so much at home there, that he felt no desire to leave it. His wealth daily increased, and he had daily more and more confidence in Morad Alee, whom he now entrusted with all business of a confidential nature.

THE SKELETON IN THE HOUSE;

OR, LEAVES FROM A CLERGYMAN'S NOTE-BOOK.

PART II.

We hear men speak learnedly of chemical affinities, animal magnetism, electro-biology, mesmerism, spiritualism, *et hoc genus omne*, implying the existence of some mysterious agencies of nature by which the thoughts and passions of one person may be imparted to another as telegraphic wires worked by electricity convey intelligence, and so for a time become part and parcel of the recipient's psychological idiosyncrasy. There would almost seem to be some mystic animal chain, the organ of emotional thought or spirit, on which it acts and by which it vibrates its tones, causing objects brought into contact with it to thrill responsively. But whatever may be the theory—whatever the secret influence, if any—or whether in the case before us there was an antecedent passion, an impulse common to both, and only waiting some external excitement to rouse it from out its dark cell and more fully develop its being, this was the fact distinctly stated to me, that without the interchange of one word, without one previous thought of such a result, from which they would have shrunk in horror, on the part of either up to the fatal instant when they met together in the great hall, yet they were both attracted towards the carriage, as though volition was slumbering, reason and reflection, like sweet bells jangled out of tune, only straining harsh discords.

It was not for some moments that this unhappy girl returned to consciousness. She was roused from her lethargy or fainting fit by the caresses of her lover, and by the comparatively deadened sound of the horses' feet she found she had passed away from the squares and streets of the West-end, that she was dashing through the country, "eloping," in fact, with the husband of her friend—the husband of an hour—flying from the home which had sheltered her for years, and bidding an eternal farewell to virtue, honour, purity, her own, Heaven's, and the world's esteem. Nor does her still more guilty companion seem to have been less bewildered. He assured me more than a quarter of a century afterwards, when there could be no motive for deception, that all the extraordinary proceedings of that terrible day seemed to him then and ever after like a dream; that he was carried through all as with some mechanical force; that in a semi-conscious state he had stood at the altar, pronounced the words, and gone through the forms which fixed his fate for life, and that this spell was on him until he had left London, left the surprise and horror, the reproaches of friends and relatives, far behind; that then only he realised his own guilt and madness, the ruin and infamy of the unhappy woman who sat beside him. But the Rubicon was crossed; return was now impossible; there was a great gulf fixed between them and the world which once knew them, and their only thought was to fly away from human eyes, and in some remote spot hide their sin and shame.

Nor was there any difficulty to be apprehended in this course. No attempt at pursuit need be feared; the very baseness, the enormity of their

deed, gained them immunity from any human retribution. Better they should escape than insult by their presence those whom they had wronged so irremediably; better that the false, perjured husband should proclaim his baseness to the world *now* than that afterwards innocent children should blush at a father's name; no, let them go, partners in guilt, partners in misery; their sin would find them out. The arrangements made for the convenience of the bride and husband *en route* served for the purposes of the wretched pair. Relays of horses were provided, and onwards they sped to Dover, thence by packet to Calais, and thence, avoiding all those scenes and places where an English face might obtrude itself, across country they hurried, nor paused till they found a refuge in some obscure corner of France, where there was little of censoriousness or curiosity, no knowledge either of the English language or customs—where people, provided they could pay their hotel bills regularly, might live without the slightest questioning as to their respectability or antecedents; and here, as man and wife, they sojourned for some time. Allowing sufficient time for the first outburst of rage on the part of his deserted wife and her family to waste itself, and the usual nine days' scandal in the clubs and the town to sink into oblivion under the excitement of some more recent topic, Mr. de Rous exerted himself to make the only reparation he could to the wife he had abandoned as well as to her who virtually held that place. With the strictest injunctions to secresy as to his whereabouts, he gave his man of business every facility to promote a divorce between himself and Mrs. de Rous, freely and fully acknowledging his own guilt, and freeing her from all and every shadow of blame or complicity. Thus freed from all matrimonial bonds, as he hoped, with his wife, he would at once place Miss W. legally in that position. But there were serious difficulties in the way of this consummation. In the first place, the guilty offender could not himself initiate any proceedings; it is a sound principle of English jurisprudence that no man can profit by his own wrong. If the lady, then (the aggrieved), and her friends did not take action, he could ask for no indulgence at our tribunals for himself. But the lady and her family, acting under her express desires, firmly refused to move in the matter. For this strange forbearance, generally so repugnant to an outraged woman's feelings, different reasons were assigned. There was then no Sir J. P. Wilde, no Divorce Court, no single bar at which the painful facts might be disclosed for once and all, and there an end. No; there must first have been an action at the assizes, and the whole case gone into; then, on a favourable verdict, it was removed to the Court of Arches, where it had to drag its slow length along, with increased expenditure and a new exposure; at length, a decree *à mensâ et thoro* being pronounced by that court, the whole affair had to be sent up to the House of Lords, all the details gone over *de novo*, and then, and not till then, if all were satisfactorily proved, a judgment given *à vinculo matrimonii*. It was no wonder, then, if many persons (and especially delicately minded ladies) shrunk back from these terrible ordeals opening out and exposing to public gaze, to ribaldry, and law jests the penetralia, the hidden life, the dark spots in our domestic economy, which we hesitate to confide even to the closest friendship. No doubt, too, many sad occasions for such exposures did exist in the early part of this century—exposures absolutely necessary in order to punish the guilty, and to afford the in-

jured redress; but the difficulties which surrounded the legal settlement of such nice and complicated relations, and which when even successful was only little better than a defeat, were most effectual means of rendering such cases few and far between, and thus public decency was not so frequently shocked; while, on the other hand, we know that when facilities for litigation lie at our door human nature will too readily grasp at them, and hence it is that such frequent appeals to our new Divorce Court are now matters of daily occurrence; and so immoral and corrupting are the statements therein elicited, that the judge himself is (I believe) endeavouring to put a stop to their publicity. The prurient taste of the day needs no pabulum from courts of judicature.

There was also another reason assigned by Mr. de Rous for his wife's reluctance to sue for a legal separation besides the shrinking from public scouting, and that was her thirst for revenge, her strong desire to punish the guilty pair for her own wrongs. By refusing to be a party in any suit, she shut out the only hope of their honourable union, and thus entailed a life-long misery on them and on their unoffending children. But from all I could learn concerning this much ill-used lady she was incapable of such vindictive feelings, and I am inclined to believe that the true cause why she did not vindicate herself was the hope, however distant, that so long as she forbore to rend asunder finally and for ever the tie between them, he, the guilty one, might come back, like the prodigal in the parable, and with tears and humiliation entreat forgiveness. She knew how weak and fragile is the bond which unites all sinful connexions; some accident, some jealousy, some recrimination as to the sacrifices they had made, might in a moment dissolve their relationship; and to the last it was discovered she continued to love the man who had so grossly trampled her under foot.

Failing in all his efforts to give and to obtain freedom, he was not so lost to all sense of obligation as to desert the woman whom he had made hopeless and ruined as himself. Moralists will tell us that the best evidence he could afford to show that the moral sense was not extinguished in him, was to renounce at once and for ever the criminal connexion he had formed, to return in penitence to the innocent being he had basely deserted; and the moralists are right. There can be no true morality, no genuine repentance, if we continue to live in the practice of that for which we profess to feel shame, and which we know to be forbidden. But Mr. de Rous was not a man who laid claim to any high order of principle; he loved her who had given up all woman prizes for him, and to cast her off to meet a world's reproach, to encounter shame and ignominy, to part for ever from her whom he regarded as his own soul, this was a sacrifice far beyond his weak nature or his sickly virtue, and for which I believe he would have deemed himself a deeper criminal than he believed himself to be. His father had died soon after these shocking events; his son had succeeded to the family estates, which were strictly entailed. He soon arranged that the far greater portion of his income should be surrendered to his creditors, reserving only for himself a sufficiency to meet the most moderate wants; and many of us know how far even a small sum will go on the Continent, if we avoid English hotels and places of English resort, and accommodate ourselves to the customs and modes of life which obtain amongst the natives. This plan was put in execution with success. All correspondence with former friends ceased,

except on business matters with a confidential agent; like shooting stars the guilty pair had fallen from their spheres, and in a short time their history and their guilt were forgotten, unless by one faithful heart, who bore her silent sorrow for long years, until uncomplainingly she hid it in the grave.

I must now request my readers to note that a generation had passed away since the occurrence of the events of which I have been the humble chronicler; the young had grown old, the beautiful had lost their bloom and freshness, many brave hearts had ceased to beat, and many broken ones had been removed to that land where the weary are at rest; yet the three persons connected with my story still lived on. At its commencement I related the acquaintance I had formed with a Mr. and Mrs. de Rous and family during their annual visits to my retired parish; they were, I need scarcely add, the same persons whose extraordinary story I have been describing. The gentleman was now sixty, and the lady who was called Mrs. de Rous approaching the same age, though still retaining some remains of her former beauty, and a charm of manner which a lengthened continental residence had served to confirm, a tenderness and sympathy towards all human suffering, which, perchance, the terrible discipline she had endured had called into more active operation.

Non ignara mali miseris succurere disco.

It has been said that when woman falls she becomes at once demoralised. Far be it from me to write a line which would for a moment extenuate the loss of that purity which, like an atmosphere, ought to surround her. It is quite true that if once the barrier which separates vice from virtue be thrown down on her part, no one may say, "Hitherto shall thou go and no farther." With men the fall is not so great, and the restoration easier, at least with reference to human considerations; but when woman sins the charm of her life is gone, the guardian of the shrine is fled, its treasures pillaged, her glory departed, and she becomes so self-abased that it is fearful to think into what an abyss she may further fall. But this is not invariable and inevitable. There are many noble exceptions, many cases which fully establish the position, that woman may sin and yet not become altogether callous and dead to everything lovely and of good report. Were it not so, what hope could we have in the philanthropic efforts made by zealous men, and supported by exalted ladies, exalted more by virtue than by rank in behalf of their own sex, the wretched and degraded, who prey upon that society which has too long been deaf to their cries for help, and has cast them off as irreclaimable? I shall not, I trust, be suspected of being an advocate for sin or vice, but I say it is unwise, it can answer no profitable end, to overstate any argument. We may think we supply an inducement to virtue, or rather a check against vice, when we assert that once a woman falls her recovery is impossible. But is such a sweeping and general assertion true? No, most emphatically, and he who has so read human life has erred greatly. The records of the Refuges and Homes for these wretched beings tell a very different tale, and from time to time are so satisfactory as to cheer the hearts of those who are labouring in their behalf, and to mitigate the horrors of the social evil. Woman fallen may not, indeed, be ever reinstated in her former innocence and purity, no more than her great mother Eve when she transgressed.

Like her, she has tasted of the tree of the knowledge of evil no waters of Lethe can wash away; this knowledge she cannot forget, but then she may flee it henceforth, she may hate it, and turn her feet into the ways of peace. Arguments, therefore, or rather unsupported assertions in opposition to so desirable a consummation are not only false, but, like everything false, they are impolitic, and serve to perpetuate an evil which all affect to deplore. There are, no doubt, different degrees of guilt, though in human eyes it may appear the same in all; there are circumstances and occasions which, though they can never by any sophistry or casuistry justify a deviation from rectitude, yet take much from its enormity. Two men are sentenced to death, and sentenced, it may be justly, for treason, yet there may be a very wide distinction in their characters and natures; between such men, for instance, as Guy Fawkes and Sir Walter Raleigh, between Ravaillac and Rumbold.

Certain it is that, so far as the keenest eye of calumny and jealousy could penetrate, no moral deterioration had accompanied the fall of Mrs. de Rous, as we may still call her. Had I not known her true history, I should have pronounced her to be one whose life and conduct were dictated even by a high religious principle; but this hypothesis I was forced to qualify when the truth came out, for I do hold that continuance —habitual continuance in even one known sin is utterly incompatible with all true religious profession. Miss W. (to give her true appellation) had sinned deeply, and bitter was her punishment; it was life-long, it haunted her path, it crossed her in every turn, it blocked up every avenue, it shut her out from relatives and friends and country, it was with her waking, it departed not when deep sleep falleth upon man; it was the

Thought of the gloomy day and ghastly night.

My object is not to lessen the magnitude of her offence, but rather to hold her up as a beacon and warning, and I shall have failed most egregiously if, in the course of this narrative, it shall not be sufficiently manifest that to be guilty is but a convertible term for being miserable. Far be it from me to "blazon evil deeds or consecrate a crime," to call light darkness, or darkness light; but still, while we comfortably wrap ourselves in our own virtue, let us remember that human life is a perplexed page, full of anomalies, inconsistencies, and even contradictions. The murderer Rush conducted family prayers regularly in the very room in which he had dug the grave intended for Emily Sandford. How few of us there are who act up to their own principles, even though their standard be low! But something too much of this.

Resuming his narrative, Mr. de Rous proceeded to glance at his continental life. There was nothing to interest the reader in it, except it be an incident which caused the wounds of all concerned to bleed afresh. They were driving about the environs of some continental watering-place, when they encountered a carriage, which, from its style and the liveries of the servants, was at once pronounced to be English. It contained two ladies; one, evidently an invalid, was supported by cushions. The two carriages, driven at a slow pace, at last met. There was a recognition. A piercing cry from the invalid was heard, when she fell back insensible into the arms of her companion. The lady so much affected was the injured, the deserted wife, who now face to face beheld the persons who

had wrecked all her hopes in this life. He visited different places in Germany and Italy, where his companion's knowledge of foreign languages enabled them to get on well with the natives, and to live economically. In the course of time several children were born to them. The eldest, a son, on learning the disgraceful circumstances of his birth, voluntarily gave up all hopes of settling in the land of his fathers; he expatriated himself, and sought in the New World a name and station denied him in the Old. The daughters were well and most carefully brought up, and so long as they remained abroad, and shunned the society of the travelling English, they suffered little inconvenience from their false position. But this could not last; their father expected every year to hear of the death of his deeply injured wife. "It is long waiting for dead men's shoes," says the proverb, and in vain did Mr. de Rous wait till all his family were grown up, still hoping to be able to make the only, though late, reparation in his power by marrying the mother of his children; but the true wife, though carrying an intolerable load of grief enough, together with *spretæque injuria formæ*, to break down the strength of half a dozen of women, though ever weakly, and for the most part confined to her room, through moons and years bore bravely up, and endured the inward weight which, nevertheless, was weighing her down slowly but surely.

> The tree will wither long before it fall,
> The hull drives on though mast and sail be torn.
> * * * * *
> The day drags through, though storms keep out the sun,
> And thus the heart will break, yet brokenly live on.

In the course of years all Mr. de Rous's pecuniary obligations had not only been discharged, but he had effected large insurances on his life, resolving that, whatever other disadvantages his unhappy family might undergo, poverty should not be one of them. The providing the interest to meet the demands on the handsome provision thus made was another motive for living not only obscurely, but frugally, as they did, for a great number of years, and which was so marked as to excite in some degree my surprise, as may be remembered. All intercourse and correspondence with England, with the exception of necessary business, we have already remarked, was long at an end, and the only means of knowing what was transpiring in England was through the pages of some stray newspaper. On rising from the perusal of one of these on some particular occasion, Mr. de Rous seemed very much excited. He told me he could scarce contain his joy. He had been reading, he said, an account of a judgment delivered in the Scottish courts in favour of a gentleman (an Englishman) who had settled in Scotland, and by a short process had actually "legitimated," as it is termed, his natural children, born several years before his marriage with their mother. That the law of Scotland was lax and somewhat undecided as to the bond of marriage I was aware, but until then I had no idea that it made provision of a retrospective tendency, and thus authorised a wrong-doer to repair in some measure the injury he had inflicted on the innocent. From thenceforth this thought took possession of Mr. de Rous.

"Now, at last," he exclaimed, "I thought I saw a way not only to make Miss W. my wife whenever Mrs. de Rous died, but also to remove the stain

on my poor children's birth, and to give them a legal claim to my name and fortune. Yes, I will set out for Scotland instantly. The law there is founded on justice and common sense" (it is wonderful how soon and how warmly we admire laws which free us from the consequences of our own guilt). "I will put myself at once in a condition to avail myself of its provisions, and some day the bar sinister shall disappear from their coat of arms."

I am not at all clear that such an act of "legitimation" as is here alluded to would have force in England, or entitle English natural children so legitimated to succeed to an inheritance on this side of the Tweed; but I believe there is no doubt that such an enactment does exist in and for Scotland, and, for all practical and legal purposes, it places the quondam concubine, when married, and her offspring in all the privileges and rights of lawful wife and legitimate children. It is obvious that such a law, like a double-edged sword, cuts two ways; it affords an agency for good and evil; it puts into the hands of a man the power of making restitution for the deepest of injuries, at the same time it breaks down one of the strongest barriers against the indulgence of illicit passion, by the removal of the penal consequences attendant on its gratification. That the comparative immunity from shame to herself, and necessary life-long disgrace to her unhappy offspring, which such a law holds out to a weak tempted woman, exercises no inconsiderable influence, is evident, I think, from the annual returns of births in Scotland from the Register-General's office, from which we find that, in some of the large towns of Scotland, the illegitimate births are nearly double those of England; for example, Aberdeen is about as thirteen per cent., if I rightly remember, to the eight returned for London, which being the metropolis of a great nation, the resort of multitudes from all quarters of the earth, and containing a population of some three millions (more than the population of all Scotland taken together), might be fairly thought to exhibit the highest ratio in this bad eminence. But, in this respect at least, she must surrender without the slightest qualification to the towns and even the country parts of North Britain.

Scotchmen, anxious to defend the morality of their country, which they boastingly declare to be in this particular, as in others, superior to all lands, complain of these statistics, though supplied and arranged by their own officials. Other causes are also assigned for this high illegitimate birth rate, but I must be allowed to regard them as weak and inconclusive, and must continue to impute this deplorable state of things in a great measure to the facilities which the present disgraceful state of the marriage law in the northern part of the island supplies, by throwing down the fences, which we should rather strengthen, against a vice which has obtained for the country and, as I have heard it alleged, creed of John Knox a painful pre-eminence. The case of Mrs. Yelverton, or Miss T. Longworth, or whatever title she may be recognised under, shows generally how defective and uncertain is the voice of the law, and I believe to this moment it is undecided whether she be a wife or concubine. (She is, while I write, pleading her own cause with eloquence before the Court of Appeal.) The legislator who would draw up and get the imprimatur of parliament for an act to alter and abolish certain portions of the Scottish law of marriage, and assimilate the laws of the United Kingdom on such an important matter, and to make one law alike binding on all, would have the

thanks of thousands of his fellow-subjects, and the consciousness of being a benefactor to his country.

To entitle Mr. de Rous to the benefits of the Scottish law of legitimacy, he must become, as far as he could, a Scottish subject; the law of England, with greater liberality, admits all British-born subjects, without distinction, to all her privileges. An Englishman, to be entitled to the full protection of Scottish law, must reside there—must obtain a domicile in the land. To that land, then, Mr. de Rous took his departure, and there he continued to live in retirement for many years, expecting and hoping every post would announce the dissolution of his wife, and the consequent right at once to marry again, and to give his children authority to call him father. But, alas! the much-desired announcement never came, or rather came too late. It was this hope deferred which had made their hearts sick, which had caused all the disquietude and unhappiness which I had noticed, without divining the cause. Until the mother had become a wife, until the children could claim a father's protection, there was infamy and scorn pursuing their steps, which, like the stricken deer, they thought they could only escape by fleeing to solitude and weeping in silence. Yes, here was the grim skeleton in their house! the horrid, ghastly, grinning, juggling fiend that drank their blood and withered all their strength. Go where they would, he would be their companion; if for a day they appeared abroad, some one, he suggests, would ask who they were; what answer should they give if they encountered a strange face, and their name was spoken in his hearing (they always were called by their father's name), that very name might recal scenes they wished buried for ever in the ocean. With feelings keenly sensitive and quick to discern every look, to mark every tone, living in a world all their own, peopled by the shadows of their own fears and imaginings, morbidly conscious of the false position they occupied in the small and unpretending circle wherein they moved, every day trembling lest they should be disowned by that circle, and knowing, as young ladies, that they were for ever cut off from all alliances to which their blood, their fortunes, and their birth under honourable circumstances would have entitled them, is it wonderful if they clung, with the tenacity of drowning wretches to a last plank, to that day of legitimation which would remove, in some degree, all this accumulated woe? To lighten it by change of scene, to flee from the skeleton, if it were possible, for a day, they came to my parish. At length, at the conclusion of their third visit, the much longed-for consummation seemed at hand; a letter from their London solicitor had announced the death on the preceding day of Mrs. de Rous, after lingering more than twenty years. Her husband was now free as the air, no obstacles, no difficulties, beset his way, and if the bitterness of the past could never be redeemed, assuredly the future might be happy, their even-tide gilded by some rays of setting sun, and their children look up and take comfort. It was thus they fondly flattered themselves; it was on this account I had noticed their faces to wear the unwonted aspect of cheerfulness and joy; and it was on that very day that their father, in debility and fever, had returned from his sport, and was laid in that bed from which he was never to rise again. His worldly affairs had long before been settled, and he now with resignation, if not with hopefulness, waited that summons which was to introduce him to a tribunal where justice is ever tempered with mercy, and where men shall

be judged not as they are judged by their fallible fellow-beings. The day after he had made those disclosures with which the reader is already acquainted, he calmly, and apparently without any pain, expired.

From the day of Mr. de Rous's confession until the morning of the funeral, I was never permitted to see any of his family; there was always some excuse, illness, agitation, and so forth. It was quite true what Miss W. had prognosticated, we could never meet on the same terms again, not, I trust, from any feeling of alienation on my part, for the daughters, at least, had an increased claim on my sympathy, but from an unconquerable repugnance on their part to greet any one who knew their story. They mourned, indeed, a father who had ever been most gentle and indulgent, but they deplored deep in their heart of hearts, and with an intensity that only women can feel in such circumstances, a mother's dishonour and their own shame, whilst that mother herself never from that hour looked me in the face, and when I endeavoured to address her with a few words of comfort and of hope, only faltered out a few incoherent words, "Too late—too late now—one month, a few days longer, then we might—but now, all is lost—mourning all the rest of my days—hide my head—the grave will soon afford a shelter." In vain I endeavoured to point out now that a hand mightier than man's had severed that connexion which she admitted to be criminal, that the way of repentance was now opened before her, and therefore there was hope. She, however, would scarcely be comforted; but as she suffered justly, and for her own sins, I was not anxious to stanch her bleeding wounds too soon, nor heal her woe prematurely. With the daughters, indeed, I took much higher ground; they were prostrated not so much on their own account, or from any sin of theirs, but from their parents'; my language to them could, therefore, be much more cheering, and my intercourse with them even more friendly than before. I endeavoured then, and for some time after, to redeem the promise I had given to both their parents, and was serviceable to them in many important ways, and succeeded in diminishing, at least, their rooted sorrow, and of strengthening them for that battle they were now called on to wage. Verily, the sins of the fathers had been visited on the children. Poverty and sickness did not indeed assail them; they were left in comparative affluence, and their mother handsomely provided for, as well as the self-exiled son; but then they were disowned by all; no kindred ties were theirs; strangers looked at them with a suspicious stare, and somehow, when they had formed acquaintance with a few which seemed likely to ripen into friendship, rumour with her hundred tongues became busy as to their antecedents, and the faces which before appeared glad to greet them on esplanade and terrace were turned aside at their approach, or became short-sighted in a day. These insults and slights seemed to have reached their culminating point on the sad day of the funeral. The evening before the heir-at-law made his appearance, a cold, heartless man, and instantly took the direction of all the arrangements; he ordered how everything should be done, without the slightest reference either to the feelings of the woman who had for thirty years been thought to be his distant kinsman's wife, and who was certainly a lady, or to those children who, though the law did not acknowledge them, were of his flesh and blood. The former, in fact, he never addressed at all, she was shorn of all au-

thority, and as a mute passed in and out; the young ladies were once or twice spoken to, but in a tone which plainly gave them to understand they were of a different order of persons altogether, something like domestics, servants, or dependents. Thus, amidst mournings and lamentations, not loud but deep, the deceased squire (who had sinned much, and had, we trust, been much forgiven) was conducted to the narrow house, the burial-place of his ancestors for many generations, the chancel of the country church of which his family had been always patrons; there, amidst recumbent knights, Crusaders, and Templars, amongst soldiers, statesmen, and ecclesiastics, were buried the remains of the last direct scion of an ancient and honoured race; nor can I describe the feeling which came over me when performing the last sad office for the dead, when I read that prayer of our beautiful and sublime service: "Of whom may we seek for succour but of Thee, O Lord, who for our sins are justly displeased? Thou knowest, Lord, the secrets of all our hearts, but shut not Thy merciful ears to our prayers. . . . Deliver us not into the bitter pains of eternal death."

No children of his were allowed the mournful privilege of laying their bones beside him. However united in life, in death they were separated. A father's guilt had caused a curse to fall on them, which was to follow them through life, and which consigned them, when their course was finished, to lie down and sleep that sleep which knows no waking until the voice of the archangel and the trump of God awake them, amongst strangers who knew them not whilst living; but when earth and sea shall give up their dead, in a world where there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage, where there is no parting, nor sorrow, nor tears, *there* may be reunion, peace, and joy, old things passed away, all things become new. And she whom he had loved, not wisely but too well, she, too, who had madly returned that passion, who had suffered with him, and endured the frowns of fortune together with him, had braved the whole world's scorn for him, she, too, was refused a grave near him, and had to find a spot whereon to lay her head amongst aliens and foreigners. In the cemetery of a far-distant Italian city she now sleeps well, the story of her sins and her repentance buried with her. A humble tombstone, with a simple inscription, just tells what is, indeed, the universal epitaph of the creatures of earth, from the mightiest down to the poor child of shame and misery—a name, the date of birth, the day of death. No tears fall on that lowly grave; it is the last resting-place of a stranger and a heretic, whose virtues and whose faults were alike unknown to all around.

It has been remarked that it is but a poor tale which does not point its own moral, which should so lie on the surface that he who runs might read. I leave, then, the moral of this too true history to be deduced by my readers each one for himself, and will conclude it with a simple reflection by our great poet, founded on a deep knowledge of human nature, as well as a thorough experience of human events, and whose general truth, I think, demands a much wider acceptance:

> The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
> Make instruments to scourge us.

E. S. B.

CHRISTINE; OR, COMMON-PLACE PEOPLE.

BY JANET ROBERTSON.

XXII.

STRANGELY mingled were the emotions of Christine in finding herself thus suddenly and unexpectedly placed in the position of a daughter towards one about whom her mind had always been haunted with vague and painful ideas. At one moment she felt inclined to throw herself into her father's arms, and, whilst claiming his protection and kindness, to renounce for ever mistrust and alienation; then the pale image of her beloved mother rose to her memory, and turned back the tide of filial tenderness ready to gush forth with unrestrained impetuosity. Ever as those changes of sentiment dominated over the imagination of the sensitive and bewildered girl, her beautiful and expressive features betrayed the clouds and sunbeams of her spirit, until the penetrating Italian almost forgot what he was saying, and gazed with the deep and tender admiration of a fond parent on the speaking face turned towards him, where he so clearly read every thought of the pure spirit of which that eloquent countenance was an index. But to secure his power was his main object, and to attain this aim he shaped his discourse; nor had he any further doubts of success when, after having artfully touched with deep pathos on her mother's gentle and benignant character and his own youthful thoughtlessness and ingratitude towards her, he handed Christine the letter left by his wife with her maid, to be delivered to him if the woman ever chanced to meet with him again. This letter decided everything in the loving and dutiful heart of the innocent daughter, for, after a mournful adieu from the wife, who rather sought to blame her own weakness than his inconstancy for the deserted situation in which she found herself placed, she went on to beseech him to claim and protect his child when she should be no more. The letter finished by her acquainting him with the provision she had secured for her daughter, and it wound up thus:

"If she is spared, Ascanio, you must love her, for she is more your child than mine; some kindness of nature she may inherit from me, but in talent she is all your own. Infant as she is, already her perceptions and sympathies are fully awake, and beam in her bright Italian eyes; a few chance notes of music melt, thrill, or inspire her, and she sings more than she tries to speak. But she is a sensitive and delicate plant that will not live without tender nurture, and I sometimes think that she will not be able to survive me, for already she watches every change of my careworn countenance, and kisses off the tears that fall from my eyes. Oh, Ascanio, Ascanio! by all you wish to possess of peace and prosperity on earth, by all your hopes of happiness hereafter, claim and protect your innocent and helpless child when I shall no longer be a cloud overhanging her destiny, and by the infatuation that led me into error live a reproach both to her and to you."

"My mother's wish!" gasped Christine, pale with surprise and emotion. "Oh! since it was my sainted mother's wish, I shall never leave you more." And, throwing herself into her father's arms, she sobbed convulsively on his shoulder.

Ascanio felt that he already loved her dearly; he soothed, caressed, and sympathised with her until she was restored to composure, and then sought to relieve the more sombre tone of her spirits by talking of his motives in having left her so long in ignorance of his existence and feelings. Whether the motives he gave were true or not, he himself only knew, but, being the same that he had assigned to Mr. Douglas, they sounded not only plausible, but satisfactory, and poor Christine soon began to smile through her tears as she listened with sentiments of deep gratitude to reasons so delicately given for the sacrifice he had made of his paternal affection in order to ensure her future welfare.

The astonishment of the Macintoshes may be easily imagined when, on entering some time after, they found Christine in close conference with a distinguished-looking foreigner. Signor San Isidora, though a man of forty, was still eminently handsome, besides possessing the ease of manner arising from the consciousness of a noble descent, and the polish of exterior only to be acquired through an intimate association with the great world on the Continent, in which, as a man of family and an artist, he had always held a certain place. Mrs. Macintosh, however, drew back and looked shocked when Christine presented him as her father, Lizzie gazed at him with an expression of wonder and doubt, while Mr. Macintosh greeted him with a degree of gruffness that showed he was not to be duped by appearances when solid facts were opposed to them. Ascanio proved a match for them all, notwithstanding. He slightly recapitulated what he had already said to Mr. Douglas and Christine, blaming himself for the levity of youth and the ingratitude of his desertion in the first instance, and assigning his daughter's interests as being the reason that he had not before taken her under his own protection; but when he touched on her brother's rascally conduct, he observed that he hit on the point to secure Mr. Macintosh's ear, and accordingly, drawing him aside, he mentioned what had passed in the interview between them, and asked his advice as to how he should demean himself in the meeting to take place on the following day, until Mr. Macintosh, quite forgetting his suspicions of the one man in his hatred of the other, entered *con amore* into all the business-bearings of the case.

Meanwhile, Christine had given her mother's letter to her aunt and cousin to read, gently mentioning her determination to act in conformity to her wishes; and when the group gathered together round the fire, before dispersing for the night, all reserve was dispelled towards the stranger, whom they had at first received with so much distrust. If any one in the morning had suggested to the Macintoshes that so great a change in their home circle might take place before night, they would have laughed at such an idea as impossible. Equally so would it have appeared to Christine, had she been told that the evening which began by seeing her sitting alone, communing with her harassing thoughts as to the necessity of leaving Scotland and the few

friends interested in her welfare, should end in witnessing her hanging on a father's arm, and listening with entranced attention to his description of that beautiful country where he soon proposed presenting her as his rich and idolised daughter. So quick are sometimes the turns of fate, that our minds become confused with the mixture of events. So it was with Christine on the momentous night in question. Although she sank to sleep amid delightful thoughts of independence and protection, yet her dreams seemed to restore the full powers of her penetrating spirit, and to suggest doubts and vague misgivings as to the truth of her position, similar to the feelings one may be supposed to experience in walking in a gay and flowery landscape, with the conviction that the ground is unsound under one's feet, and that an unwary step may precipitate one into some profound abyss. The Macintoshes, on the other hand, retired to rest completely gained over by the specious Italian, the ladies charmed by his fascinating manners and personal beauty, and the old gentleman triumphant in the conviction of the approaching humiliation of Mr. Douglas. Mr. Macintosh's knowledge of law enabled him at a glance to see from the papers submitted to him by Signor San Isidora the utter impossibility of Mr. Douglas contesting his sister's right to her mother's life insurance, however much he might pretend his previous ignorance of that right, and being obliged to refund so large a sum of money he knew would wring his heart, independent of everything else.

No sooner had Signor San Isidora left the apartment where the strange and startling morning interview had taken place with Mr. Douglas, than the latter betook himself to his wife's dressing-room to seek sweet counsel and support from her womanly wisdom and conjugal affection; but she being occupied at her toilet, and in tormenting her poor victim of a maid with incomprehensible fidgets, was at first unconscious of her husband's perturbation. When at last she raised her eyes to his face as he faltered out his wish to speak to her alone for a few minutes, she was struck with inconceivable terror at the expression of agitation it betrayed. His features looked exaggerated and haggard, and two veins in his forehead were swollen to an enormous size, while the perspiration occasioned by nervousness and fear had run his hair into a stringy appearance. Motioning to her maid to leave the room, she only waited until the door was closed to demand in breathless agitation what was the matter, and shuddered with inexpressible horror when he muttered, in a voice hoarse and broken with the agony that wrung his spirit:

"Inevitable and irretrievable disgrace!"

It seemed as if a palsy had seized Mrs. Douglas at that moment; she shrank before his words like a delicate hothouse plant in the blight of the sour east wind. The word "disgrace" came on her ear coupled with the consciousness of having attempted to commit a dreadful crime, and she sank, half fainting, on the sofa.

"Bessy, my darling Bessy!" exclaimed the doting husband, forgetting his own agonies in witnessing hers, "look up, my beloved, nor render this dreadful blow more crushing than it is already."

"They cannot prove it!" she stammered out, grasping his arm convulsively—"they cannot prove it! Nothing but suspicion is against *me*," she added, in so low a voice that he did not hear it.

"Alas!" he replied, "it is but too well proved, and there remains no remedy but to refund the money, principal and interest."

Mrs. Douglas breathed again, and gazed wistfully at her husband, wishing to understand what was the matter without further betraying herself.

"I am so much shocked, I feel so much overpowered, that I cannot speak, John," she murmured. "Tell me the worst at once; anything is better than suspense."

Mr. Douglas succeeded in so far mastering his emotion as to recount concisely what had passed between him and the Italian, and was rewarded for this exercise of self-command by perceiving that his amiable helpmate gradually regained her presence of mind. When he had finished, she smiled tenderly on him through her tears, which she possessed the singular faculty of calling up at will, and gently taking his hand, fondly pressed it between hers as she softly whispered:

"Pay the money at once, with reasonable deductions, and let those people go. Profess entire ignorance of your mother's intentions, and let us rid ourselves for ever of this adventurer and his daughter. Have everything of business arranged in this interview of to-morrow, and let it be the last."

"But how, and where, can I raise so large a sum at a moment's warning, now that Frederick's mad conduct has left us no ready money at command?" hurriedly interrogated the husband, looking at her anxiously with bloodshot eyes.

"Raise the money required on the property of Simmerside, which you so kindly settled on me as my jointure-land. I shall sign all necessary papers without a moment's hesitation to screen your honour, John; it is but a feeble proof of gratitude so well merited by you for all your devoted affection."

The overpowered husband sank at his wife's knees, which he clasped in an ecstasy of admiration at the noble sacrifice she proposed making to him. Could he have but looked into the heart he so fondly thought his own, and seen the black spot corroding it, which prompted this seeming devotion and disinterestedness, how he would have started back from the object of his adoration! For Mr. Douglas was one of those people who, while thinking it no harm to kill by inches in blighting the spirit, yet would shrink with horror from perpetrating a murder by sudden and violent means. The presence of mind possessed by the lady soon restored tone to her husband's spirit. She despatched him to make his toilet, and descended to dinner as cool and collected as if nothing extraordinary had happened; nay, she even talked and smiled more frequently than usual, but, nevertheless, there was a deeper contraction on her brow, and a more livid hue on her cheek, while from moment to moment she started slightly as some painful thought passed across her mind. After dinner Mr. Forbes was sent for, in order that a conference might be held preparatory to the next day's meeting; but when the wily lawyer recommended a litigation as the only means of proving the truth of the statement made, and the authenticity of the papers brought forward by Signor San Isidora, he was overruled by Mrs. Douglas, who insisted on the deed she had proposed being executed, and ready for her signature on

the following morning—which eagerness only impressed more deeply on the mind of the legal adviser the truth of the dark attempt hinted at by Christine in the sheriff's court. Little did the amiable couple sleep that night; and if the innocent object of their dislike was haunted in her dreams by vague terrors, they were possessed in their waking moments with doubts and fears, but too distinctly defined by feelings and facts.

Next morning, Signor San Isidora presented himself early at Mr. Macintosh's to claim his promise of appearing at the approaching meeting, as agent for his wife's niece; and after a conference quite convincing to the man of business as to the truth of the statement and incontestable legality of the papers, the two gentlemen departed together to meet the opposed parties. They were scarcely surprised to find Mr. Douglas and his lawyer quite quiescent as to their views of the subject; the former only professing ignorance of his mother's intentions, as the reason of his having appropriated the insurance money to his own use, and agreeing readily to pay up principal and interest with reasonable deductions for the expenses of board and education which he alleged his sister had cost him. Mr. Macintosh sneeringly stated the amount of what had been paid to them during the few years which the child had spent under their roof; but for the short period that she had been resident at Ainslie Place, and for what she had cost Mrs. M'Naughton as her inmate—which Mr. Forbes insisted must be deducted from her portion to the heir of that lady's fortune—these remained to be settled by an accountant as an after-question, preparatory to Signor San Isidora leaving Scotland with his daughter.

The afternoon of that day proved one of relief to all parties concerned. Mrs. Douglas was reassured by the conviction that Christine did not intend to bring forward any accusation against her personally, and urged her husband to a speedy and liberal settlement of the affair; while he, soothed to perceive his wife take the thing so lightly, relapsed into his usual tranquillity and confidence in her views. Christine, on her side, had the happiness of seeing her father return in triumph from his interview, and of spending the after-part of the day in his society, with her uncle, aunt, and cousin, all in high spirits and cordiality; and when in the evening she sang with her new-found parent, or listened to the tones of his fine and cultivated voice—accompanied by himself with all the science of a perfect musician—her delight and enjoyment became unbounded. That night she only dreamt of sweet sounds and sunny landscapes, and woke next morning to happy and hopeful thoughts; all past doubt and care were forgotten as she accompanied her father in a walk along the streets, where every one turned round to look after the handsome foreigner and the lovely girl, who leant so fondly on his protecting arm. The following day, however, brought a chill to those expanding feelings, in the shape of a visit from Mr. Munro, who, having heard that Signor San Isidora had appeared to claim his daughter, hastened to see her, in order to put her on her guard against the fascinations that had proved fatal to her mother's happiness.

"You must, indeed, feel pleased and relieved by having found

a father to protect you, my dear Miss Christine," he kindly said, in sympathy with her warmly expressed sentiments; "but yet you must not entirely forget old times and old friends. I, of course, cease to be the guardian of your person, now that your natural one has appeared; but yet, in conformity to your aunt's pleasure, I must continue to be the guardian of your five thousand pounds until you are of age. Of the interest, I shall pay your father a hundred a year as long as you are unmarried, and fifty for your own personal expenses; what is over must accumulate until you are one-and-twenty, when, if you wish it, I shall pay everything into your hands; but remember, that I will recognise no deed you may be induced to sign before you are of age, and I also expect that you will make me a solemn promise to give your sanction to none, even if your father should urge you. The nine thousand pounds refunded by Mr. Douglas I have no power over; that is a considerable sum, and on the interest of it a large family could live with ease in Italy. But there are many ways of spending money, and there has been so much of mystery about your mother's married history that I cannot trust to appearances; indeed, I was warned by Mrs. M'Naughton not to do so in this matter, and you are well aware how sound was her judgment on any subject that fixed her attention, or interested her feelings."

Christine grew grave and thoughtful in listening to her kind friend —she felt the justice of his own observations; but when he mentioned the venerated name of her old protectress as having anticipated and feared the present event, a deep undefinable sense of insecurity seized on her mind, and decided her to give Mr. Munro a solemn promise that nothing should induce her to dispose of any part of her aunt's legacy without his full approval and concurrence.

Those revived suspicions, and consequently painful feelings, acted as a wholesome sedative to the trusting buoyancy of youth and hope; and while Christine hung on her father with the affection of a child, yet there lurked a doubt in her mind that sobered down all the undue exuberance of gaiety or vanity, which otherwise might have proved injurious to her natural elevation and dignity of character. She sang, she talked Italian with him; she followed with careful attention all his advice as to the way a demoiselle should dress and conduct herself, but her confidence stopped there; and she clung with warm affection to Nanny, the humble companion of her infancy; to the Macintoshes, Mr. Munro, and the Gordons, from whom she was so soon to part.

Not a word of advice, not an anxiety expressed, failed to engrave itself on her memory; deep, deep in her heart sank the words of the true and constant friends of adversity, and they lay there like precious seeds sown in a strong rich soil, destined to produce in after years an abundant harvest of good works and heavenward thoughts.

The business at length was finished, the money was paid into the hands of Signor San Isidora, and the day which was to witness Christine's adieu to Scotland arrived. The Firth of Forth looked bright and blue as she entered the steam-boat that was destined to bear her away from the mountainous and romantic land of which her mother was a native, and where her own early ideas and associations had been formed; she was about to part, perhaps for ever, from the

scenes of her infancy, and the friends "o' auld lang syne." She has already said a sad farewell to her aunt, cousin, and the kind Gordons; Nanny weeps on the pier, Mr. Macintosh wrings her hand, and Mr. Munro, pale, sorrowful, and anxious, whispers in her ear the word "*Remember!*" Then all is over. The vessel leaves the harbour, and everything fades rapidly from her view.

There, as she stood on deck, watching the last faint outlines of the well-known figures on the pier, with agony in her heart, but fearlessness in her spirit, well might she have said, in the words of the old Scotch song:

'Tis not the roar on sea or shore
Wad gar me langer wish to tarry,
Nor shouts o' war, that's heard afar,
'Tis leaving thee, &c.

"She has sailed," said Mr. Douglas, entering his wife's dressing-room about half an hour after. "I saw her go on board at Granton with the Italian scoundrel, and I waited till the vessel left the harbour."

"Thank God!" responded the lady. Then her brow darkening, she murmured to herself, "May we never meet again!"

XXIII.

LAUNCHED on the world alone with her stranger father, Christine had an instinctive perception of the necessity of rousing all her energies to meet with steadiness the difficulties arising from new countries, new people, and languages, and, consequently, from those new combinations of events that must inevitably lie before her. But she had a duty to be performed before touching foreign ground—the dear but melancholy one of bidding Guy farewell. Her letter was to be entrusted to the care of Mr. Macintosh, by him to be forwarded to the young sailor, as soon as his arrival in England should be known; and Christine dedicated the last morning of her stay in London to pouring out all the long pent-up feelings of her heart to the generous friend of her defenceless infancy. In this channel the tide of warm emotion at first flowed freely and powerfully, without check or reserve, for there was no need of further concealment; even the venerated memory of the aunt would now be vindicated from the apparent severity that had occasioned the hitherto seemingly unkind silence of the niece. After those congratulations, dictated by the eloquence that comes straight from the heart, Christine made her confession of carelessness, and explained the unlucky accident by which his "very *blamable* letter"—for she did not scruple to term it so—had fallen into his aunt's hands, and the consequent agony and remorse that for three years had preyed upon her. Then came, flowing in terms only to be inspired by sensibility when united to quick perceptions, an eulogium on the keen penetration and strength of judgment possessed by Mrs. M'Naughton, which had been so clearly proved by her appreciation of Guy's generous and disinterested character, having induced her to leave him her fortune in preference to any one else. On the relief that this circumstance had occasioned her, Christine dwelt with absolute pathos, and only

quitted the subject to express in energetic language her gratitude for the independence which the kind old lady had so generously secured to her.

Thus far she allowed her feelings to guide her pen; but there were other things to be alluded to, which were very difficult to touch upon, namely, the reappearance of her father, the conduct of Guy's family, and the recovery of her original portion. These were very delicate subjects of which to treat, although it was impossible entirely to avoid them in writing to one so near in sympathy and blood as Guy; so after a few minutes given to deep consideration, with an earnest prayer to be rightly directed, she decided not to risk saying anything that might be the source of uneasiness to one she had so much cause to love, and consequently of after-regret to herself. Following this conscientious and forbearing resolution, she restricted herself to mentioning that she might now be considered rich by the recovery of some money for which her mother had insured her life. Then she expatiated on the kindness of the Macintoshes, Mr. Munro, and the Gordons, and on her satisfaction in having seen Nanny fairly settled in Edinburgh with her daughter; but made no mention whatever of her having made over her aunt's gift of a hundred pounds to supply the poor old woman's necessities, until she could settle an annuity on her when she came of age.

She finished her guileless but eloquent letter by mentioning the pleasure she experienced in having found a protector in a father. To her immediate departure for Italy she alluded in terms half hopeful and half sorrowful, evidently working through the subject with labour and constraint; then suddenly emerging from all selfish and egotistical thoughts, she launched forth into every kind wish for Guy's happiness and welfare, and wound up by expressing her anxious hope that she might by some means be made instrumental to his future prosperity, in order to prove how deep was her gratitude for the benefits he had conferred, and the partiality he had evinced in early years, when he so boldly stood forth her only friend and champion.

The letter was carefully folded, and she was just about to seal and deliver it into her father's hand, who waited to take it to the post-office, when an unaccountable impulse seized her to say something more. "Why should she hesitate? This subject touched upon no early association or tie of blood, and there surely could be no harm in expressing her misgivings to Guy on a point that so nearly concerned him. In doing so, she acted from no feeling of malice, but from a vague fear that if unwarned he might be unguarded. Yes, she was decided to say what she thought, in case it might afterwards be important in awakening his attention." So unfolding her letter, she again took up her pen and added the following hurried postscript:

"Dear Guy, an invincible feeling prompts me to put you on your guard against an individual of your family circle, with whom you have not yet met; why I should be suspicious I am unable to explain in a manner to convince you of the truth of my impressions, yet nevertheless I shudder whenever I think of your brother-in-law. There is treachery in his smile, and danger in his eye. I have, besides, a conviction that if there are two individuals in the world whom he detests

more than others, it is you and me. With you there is the reason of your having succeeded to this fortune, which he evidently wished to secure to himself; but why he should hate me I cannot imagine, unless it is that he perceives I understand and mistrust him. Do not think me prejudiced, but exercise that penetration which you have inherited so strongly from your father's relatives; and if you find that I have been unjust and silly, laugh at me as much as you will, dear Guy, only take time, scan and weigh, and burn this well-meant warning."

The letter was despatched, enclosed to Mr. Macintosh's care, and Christine prepared for her transit across the Channel, perhaps never to return. But she was very young, her spirit was high, she was blessed with good health, bright talents, and a beautiful person; and what was even more important to her present peace of mind, she was secure from want by the money placed in the hands of Mr. Munro, and in a foreign country might even be considered wealthy, by the additional sum recovered from Mr. Douglas. Her feelings were further soothed by a certain sympathy that reigned between her and her father; the quiet Italian polish of his manner, the elegance of his language, the general refinement of his ideas on all matters of taste, were infinitely pleasing to a girl of a tact so acute; and this sensation was the more delightful that it was almost quite new. No former tie had ever been embellished with this charm, except in what remained of the mellowed recollection of her gentle mother; and owing to this first indelible, but faint impression, the atmosphere in which she now lived was not *quite* foreign to her, and she welcomed the soothing influence with blended feelings of melancholy and pleasure.

Whatever might be Signor San Isidora's faults, he was evidently both fond and proud of his newly found child. His fine countenance beamed with pleasure whenever his daughter presented herself before him; he sought to draw forth her sentiments on every subject, and to refine all her deductions and conclusions therefrom. Here, however, Christine felt her insecurity in perceiving that her father often sought to gloss over actions and sentiments which were decidedly wrong; on such occasions she would fall back in her own mind on the feelings and opinions of those whom she had loved and trusted in former days, and on rousing herself from her meditation to scan the subject that had awakened those recollections, she always felt as if her piercing eye discerned the blots and blemishes of an attractive picture under the coat of brilliant varnish with which it had been artistically covered. Signor San Isidora showed no wish whatever to act the man of fortune on the strength of his daughter's newly acquired property; on the contrary, he lived quietly and travelled inexpensively. In the coupé of a humble diligence they reached Paris, and when there, they took up their residence in the small apartments of an old Italian lady who resided in a retired street in an outskirt of the town. The Signora Cypriani, the widow of an Italian refugee lately dead, was polished in her manners, and, although advanced in years, had still those fine features that showed how striking her personal appearance must once have been. She received her gentle inmate with truly maternal tenderness, and lent herself entirely to carry out those plans of education by which Signor San Isidora sought to cultivate his daughter's talents.

Highly paid masters of all kinds now occupied her time, and in trying to benefit as much as possible by their instructions, Christine left herself no leisure for sorrowing over past events nor for indulging in unsatisfactory speculations with regard to the future; heart and soul she devoted herself to her studies, and quickly acquired perfection in those branches of education which suited the natural bent of her genius. Music, the darling solace of her solitary infancy, was, above all, the accomplishment in which Signor San Isidora sought most anxiously to perfect her, accompanying her himself when she was obliged to go to any great professors to receive instructions, and never failing to be present when they could command time to come to her, watching with unceasing attention every note she sang and every word she spoke. To no public amusement was she permitted to go except occasionally to the Opera, and then only very plainly dressed to some obscure box in company with her old and dignified Italian hostess, and with her father alone for an escort, who generally took them early, before the gay crowd began to arrive, nor allowed them to leave the house until the audience had almost all dispersed.

Here was the crowning pleasure of Christine's life. So intense was her enjoyment in music, so complete her comprehension of its beauties and its intricacies, that all her senses became absorbed by what was passing on the stage. Her progress in singing was singular; she caught up what she heard with amazing facility, and gave with such brilliant precision or exquisite expression all the different pieces of power or pathos, that it astonished her teachers. It was her native sensibility that perfected her talent; it was the recollection of the varied trials she had lived through in her infancy that prompted her notes of deep despondency, or inspired her with the brilliant ones of hope and joy! In the more difficult and complex style of music she had likewise the great advantage of singing in parts with her father and the accomplished artistes who came to teach her, and sometimes the feeling of inspiration was so strong as to make her long to rush upon the stage, and add the energy of action to the melody of sound. At such moments Signor San Isidora would gaze at her lit-up countenance with a blended expression of admiration and fear, and often folding her in his arms he would press her to his bosom fondly, calling her his "best treasure." There was, however, a deep tone of melancholy in his expressive voice when thus giving utterance to his feelings of paternal tenderness and pride that struck a painful chord in the heart of his sensitive daughter, and fixed her attention more on the intonation that betrayed despondency in her father's mind than on the brilliancy of her own endowments which called forth the expression. She often retired to her own apartment ruminating on the subject, and trying to guess at what could be the secret cause of his sadness, the conviction that there was a cause being confirmed by her observation leading her to discern that traces of melancholy were often imprinted on his features. This she particularly remarked was the case in the morning, when an air of languor and exhaustion generally pervaded his whole appearance, but quickly disappeared when he became roused either to interest or animation.

Nearly eight months were passed in Paris, during which time Chris-

tine sought to stifle certain misgivings continually arising in her mind by unintermitting application to languages and music, and soon became possessed of a singular confidence in her powers, quite apart and distinct from any feeling of vanity. She felt sure that if she were ever called upon to exert herself in a public way she would succeed; her accurate ear gave her the certainty of the superiority of her own voice over any she heard on the stage, and when she threw herself into those attitudes that had particularly struck her fancy in the acting of the different celebrated prime donne whom she saw and heard, and called up the look adapted to those attitudes, she could not fail to perceive that in appearance and expression she was superior to most. This was a childish amusement in which she sometimes indulged—similar to that practised in her infancy before the convex mirror at Broombank; but owing to that very association it was the more natural and pleasant, and when accompanied by the rich tones of her full and flexible voice, unsustained by any instrument, it led to that kind of inspiration from which springs the power that commands success—confidence in oneself—without possessing which no one can ever succeed with others.

"Amina mia! che c'e?" exclaimed the Signora Cypriani one morning, on seeing Christine turn deadly pale on reading a letter that had been just delivered to her.

"It is news from Scotland," she murmured, sitting down on the seat from which she had risen but the moment before, as if faint with emotion. "The letter is from my cousin Lizzy, and contains unpleasant intelligence."

"Is the intelligence of death?" asked Signor San Isidora, who was lying languidly along a sofa sipping his coffee.

"Yes," answered Christine, "of a horrid death, but that of one whom I never saw—the death of my brother's eldest son, who has fallen in a duel in consequence of a quarrel at play."

"Then your friend Guy is now the heir?" rejoined the Italian, in a hurried manner, as he averted his head from his daughter's tearful eyes. "Why weep, my girl? The other was a bad young man, whose loss will be regretted by nobody; you ought rather to rejoice that your brother's fortune will be inherited by one worthy to possess wealth."

"But Guy; it is of Guy I think," answered Christine, in a low and agitated voice.

"My angel, you are a puzzle," exclaimed her father, looking at her with surprise: "you cannot surely regret the good luck of one who has always been so kind to you?"

"Regret the good luck of Guy? Oh dear no," replied Christine, shuddering slightly, while her tears flowed fast. "It is my anxiety that makes me weep," she continued, sobbing; "he is again appointed; he is to join immediately as second lieutenant in his brother-in-law Captain Seymour's ship the *Terrible*, and perhaps I may never see him again!"

"My sweet child," said Signor San Isidora, soothingly, as he rose from the sofa, approached her, and kissed her forehead, "my sweet child, why harass yourself by imagining evil that may never happen?

Captain Seymour has too powerful interest not to be well appointed, and your friend Guy, in entering his ship, has the good fortune to have a near connexion for his superior officer. How old is Guy Douglas?"

"Guy?" repeated Christine, musingly; "I am now almost eighteen, and he is nearly three years my senior. Why, he must now be past twenty."

"And at one-and-twenty he succeeds to his great-aunt's fortune, does he not?" asked the Italian, carelessly.

"He does," replied Christine, still speaking mechanically, as if her thoughts were much preoccupied.

"But he can leave it to whom he pleases when he comes of age, cannot he?" again questioned her father, scanning his daughter's countenance with half-closed eyes.

"Yes," answered the unsuspicious girl; "and besides that, I have heard my Uncle Macintosh and Mr. Munro say, that in the event of his inheriting his father's fortune he can bequeath everything as he likes, except the entailed estate of Craiglands, which would first go to George, and, failing him, to the heir male."

"When he comes of age he will of course make a will," pursued Signor San Isidora. "Who would he be likely to choose for his heir, think you?"

"Oh, I don't know," replied Christine. "I suppose it would be his sister, of course."

And she fell into a deeper fit of abstraction than before, but the idea that occasioned her preoccupation she kept entirely to herself.

A few days after came a letter to Christine from Guy himself, which, though grave and guarded, was very kind. He begged of her always to remember Seafield and past days, and in alluding to Mrs. M'Naughton having left him her fortune, he said that he was certain that it was all owing to his "dear little aunty" having dropped his letter, which showed the old lady that he had no mercenary ideas. "I am just about to sail again with my worshipful brother-in-law," he went on, "and shall not forget your good advice, for which I thank you. To-morrow I go to pay Uncle Stanley a short visit before joining my ship, and then adieu to England for some time, but however long absent I may be, and wherever *you* may happen to go, never forget the friendship of our early years; and, above all, remember that upon me you can count as if I were a fond father, brother, and husband all in one person. I need not speak more plainly; for however obscure my meaning may be, still I know that my dear Tiny is clever enough to understand something much more difficult to read than the heart and sentiments of her affectionate and *dutiful* nephew,

"GUY DOUGLAS."

Notwithstanding this declaration, there was something in the letter which Christine did not quite understand. That Guy should be deeply grieved at his brother Frederick's death was not possible, considering his reckless and profligate course of life, yet he was evidently more shocked than he allowed himself to express. Again, though he said nothing particular of his new connexion, Captain Seymour, never-

theless his evident avoidance of the subject was convincing to Christine that he was thinking more of it than he chose to acknowledge; in short, there was a visible constraint all throughout the letter, except where he expressed in his usual characteristic open manner his interest and affection for herself, and even here there insinuated itself a shade of doubt as to the situation in which she was actually placed. Christine, however, was not permitted much time to meditate on the subject, for she was apprised by her father that as he wished to set out for Italy before the cold weather began, he had arranged to join an English lady and her two daughters who were going to Naples. They were to travel by the south of France, to embark in a steam-boat at Marseilles, and after leaving their companions at their destination, to proceed to Sicily, where Signor San Isidora was anxious to present his daughter to his noble relatives resident in his beautiful native city of Palermo.

OUR MERCHANT PRINCES.

EARLY in the season, two volumes were announced by Mr. Bentley as "Our Merchant Princes." They have now been some time before us, and we find the author's title-page more indicative of their contents than the publisher's advertisement.* Merchants have often, in every country, been princely in their munificence, in their charities, in their patronage of art, and in the "power" which is as inseparable from wealth as from knowledge. But, except in Italy in the fifteenth century, "merchant princes," like "nature's noblemen," are mere figures of speech. In arranging his materials, Mr. Bourne—sometimes from the usual authorities, and sometimes from less accessible sources—prefaces the periods from which his biographies are selected by sketches of the origin and progress of the principal branches of trade that have contributed to our national prosperity. They are not the least interesting portions of his work. Our metals and our timber have given Britain an important place in the most ancient records of commercial history; and she was a corn-exporting country even before the Roman invasion. From our invaders we soon learnt the art of making earthenware. After having long supplied wool to the foreign manufacturer, we had, before the close of the twelfth century, become clothworkers ourselves. "Some Flemings driven out of their own country"—not by religious persecution, as at a later period; but "by disastrous floods"—obtained permission from William Rufus and his successor to settle in Cumberland, and afterwards near Ross, and were our instructors in an art of which the products, perfected by British industry and skill, are to the present day amongst the most im-

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* English Merchants: Memoirs in Illustration of the Progress of British Commerce. By H. R. Fox Bourne, Author of "A Memoir of Sir Philip Sidney." In Two Volumes. London: Richard Bentley. 1866.

portant elements of our trade. A wine-trade was established in 1157 with the subjects of the emperor, and the supplies seem to have been from the Rhine and the Moselle. But more extensive sources of traffic were opened to our knowledge, about the beginning of the fourteenth century, by what was known as the fleet of "Flanders galleys" which was "despatched by the Venetian government to go on an annual trading expedition to the west of Europe." This was so peculiar an instance of mediæval commerce, that we are induced to quote Mr. Bourne's description of it in the words he uses.* "As soon as the ships were ready for embarkation, they were chartered by auction to the merchant princes of Venice, the price generally varying from eighty to a hundred golden ducats for each ship. The captain or commodore was appointed by the grand council of the state, but paid by the merchants; and with him were a notary-public, two fifers, two trumpeters, and a number of physicians, besides pilots, scribes, and craftsmen. Each vessel was directed by four young patricians; defended by thirty archers, and manned by a hundred and eighty mariners. The captain and soldiers might have no share in the trade, and, save on special occasions, might not pass a night on land during the time of the voyage, the merchant passengers, of course, being free to move about as they liked. The fleet, generally starting from Venice, proceeded to Capo d'Istria, then on to Corfu, Otranto, Syracuse, Messina, Naples, Majorca, and the ports of Spain and Morocco, touching, last of all, before sailing due north, at Lisbon." It came to anchor in the Downs; part going on to some of the Flemish ports, and part to our own, amongst others to Southampton, where they also assembled, or at Sandwich, on their return, "after nearly a twelvemonth's trading voyage." These fleets not only brought us commodities not otherwise to be so easily obtained, our dealings with them gave us also information as to the countries from whence such products came, and opened fresh fields to commercial enterprise. Amongst their wares were rich damasks, silk, cotton, spices, sugar, confections, and saltpetre; the produce of Persia, Turkey and Greece, India and Egypt, collected at the great emporiums of mediæval trade—Aleppo and Damascus, Alexandria and Messina—or brought from Venice; and they took from us, in return, woolfels and raw wools, broadcloths and kerseys, ox-hides and calf-skins, block-tin and pewter; but chiefly wool, raw or wrought. At last, however, the *Englishers* became jealous of their Venetian friends. Serious differences arose, which led to violent conflicts both at sea and on shore; and in the spring of 1532 the "Flanders galleys" quitted Southampton never to return.

In turning over these amusing pages, we are reminded of a source of gain which it would have been much more pleasant to have forgotten. Centuries before the blacks had been made its victims, or the horrors of the Middle Passage had added to its iniquities; long before Bristol and Liverpool had made it a national institution; or its advocates in parliament had declared, as usual, that "the sun of England's greatness would

* Vol. i. p. 41. His authority is Mr. Rawdon Brown's valuable "Calendar of State Papers and Manuscripts relating to English Affairs, existing in the Archives and Collections of Venice and other Libraries of Northern Italy." London: 1864.

set for ever," or "the obsequies of our old constitution be celebrated" upon its abolition—we had an English slave trade. Previous to the Norman conquest, the people of Bristol had "a most odious custom, which they derived from their ancestors, of buying men and women in all parts of England, and exporting them to Ireland for the sake of gain. You might have seen with sorrow," says Mr. Bourne's authority,* "long ranks of youths and maidens of the greatest beauty, tied together with ropes, and daily exposed for sale;" nor were men ashamed "to give up their nearest relations, even their own children, to slavery." Whether they were purchased by the Irish, or by the Danes, who were masters of a large part of Ireland at the time, seems doubtful. We have only the certain and humiliating fact that the amiable chieftains through whose territories Sir Samuel Baker had to make his way to the sources of the Nile, were not worse than our Saxon ancestors.

But we are glad to turn back from this episode of outrage and wrong to more creditable pursuits.

At first our trade was left to its natural freedom; but kings and ministers soon stepped in, with more or less mischievous effect, to encourage or direct its progress. Sometimes trammelling it with vexatious restrictions; sometimes granting the exclusive privileges in which many guilds and corporations had their origin; and when the latter came to be purchasable at a price, they were made instruments of favouritism, or of adding to the resources of royalty. At an earlier period, some of these institutions seem to have been a necessity of the age. The most remarkable were the Steel-yard, and the Merchants Adventurers. From the days of Ethelred, and under the early Plantagenets, the subjects of the emperor, known as the Easterlings, and later as the Hanseatic League, had been the most privileged of all foreign merchants. They had a factory in London, with free access to the Thames, "where they warehoused their goods and found lodgings for themselves, down to the reign of Richard the Second." To meet their increasing requirements, and in compliance with international arrangements, a large building, known as the Steel-house, and other premises, were conceded to them by Edward the Fourth; and here they dwelt, in all the seclusion of a convent, and with the defences of a fortress. Nor were their precautions unnecessary; for though they rigidly abstained from any intercourse with the people, not being allowed, by their regulations, to sleep out of their stronghold, or to admit even a bed-maker within its precincts, they were objects of jealousy and dislike to our countrymen. Frequent were the quarrels to which such feelings gave rise. There were outbreaks which could not be settled by discussion. The cautious traders were often attacked by those turbulent youths the London apprentices, who seem to have been always ready for a fray, and not very particular as to the matter in dispute; and it required high walls and well-practised arms to restrain their wild misrule. The strong hand had then a vigour beyond the law. In the reign of Elizabeth, in 1597, the Steel-yard, with the privileges which had often been conceded to it, and often revoked, was finally abolished.

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* The memoir of Wulstan, Bishop of Worcester, at the time of the Conquest; by whom "the custom" is said to have been suppressed.

A more important company was the English Merchant Adventurers'. Amongst the early guilds, one of the most considerable was the Mercers, into whose hands, and those of the Grocers or Pepperers, our foreign trade had chiefly fallen; and from these sprang the Merchant Adventurers, who had either assumed, or obtained—and who long possessed—many exclusive and valuable advantages. Under the Tudors they had reached to high prosperity, and fresh charters were granted to them down to comparatively modern times. At first there had been little or no distinction between our shopkeepers and merchants. Their relative position afterwards became marked. In the reign of Charles I., and again under the Commonwealth, it was established that all persons "exercised in the profession of merchandise" should be admitted as merchant adventurers, upon payment of a prescribed fee of entry;* but "no shopkeepers, except they gave over their shops." The trade, however, of this powerful company was chiefly confined to central Europe; and, though the most important, it was but one of several kindred associations. There was a Russia company in 1554; a Turkey company in 1581; a Guinea company in 1588;† and, in 1600, the first charter was granted to the East India Company, with the modest capital of 69,091*l.* 6s. 8d.

We have spoken of the course of trade having been subject to vexatious restrictions. Regulations for the prevention of fraud were a better exercise of authority. The mercantile morality of early times was not a bit purer than we find it in the limited liabilities of the reign of Queen Victoria. If there was something vexatious in compelling a tradesman to close his shop and carry his commodities to a fair, or in prescribing to a merchant the ports at which he was to buy or sell, there was, on the other hand, a necessity for keeping in check the "rogues and swindlers, who were plentiful then as now," and of whom Mr. Bourne (pp. 27, 28) gives some curious examples. It is recited in an ordinance of Edward I.: "That certain buyers and brokers of corn buy corn in the city of peasants who bring it for sale, and on the bargain being made, the buyer gives a penny or a halfpenny by way of earnest, telling the peasants to take the corn to his house, there to be paid for it. And when they come there and think to have their money at once, the buyer says that his wife has gone out and taken with her the key, so that he cannot get at the cash-box; but if they come again presently they shall be paid." Upon coming back, the buyer is either not to be found, or some other excuse is made, and, in the mean time, the corn has been wetted. The sellers are told that it will be paid for another day, or at a lower price, or they may take it back, which being wetted they cannot; and so the king gives them a summary power of redress upon complaint to the mayor. Other frauds were common; but we cannot find anything worse than this. *Heu prisca fides!* would be an unmeaning exclamation.

What we have dwelt upon comprises only a scattered few of the matters brought before us in illustration of our commercial history up to the close of the sixteenth century. In the more than two centuries which followed, our progress, vast and important as it has been, is

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* By the Long Parliament it was made 100*l.* in London, and 50*l.* in the outports.

† Vol. i. p. 131.

familiar to us all; and the opening of our trade to India and America, our colonial enterprise, our banking system, our mechanical and scientific inventions, and our manufacturing prosperity and power, are subjects too great and too extensive to be dwelt upon in the brief paragraphs of such a notice as this. Mr. Bourne has given chapters to them all.

The rest of the work is devoted to its biographical sketches. Of the lives of the first merchants upon record—the De la Poles of Hull [1311—1366], the Canynges, and others, of Bristol [half a century later], and even of Whittington and his contemporaries [about the same period]—Mr. Bourne can inform us little, for little is known. To the memoir of Whittington nothing can be added to what Mr. Lysons has so pleasantly told us in his "Model Merchant."* The only very doubtful part of this distinguished man's history—the foundation of his fortune by the sale of a cat—has been shown, by the investigations of the reverend antiquary, to have had a probable foundation; and the discovery of a sculptured stone at Gloucester (since his book was published) has proved beyond reasonable doubt that the cat was recognised by Whittington's immediate descendants as connected with his early life.† We have endeavoured to throw some light upon this point in a former article.‡

Though his book is professedly on *British merchants*, Mr. Bourne has also found places in it for bankers and projectors, manufacturers and great inventors; and indeed for all who promote, or sometimes retard, the wealth of nations.

Of the merchants of Bristol, some of the most important were the Thornes. By one of them, who had spent some of his own money on similar enterprises, King Henry VIII. was induced, in 1527, to send "two fair ships," the *Mary of Guildford* and the *Sampson*, to discover a north-west passage, or to approach China and India in that direction. The *Sampson* was lost with all her crew; and the crew of the *Mary*, after getting into a fathomless sea, encumbered with icebergs, returned disheartened and dismayed; the only result of their voyage having been some additions to their countrymen's previous knowledge of Newfoundland.

We are so often reminded, by existing evidences, of what such men as Gresham and Myddelton have done, that they may almost be said to live still before us, and few are unacquainted with their history. Later we have the Childs; Patterson, the founder of the Bank of England; and the able and upright Sir John Barnard.

The original banking-house of the Childs may be seen any day. The great wealth and influence of this remarkable family and its connexion with nobility commenced with Sir Josiah Child, a New England merchant, and Governor of the East India Company. Francis Child, his junior by twelve years, was apprenticed to a thriving goldsmith next door to Temple Bar, who gave him his only daughter in marriage, and left him his property and business. According to the custom of his craft, he had also acted as "a sort of banker;" and it was found by his successor to be a pursuit so lucrative, that, before long, he abandoned the gold-

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* Published by Hamilton Adams and Co., 1860.

† Mr. Lysons' account of it, in a letter to Mr. Bourne, is given in vol. i. p. 76.

‡ N. M. M., March, 1861.

smith's work, and established himself "as a banker alone, being the first Englishman who made of this a separate profession."*

We have had the continued existence and increasing riches of this ancient firm recently brought under our notice by the death of the Countess Dowager of Jersey, who was the principal partner in the banking-house of which her grandfather had been the head. If all business of the kind had been conducted upon the same principles as theirs, there would have been none of the wide-spread misery which has, for months past, been painfully witnessed. They considered it their first duty "to keep their customers' money safe, and return it whenever demanded." It was never, therefore, locked up in inconvertible securities. Like the Bank of England, they allowed no interest upon balances; and their connexions were amongst a class whose balances were seldom drawn below two or three thousand pounds. Indeed, some of the accounts have never been drawn upon for years, and the money may have virtually become the property of the firm. Amongst their other old-fashioned habits, they were till lately opposed to the use of printed cheques, and would still rather see them written; and though their clerks possess their fullest confidence, and are not men likely to abuse the dinner-hour, they prefer having them to dine upon the premises, where a handsome and varied repast of time-honoured dishes is daily provided. Such customs as these are all worthy of being perpetuated.

The second of those we have adverted to was cast in a very different mould from the prudent Francis Child. William Patterson was a native of Scotland. Of his early life little is known. It seems to have been passed chiefly in the West Indies. One account says as a missionary; another as a buccaneer. There is nothing in this, however, so discrepant as might be supposed. In our own times a minister in one of the islands was also part owner of a privateer; and it is said that on seeing her, from his pulpit, approaching the shore with a prize in tow, he abruptly closed his sermon and dismissed his congregation. This was very little more than fifty years since. Patterson appears to have been one of the men in whom, whatever may be their talent, some element of success is wanting. After the rival scheme of a Land Bank had been found to be too absurd for adoption (and when tried later it signally failed), he succeeded in establishing the Bank of England; but, beyond the first year, his name was not in the list of its directors, and the money he had invested in it was soon afterwards withdrawn. Of all his projects, the colonisation of Darien seems to have been the one he had most at heart. He tried in vain, both in England and on the Continent, to form a company to undertake it, and at last prevailed upon his countrymen in Scotland to carry out his plans, under an act of parliament passed in 1695. Several of the nobility were amongst his subscribers: he himself ventured 3000*l.* He had now sufficient influence to raise 300,000*l.* in London; and yet it was not till the beginning of 1697 that an aggregate capital of 400,000*l.* was subscribed. Of this a considerable sum was jeopardised by his over-confidence in one of his agents. He offered to take upon himself the whole loss, but his imprudence appears to have weakened the perfect trust that had been reposed in him; for we are told by Mr. Bourne that he

* Bourne, vol. i. p. 352.

was deposed from his authority as chief manager, and accompanied the expedition in a subordinate capacity. Its failure and the miseries which followed have been described by Lord Macaulay with his usual power. We cannot think that the project was altogether ill conceived. Darien was to have been "the key to both the Indies," and a splendid place for commerce in itself; but there should have been some previous understanding between our own government and that of Spain; and, for want of it, if the colonists had not been destroyed by starvation and disease, they would have been killed or captured by the Spanish authorities. Even Patterson himself perhaps had not foreseen the full importance of our possessing ourselves of a tract of country that was destined to become the great highway between the two divisions of the world. The talents which this extraordinary man possessed failed to make him wealthy, but they were serviceable to his country. He offered many valuable suggestions to her statesmen, and, in a confidential interview to which he was admitted by William the Third, he gained that able sovereign's approval of an union with Scotland. Some excellent advice was at the same time offered to him as to the management and control of the public revenue. That Patterson was not thought to have been unserviceable to the state, is shown by the grant of 18,000*l.*, which was voted to him by parliament soon after the accession of George the First. It enabled him to free himself from debt and to finish his most important work;* but the close of his life was embittered by the slander which connected him with the wild schemes of an adventurer whose career has been vividly brought before us in one of Mr. Ainsworth's latest romances.† The Mississippi scheme had his strongest opposition; and yet, at its commencement, he looked favourably upon the South Sea Company, and recommended it as an investment. "The consummation of that saddest and maddest of all financial follies" he did not live to see. Upon his death, in January, 1719, all that remained his own, after a life of persevering effort, was about 6400*l.* Defoe describes him as *a worthy and noble patriot.* "A merchant prince," says his present biographer, "he is hardly to be called, if worldly wealth and the honour of the contemporaries for whom he worked are necessary attendants upon such a one; but if rare intelligence and rarer honesty, native worth, and the wisdom that comes of experience, are to be taken account of, few indeed among the worthies of England, or of any foreign country, have better right to the distinction than this beggared adventurer and forgotten benefactor."

In passing on to the life of Sir John Barnard, we seem to enter into the more healthy atmosphere of quiet and persistent exertion, and of the steady application of a very considerable amount of talent. He was the son of a wine-merchant in London, and was placed, by the failure of his father's health, in the responsible position of conducting an extensive concern when only fifteen years old. He was also one of the rare instances of a successful attention to business being combined with deep and extensive reading; and his acquirements were not without results. In his thirty-sixth year his evidence before a committee of the House of

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* An Inquiry into the State of the Union of Great Britain, and the Past and Present State of the Trade and Revenues thereof.

† John Law, the Projector. Three Vols. 1864.

Commons, in opposition to a bill that would have been very injurious to the wine trade, was given with a knowledge of commercial affairs, a perspicuity and force of reasoning, and a modesty of manner, that showed him to be no common man. "The bill was rejected, and Barnard found himself famous." He was elected as the representative of his brother-merchants in parliament at the same time as Francis Child the banker, and frequently afterwards; continuing a distinguished and useful member for nearly forty years. The important measures which he introduced, or supported, show him to have been an able political economist, and an early advocate of free trade. An act against the knaveries of the Stock Exchange still bears his name. After a life devoted to all that was good and useful, he died, in 1764, a wealthy and an honoured man.

Mr. Bourne's second volume introduces us to our own times: to the men whom we have seen and known—of whom we have known so much indeed that he has little to tell us. His account of Nathan Rothschild at the battle of Waterloo does not, we think, place that great pillar of the London Exchange in a very favourable position. "He was near the Château d'Hougoumont on the 18th of June, watching as eagerly as Buonaparte and Wellington themselves the progress of the battle. . . . All day long he followed the fighting with strained eyes, knowing that on its issue depended his welfare as well as Europe's. At sunset he saw that the victory was with Wellington and the allies. Then, without a moment's delay, he mounted a horse that had been kept in readiness for him, and hurried homewards. Everywhere on his road fresh horses or carriages were in waiting to help him over the ground. Riding or driving all night, he reached Ostend at daybreak, to find the sea so stormy that the boatmen refused to trust themselves to it. At last he prevailed upon a fisherman to make the venture for a reward of 80*l.* In that way he managed to reach Dover. At Dover, and at the intermediate stages on the road to London, other horses were in waiting, and he was in London before midnight. Next morning, the morning of the 20th of June, he was one of the first to enter the Stock Exchange. In gloomy whispers he told those who, as usual, crowded round him for news, that Blucher and his Prussians had been routed by Napoleon before Wellington had been able to reach the field; that by himself he could not possibly succeed; and therefore the cause of England and her allies was lost. The funds fell as they were meant to fall. Every one was anxious to sell, and Rothschild and his accredited agents scoffed at all who brought them scrip for purchase. But scores of unknown agents were at work all that day and all the next. Before the Stock Exchange closed on the afternoon of the second day, when Nathan Rothschild's boxes were full of paper, he announced, an hour or so before the news came through other channels, the real issue of the contest. Very soon the funds were higher than they had been during many previous weeks; and Rothschild found that he had made something like a million pounds by his quick travelling and clever misrepresentation."*

We have made this long extract both on account of the facts, and as a specimen of the unaffected but somewhat careless style in which the work is written. Its author has, in this instance, taken his information

* Bourne, vol. ii. p. 257.

from "Martin's Stories of Bankers. London: 1865," which he duly acknowledges.

Now, there can be no question that after the danger and expense which Rothschild had incurred, he would have been perfectly justified in sending his secret agents to the Stock Exchange, and buying up whatever he found others disposed, in their ignorance, to sell. But he had no right to bring down the price by deliberately spreading reports that he well knew to be false. For this there can honestly be no other name than *fraud*. And it was a fraud quite as bad (though different in its machinery) as the attempt for which Lord Cochrane suffered fine, imprisonment, and degradation.

From these we turn to the celebrities of what the author of the "Pursuits of Literature," at the beginning of the century, called "a remote provincial town." It is now scarcely second to the metropolis itself. In speaking of the higher order of mercantile talent, Sir John Gladstone is said to have named James Cropper, William Ewart, and himself as its Liverpool examples. This was probably the truth; but it was not by him that it should have been spoken; and it seems strange that the vanity which he often exhibited should have been mixed up with so manly and vigorous a mind. It is also strange that, much as he did for Liverpool, he should never have made himself popular. This was simply from his being (to use a homely phrase) too fond of having his own way. He felt his superiority, and on committees he was a perpetual dictator; but those who acknowledged his mastery were jealous of the man; and he was never so liked as to encourage him to offer himself as the representative of a place upon which no one had a better claim. In soundness of judgment, and stricter mental discipline, William Ewart was his superior.

When Mr. Gladstone spoke of the three greatest merchants of Liverpool, Mr. Brown—for they had neither of them then received their baronetcies—was comparatively little known. His munificence has placed him above them all, and with such names as Astor and Peabody his memory will long be cherished. Though he had a mind amply stored with acquired information, which he used thoughtfully and well, he was not an educated man. We have heard him speak of being *inimicable* to a projected measure, and of being favourable to the *edication* of the people. These were defects that merely excited a smile at the moment. Lord Castlereagh had some peculiarities of pronunciation; and we have heard the late Duke of York—with equal disregard of Walker—descant upon *propperiety* of conduct.

Such men as Mr. Bourne's volumes bring before us had, many of them, an amount of talent that would have made them distinguished in science or literature if their course had not been otherwise chosen. Their intellects were of the highest class; and if we looked at the sketches of their lives with no other object, they would be interesting as studies of the human mind.

THE CHILD OF THE WOLD.*

THE scene of this remarkable drama is laid in ancient Gaul, as it is supposed to have been about a hundred years after the founding of Massalia by the Phoceans. The interest is made to lie in the taming of a savage Gaulish chief by love for a daughter of the polished Greeks. The idea is not very new—it has been told in mythology and poetry from primeval times, and has been made to enter the domain of nursery stories; but it is treated of here with a power and originality of conception which rivets the reader's sympathies, whilst a vein of poetical philosophy lies beneath and pervades the whole, which is well calculated to arouse the attention of the thoughtful.

Parthenia, the heroine, daughter of an armourer of Massalia, is introduced as wooed by a wealthy old usurer, whose suit, although favoured by her parents, she rejects in the spirit of youth and independence. The pleading of the miserly old suitor and of a worldly mother are interrupted by the news that Myron the armourer has been seized upon by wild Tectosagen, and carried off to their mountain lair. It is in vain that Parthenia appeals to her father's friends and her own numerous admirers, including the miser Polydor, for aid and assistance. It is one of the principles adopted throughout by the author, that savages may possess virtues which are often ignored by more civilised men, and Parthenia has to learn how shallow are the semblances of friendship when brought in contact with adversity. Not one would unsheathe his sword in the cause of the captive, nor would even the wealthy Polydor contribute the thirty ounces of silver demanded for his ransom, although the fair girl offers herself as a sacrifice for the boon.

Such a repulse arouses in the maid the resolve to set her father free by offering herself to the Gauls:

> O fool, that camest to stab me in my woe
> Sure 'twas the gods prompted my speech to thee!
> Thou'st pointed the dark road towards liberty;
> Thou'st taught me how to break my father's chains.
> Let me away! Full gloomy falls the night!
> Others may stretch their weary limbs to rest
> On downy couch. But thou, Parthenia, wake,
> Thy day's work now begins.

Parthenia reaches the bivouac of the Gauls in the forests of the Cevennes—a group of wild men dressed in skins of animals, who are represented as carousing, gambling, and fighting even among themselves. But these rude men acknowledge as chief a youth—Ingomar by name—whom "the fair and pretty little maid," as those who bring her to the camp designate her, is destined to bring to a sense of better things. The awakening of love in the breast of the wild man constitutes the gem of the poem. The exchange of daughter for father is effected, and Ingomar hails her as a daring girl, who "vows she will weep no more," all the time that he regrets that she cannot, like her father, forge swords for his followers. Soon he grows restless in her absence, is it only to wash the

* The Child of the Wold: a Dramatic Poem in Five Acts. By Friedrich Halm. Translated from the German by M. A. Faber. Williams and Norgate.

flagons. Next he admires her weaving garlands after the fashion of the Greeks round the goblets.

Is it not lovely?

asks the fair and spirited slave of her lord and master:

Ingomar. Aye, in the sunlight that doth please me much.
This deep, dark green! these blossoms pure and bright!—
Aye, thou shalt teach our women left at home
To twine these wreaths.
Parthenia. 'Tis quickly learnt! Ere long
Thy wife will twine for thee as fair a wreath
As this I twine——
Ingomar. My wife! Me, and a wife!
Parthenia. Art thou not married then?
Ingomar (*striking his sword*). This is my wife!
My trusty shield, my wife! my spear, my wife!
Bid him who will fling off what his good luck
Hath won! bid him the daughter from her sire
Purchase for cattle, slaves, or ruddy gold;
Then on the morrow rue the hasty change.
I sounder counsel keep, and better wares.
Parthenia. Good Heavens!
Ingomar. Well! why dost thou stare at me
Amazed? What aileth thee?
Parthenia. What then! ye woo
With gold? with mean, vile gold, ye woo your brides!
Ye buy, exchange them? They themselves but slaves,
For slaves like them? Oh, ye eternal gods!
Are women merchandise?
Ingomar. What aileth thee?
Women are servants through the world, methinks,
And, with them, we in truth are not severe.
Parthenia. Nay? are ye not, ye most benignant lords?
Would that my spirit dwelt for one short day
In your wives' hearts——
Ingomar. Softly. Wherefore revile?
We follow our own customs, and ye yours.
For ye, thou said'st it, from your own choice wed,
Nor heed whate'er your fathers' wish may be.
Parthenia. We hear them, and we do what our heart wills,
Not to the highest bidder do we fall:
We all, Massalia's freeborn daughters we,
Are by affection bound with bands as light,
As fragrant as the garland in my hands;
'Tis love that guides us to a wooer's arms.
Ingomar. Love! Ye wed for love! Ha! What does that mean?
Parthenia. To wed for love?
Ingomar. E'en so. Brothers in arms
Many and true have I. And heartily
Many brave friends I love. But wed, thou sayest,
For love? Love——now, what is love?
Parthenia. What is it?
Mother says that of all earthly things it is
The sweetest, 'tis the heaven of life. But I,
I never felt it.
Ingomar. Never? Truly not?
Parthenia. Aye, truly not.
(*Looking with pleasure at the wreath she is twining.*)
But look! How beautiful!
Here, if I had them, should be scarlet flowers.

Ingomar. On yonder bush the glowing blossoms lie
Like richest purple.
Parthenia. How sayest thou? yonder?
Ha! What brilliant red! They will be gorgeous;
Go, then, I pray thee, gather some for me.
Ingomar (*moves forward hastily, but suddenly stops*).
I for *thee!*
Parthenia. But bring the freshest only,
The most perfect.
Ingomar (*aside*). The lord obey his slave?
Yet wherefore not? Poor maiden, she is weary.
Parthenia. Now, thou lingerest——
Ingomar. Thou shalt this moment have
The freshest and most dewy buds 'neath which
The boughs are bending.
(*He goes away quickly to the left.*)

The progress of taming the wild man goes on, it can be easily understood from this first beginning, rapidly:

Ingomar. I pray thee talk to me about thy home,
And what yet more thy mother said to thee.
Tell all. I will sit by thee.
Parthenia. Nay, not here!
Thou pressest into fragments all my flowers.
Ingomar (*sitting down at her feet*). Then will I seat me here.
And now, say on!
Parthenia. But what am I to tell thee?
Ingomar. Tell me how
Ye love and wed; how Love doth come and go,
And what Love is; *this* tell me. By the gods!
To me the word is like a deep, deep sea;
Fain would I know what sand 'tis lies beneath.
Parthenia. How Love doth come—swiftly, so mother said.
She said——. But reach yon violet here, I pray!—
Love is a fire, enkindled by a glance,
Fostered in dreams, and fanned by thought to flame;
Love is a star that leads us up towards heaven;
A grain of gold 'mong the grey sands of life;
And when full weary of this world, the gods
Winged their way upward to the starry vault,
Bearing away whate'er they owned on earth,
'Twas Love alone they left forgotten here.
Ingomar (*who has not moved his eye from its gaze at Parthenia, after a pause*). I perceive it not——
Parthenia. Nor I—for mother says,
We only learn by feeling. But I know
An old, old song that seems, at least to me,
To speak more plainly. Now, how runs it?—Thus:
(*She speaks slowly, as if trying to recollect the song.*)
"My heart, my heart, 'tis thee I ask to tell
What is true love? how shall I know its spell?"
"The souls are two, their sympathies are one;
The hearts are two, their beat is unison."
"Once more, my heart, tell me whence love doth come?"
"It comes unseen—and here it makes its home."
"Tell me again—how doth it disappear?"
"If that can be, 'tis not true love was here."
Ingomar. Say on, I pray.
Parthenia. I know no more.

Ingomar (*eagerly*). Think, think!
Parthenia. I have thought much, yet cannot it recal,
At some chance time it may return, and then—
I must have roses here; down yonder see
A bush in blossom. And *such* roses! There
Will I go. Guard thou my flowers and garland.
(*She springs up, pours the flowers and wreath into Ingomar's lap, and runs off to the left.*)
Ingomar (*after a pause, without changing his position, but speaking to himself in deep reverie*).
"The souls are two, their sympathies are one;
The hearts are two, their beat is unison."

The interference of the Gauls, however, soon brings matters to a crisis. The chiefs urge a foray in the land of the Allobroges. "When wilt thou that we march?" they insist upon to Ingomar.

March hence! go home!
Homewards! Aye, to their home, not mine! To me,
To me it seemeth as though this were home;
As though I here were born, and here had first
Opened mine infant eyelids to the light;
As though life were not life till I came here.

Urged by passion, the still untamed chief would insult his slave, and angered by her contempt, he draws his sword upon her, but love arrests his arm. The impatient chiefs, in the mean time, to break the spell, claim a share in the Greek girl, and attempt to remove her by force; but this only entails the death of one of their number, and Ingomar, weary of the arduous task of keeping so lawless a tribe in bounds, declares that the slave-girl shall be his only, and he will be free from all.

The story of Ingomar quitting the camp in company with the once more freeborn daughter of Massalia, she carrying his spear and shield, and he a basket with strawberries, is picturesquely told. Together, after many adventures, including, among others, the meeting with her father and other Greeks who had come to her rescue, they reach Massalia, where Ingomar settles down as a scholar to learn the customs and modes of life of civilised people, and among the Greeks to be a Greek.

The Tectosagen, however, furious at the loss of their chief, whom they believe to have been led captive into bondage, come down to besiege Massalia. The Greek Timarch urges Ingomar to go to their camp, and there to obtain such information as will enable the citizens to surprise the foe and annihilate them by night. This, although Parthenia, citizenship, a house and land, and thirty ounces of silver, are proffered as a reward, Ingomar nobly refuses to do. Myron's fair daughter, roused as of yore by the honesty of her lover, prepares to share the exile to which he is doomed in punishment of his obduracy; when the arrival of the Gaulish chiefs enables Ingomar to explain that he is there by his own free will, a treaty of friendship and alliance is cemented, and the "Child of the Wold" obtains

The city's freedom: house and homestead, aye,
And her hand, Parthenia's hand.

WEST SCHLESWIG.*

The North Sea is often called a sea of death, and its shores a coast of wrecks. Not without reason. Lashed up by the stormy wind from the cold depths of the Arctic Ocean, the waves know neither pity nor repentance, spare neither man nor the work of his hands, and demolish their own labour by beating down the sand-banks which they themselves have raised. Wrecks and strandings are strewn along the coast, and carcases of mighty vessels show where great Indiamen have been dashed to pieces, and their crews drowned. Legends are rife of bales and chests of treasure held fast in the long sedge for centuries. Look at the coasts of West Schleswig, where the outline of the sand-hills peers from out the deceitful fogs, and then hear the history of the wearing away of the island-coast and of the fall of an undermined down, behind which lies the Friesland Marsh.

Where the Rungholter sand or watt is now, there was a dry fruitful land in the year 1300, containing more than thirty parishes. The present halligs or islands formed, with Nordstrand, the pearl of Friesland, Nordstrand being divided only by narrow streams from Fohr and Amrum. The western coast was protected by sand-hills from the waves of the sea, and where the downs were interrupted by a rivulet, the flat meadows were sheltered from inundation by dykes and dams. Affluence had, however, a bad effect upon the inhabitants, and they forgot to work and to pray. A violent north-west wind drove the mountainous waves against the banks and dykes with such force, that these barricades yielded, and the unruly floods came tumbling over the country. Houses, churches, and mills were overwhelmed, men and cattle perished, and Rungholt was converted to a smooth lake, upon which dead bodies, the ruins of habitations, furniture, and tools were seen in the moonlight floating about.

And so Rungholt became a watt, for a watt is nothing more nor less than a barren island, which storm, water, and ice have stripped of its garb of grass and bright clover, replacing it with a coat of slime, in which marine animals abound.

The mainland is intersected by rivers, and in the same manner the watts are divided by channels filled by the sea. Viewed from a church tower on the mainland coast, the whole country looks, at ebb-tide, like a vast network of silver thread, woven in meshes of various size and form, the larger being patches of lovely green. These green patches are the halligs of the North Sea, and the mounds springing from them, surmounted by houses, are the moles. The mud on the borders is peopled by birds in search of prey, and on every sand-bank at the extremity of the watt herds of seals disport themselves, and there, too, the dolphins dance with the returning tide.

Upon the hallig-ground it is as impossible to build as in the bed of the sea, for the hallig-ground is at the time of the gales nothing better than the bed of the sea. The hallig-man must, therefore, if he wishes to build a house, throw up a high hill or mole to resist the waves. This erection is no light task; large pieces of green sod must be lifted from

* Halligenbuch. Eine untergehende Inselwelt. Von C. Johansen. Schleswig: Heiberg.

the earth, and piled one above another in layers until the mole has reached the proper height; and great care must be taken that the sides have no even surface, as in that case the waves would quickly burrow underneath, and the whole building topple over into the sea. As soon as the lower part is complete, the stout oaken piles which support the house are sunk; these are united by a strong cross-beam, and the whole foundation is covered with soil and grass. Then the walls are reared, and the four corners of the piles are further strengthened by timber attached to the cross-beam. The moles generally contain several houses, sometimes a little village. Ketelswarf, in Langenese, had fourteen houses.

The interior of a hallig-house is simple in arrangement. Above the door is a stone gable, the high point of which looks far out to sea; the straw roofs are covered with turf, and from every summit peeps a chimney; the seams and crannies on the outside are filled up with chalk, the window-frames and doors painted dark green. Entering the front door, we pass through a narrow passage leading to the tiny garden, and arrive first at the sitting-room, and farther on at the kitchen; beyond the dwelling-room lies the pesel, or state-room, and a little bedroom. The sitting-room, or donsen, is arranged like the cabin of a ship; in the wooden wall facing the door are rows of beds, placed in recesses and shut in by doors. Between the two principal beds hangs the Dutch clock, in its own niche, and with its great face ornamented with figures of mermaids. In one corner of the room, over the supplementary oven, also in a recess, is the glass cupboard, in which glisten handsome china and glass, and in the wall between the kitchen and sitting-room is the cooking-oven. Upon the panels of the door, on the cornices of the bed-wall and the doors, are a variety of rough sketches—animals, water-lilies, and other flowers, intermingled with proverbs. Sometimes, too, there are drawings of ships and shipwrecks upon the blue walls, and many associations are connected with them, handed down from one generation to another. Fastened to the wall under the window is a wooden bench, the seat of which can be lifted up, so that it serves at the same time as a chest; and before this bench is the great oaken table, the lower part being a cupboard to preserve the remnants of the meal, that nothing may be wasted. Round the table stand chairs of stout oak also, the backs and rests for the arms carved by strong-bearded men from the bones of whales and other wonders of the deep. There are further ranged round the room blue and green painted chests, bearing names and dates, containing linen, and they must be well filed if the mother and daughter wish to preserve the reputation of thrifty housekeepers. Besides the ordinary furniture, there are many things we do not expect to find. The father and sons, who have travelled as sailors under every climate, have brought many curious productions home to decorate the walls. On the right and left are suspended plumes of bright feathers; upon the wardrobe stand works of art in Chinese stone, coloured shells from the West Indies, and corals from the south. The pesel differs from the sitting-room only by being larger, and is never used excepting at christenings, marriages, and burials, when there is not space for the company in the common room. Half, and more than half, of the house is occupied in farming business. Rearing of cattle is carried on to some extent in the halligs, for the animals crop the salt grass with delight, and large rooms are required for the sheep and cows—horses there are none—with their necessary provender.

Close to every house there is a carefully walled cistern, to which some subterranean pipes conduct water from a circular cavity, or fething, but as this cavity is lower than the cisterns, after any long drought the water is unable to run into it, and at such times the levers round the fething are employed. There also belongs to the fething a schotel, or little pond, outside the circle of houses, larger in circumference than a fething, and better adapted to catch the rain and snow, protected from the sea by a dyke. The schotel is connected by a pipe with the fething, but it can be separated by a plug, and prevented from delivering up its water, or, on the contrary, the water can be all withdrawn. As soon as the white heads of the waves begin to dash over the mole, and warn the Frisians of a coming flood, they fill every tub and cask, and generally succeed in getting over this time of privation.

Every month of the year brings its own pleasure and distress, each season clothes the halligs and dykes in appropriate garb. The clothing of summer is a holiday and festive dress; even the sea-wrack left behind by the floods has a brighter, more cheerful colour than in winter. Grey sand-snipes, red-legged ospreys, and sea-swallows enliven the coast, build their nests upon the knolls of mud and sand projecting from the heaps of dried mussels, run here and there, fly out upon the dam, and fill the air with their cries, in an attempt to decoy the boys away from their search for eggs. The sea-gulls have turned a deserted hallig into a prodigious colony, and with their white plumage shine like silver against the emerald green of the meadow. The tern, high in the air, seems to be standing still, and to move her wings for her own pleasure, as she observes the motions of a little fish below, shoots down like an arrow, plunges into the water, and reappears with her prey. There goes a whole band of gulls to tear up on dry land the plunder they have taken from the sea, developing even during the repast their robber character by seizing their neighbour's tit-bit.

It is early morning. Not a breath of wind ripples the surface of the water. The groups of houses lie silent and peaceful upon their high mounds, the columns of smoke from the chimneys alone testifying that the houses are inhabited. The sea air refreshes and invigorates wonderfully, and the horizon is so broad that an island is discovered that should be out of sight, and the ear becomes so sharp that you distinguish the whizzing of the birds in the placid heaven, the dolphins tumbling in the dyke-streams, and the rolling of the breakers on the other side of the western island, the crown of which is lighted up by the sun.

The chimneys have ceased to smoke. The inhabitants have no doubt broken their fast, and are equipping themselves for the work of the day. Old men, young and old women, and children are now coming down from the mole with snow-white cloths upon their arms and long rakes on their shoulders. The young folk skip gaily down the steps, and soon they have reached the meadows and begin to carry away the heaps of hay. There is no such thing as a waggon, horse, or beast of burden; so the hay is tied up in the large sheets, and carried in bundles upon their heads to the house door, where from time immemorial a haystack has been built under the dormer-window in the gable, to be transferred to the house in the afternoon or evening. The hay harvest—and they have no other—is performed by women and girls; the young men and boys going to gain their livelihood upon the sea.

Upon that neglected mole, abandoned twenty years ago, lived a poor

widow. Guda had been five years a widow. Her brave husband had fallen a victim, abroad, to the yellow fever, leaving behind him nothing but a hut on the borders of the mole, and three children, two boys and a little girl. Guda mourned for her husband, not for one year only, but for her whole lifetime, as do all the hallig widows, and never was seen adorned in coloured ribbons or bright stuffs. She worked, and taught her children to work, spending every day satisfactorily; going tired to rest, and rising refreshed to renewed labour. The sons go to school, and in the evening drive home the flock of sheep which maintains them; the mother and daughter spin the wool from the flock, and from time to time the draper from the mainland comes round to purchase the jackets and stockings which their skilful fingers have knitted. The widow can buy flour, and yet have sufficient to place a dollar upon the altar at Christmas, in token of gratitude that her children enjoy the blessings of Christianity, and that they are taught to read and write. After a succession of fruitful years there comes a bad season; the weather has been stormy during the whole of the spring, and hardly has the first hay been gathered and the second mown, when the flood comes, inundating the whole hallig. The children are at school, and Guda is in the meadow alone. She carries the hay, already piled up, into the old barn; the damp grass she collects with a rake to drag up the mole. The little flock of sheep feeding in the hollow does not perceive the danger to which it is exposed. Guda must drive the senseless creatures up the mole, for the tide is approaching rapidly. The sheep, clipped of their wool, stand with curved backs, shivering with cold as the spray dashes over them. The widow has drawn the green hay together, and now endeavours, step by step, to force her flock into the hayloft. Sheep and hay are carefully sheltered, and she sinks upon the ground utterly weary. Soon she rouses herself to fall upon her knees, and to entreat Him who commands the waves to save and protect her.

Then in imagination she sees the Saviour standing before her, just as he is represented in the picture above the altar of the hallig church, at which she had so frequently gazed, extending his hand to Peter and drawing him out of the waves. The flood retires, and Guda returns to her children with the flock. It was a joyful evening in the hallig cottage when mother and children, reunited, could give heartfelt thanks to God.

Life upon the halligs is in no wise deficient in pleasure, for its contented people find happiness in trifles, and appreciate unimportant matters. The season of hay harvest is a real festivity, if the weather be fine and the crop luxuriant; and another time of rejoicing is the sheep-shearing. A herd of dazzling white sheep, with their bleating lambs, is a pleasing sight, and beyond the beauty is the utility, for the sheep is to Schleswig what the reindeer is to yet more northern districts. The sheep nourishes the Frisian with milk and flesh, and clothes him by yielding his fleece. With the wool of his sheep the hallig-man goes to the markets of Wyck, Bredstedt, and Husum to procure flour and articles of luxury. For the hallig people, although living, as they themselves admit, outside the world, have still been bitten by civilisation, drink coffee and tea, and must have sugar and tobacco as well as other folks. They have also fine cloth Sunday suits, and the hallig girls and women wear silver, sometimes gold, buttons in their Sunday bodices, and gilt or gold rings and earrings. Let us not forget that in the halligs there is a wide difference between Sunday clothes, proper church-going costume,

and the dress for the Sunday afternoon and week' days. State clothes are only worn during service, and changed before meal-time.

The islands have no trees, and the gardens are the smallest in the world, containing nothing more than a few herbs for cooking purposes. Gooseberries, apples, and pears must be sought upon the mainland, and no fir-tree delights the children at Christmas.

The scattered clouds and the raw air announce that autumn has already held her reception. Upon the hallig the flocks now feeding are grey: they are troops of wild geese who choose the eye of the sea as a resting-place for two or three weeks during their migrations. Other harbingers of winter pass high in the air, and a strange song resounds from above, intermingling its mysterious notes with the murmuring of the sea. We look up to see the swans crossing over to the continent. Then the little skiffs, with their gay pennons fluttering aloft, return. They are the carriers, who have been to the October markets at Wyck and Fohr to lay in provisions for the hallig people's winter. The weather-beaten captain, who has just reached the landing-place, has promised his aged father to bring him a coffin as a fairing; for the old man thinks his eighty-eighth winter will be his last upon earth, and he wishes to sleep every night in this trunk from the Wyck market until he is carried away in it and quietly buried in the heavy clay. For the granddaughter there is a different fairing displayed—a cradle for the baby crowing in her arms. How cheerfully they gossip together, these merchants. They are returned from the great world, and are telling their impressions and experiences.

The equinoctial gales are approaching. Two high tides have swept the halligs clean, and the ponds are filled up to the brim with water. Then the frost sets in, but ice is seen for some time on the schlotels only, for the uneasy sea refuses obstinately to be imprisoned. Calm days succeed, with more severe frosts, and the dykes are closed in with a thin plate of ice. The flood, however, makes one more effort, breaks through the ice, and piles the blocks one upon another, surrounding the hallig with the ruins, and then at last consents to its coverlet of ice. The sea presents, as far as the eye can reach, one sheet of ice, but beware of trusting yourself far out on the treacherous bridge uniting island to island. The dyke-streams under the ice will again expand and emerge, making the ice rise and fall, and show great gashes and wounds, which are, according to the intensity of the frost, streams of water or caves of ice. These openings are essential to the welfare of the birds which winter in these countries. The fishes find themselves very unhappy in their confined quarters, so they come up in swarms for air, and hardly do they appear when they are seized and eaten by their winged enemies made vigilant by hunger.

Snow is of great importance to the inhabitants of the hallig; much snow gives much water, fills the fethings, moistens the hardened lands, and washes the salt from them. The snow of winter reminds us here, more than elsewhere, of the silence of death. Everywhere it is deserted and desolate. The sea has ceased to bluster, the steep coast against which the floods beat are enclosed in hills of snow, so that the meeting of earth and water is no longer perceptible. Not a tree, not a bush breaks the line, and there is nothing to assert that life has penetrated here; it seems improbable that those half-buried houses should be tenanted, for everything upon the moles is motionless as death. And

yet these houses are homes, and their inmates cheerful and busy people. The herds and flocks live under the same roof as their keepers, and require at this time most particular care; the girls and women spin, weave, and knit the wool of their own flocks, and the grandfather makes fishing-nets and eel-baskets. In the evening they assemble to sit up, as they term their evening visits, and the sitting up is no dreary business; it is then that they begin the round of legends, heard year after year with unflagging interest, and wound up each night with the Dutch clock in the corner.

"I cannot tell you," says Herr Johansen, "what I, a son of Friesland, experience when, upon a fine summer's day, I leave the island of Husum to visit the halligs, and the boat passes swiftly from deep to shallow water, while the houses upon the mole are so still that they seem bewailing the sad fate of beautiful Friesland. Then I can find nothing to say to the boatman, nothing to ask him, and he is silent also, for he is a Frisian, and thinks with pain of the time when corn-fields flourished where our path is traced in foam. But as soon as I have reached the hallig, and have been made hospitably welcome by the inhabitants, my tongue is set free, and question and answer follow in quick succession."

To-day I start for a roam on the marshy watt. My friendly hostess has procured a guide from Fach, who would undertake to find out his position at dead of night. I have drawn on a pair of long sea-boots, and accoutred myself in a sailor's dress, for the slime will leave marks which a brush could never obliterate. Now we are ready. "May Providence protect you should a fog come on over the marsh," the old lady calls after us. My companion thinks there is no likelihood of such a catastrophe, and we march gaily along. The red-legged, black-frocked osprey and the great wild-duck stare at us as we wade through the mud which conceals their food; and the tern, who is looking down from higher ground at her tender brood, seems to think that our tour is intended only to disturb her dear little ones. So she comes swooping down over our heads in ever-diminishing circles, shrieking, "Creia! creia!" "This is his punishment, to be forced to fly round the coasts of our islands in the form of a screaming sea-swallow," remarked my grave conductor, as he told me the history of the wicked King Frederick, who, together with his evil counsellors, had been transformed into terns, who dare build only on hallig ground, for which they must fight with the waves, the storm, and the wind. I am always glad to hear an intelligent man speak of the tales and sayings of his native land, so I begged him to give me the narrative of the Norstrand inundation.

A flood is the most terrible thing that can be imagined. From fire there is chance of escape, but the hallig-man cannot fly from the mole, and the soil that bears the mole, when the sea knocks at his door; he cannot refuse if the waves insist on admittance. When there is such war between the elements, the coy sea-birds become tame, and cling moaning to the sides of the mole, while the crested waves sprinkle the roof of the house with foam; the house shakes in its foundations, and the inhabitants feel themselves no longer safe in it. Yet they must remain, for whither shall they fly?

On the evening of the 11th of October, 1634, the people of Nordstrand looked out with anxious fear at the dykes and dams, against which the tide had dashed, and no man could doubt that they would soon give way. The advance of the waters, and their persistent beating, made the

bravest despair, put an end to all merriment, silenced the mocker, and bade him fear God; taught men to believe and to pray, and to remember the dispenser of life and death. The outer dyke broke in four-and-twenty places, and the flood of the North Sea was poured upon the land. Nordstrand was not only to be laid under water, and converted into a barren land, but was to be blotted out from the face of the earth. On that fearful night, when the torrents spread over the plains, they rooted up every symptom of cultivation, and left only the upper parts of the moles and the houses visible; then fresh masses of water came, and the moles also disappeared. The waves were on the threshold, and the cowering people strapped themselves to beams and boards; the walls fell in, and the horses and cattle neighed and lowed in their stalls; the floods rose higher and higher, lifting the timber and floorings with them, so that the beams groaned and cracked, and the piles, hundreds of years old, could bear up no longer. The roofs floated about in the boisterous sea like fragile toys, but the people held fast to the ruins till the relentless waves of the North Sea shook them off. The dawn of the 12th of October illumined this picture of destruction. Out of twenty parishes there were but four remaining, and from ten thousand inhabitants there were but two thousand six hundred living. Everything was lost, house, home, cattle, and harvest; even the soil and ground was gone. Some of the inhabitants of the central districts had sought refuge upon a high moor, and there waited for the sinking of the tide, wet, shivering with cold, and deprived of every means of sustenance. How could they survive the approaching winter? In time of great distress there comes proportionate help. Their neighbours upon the Schleswig mainland showed a noble zeal in assisting the helpless people of Nordstrand, sending provisions, clothes, and money to the desolate islands. The remnant saved built houses and huts upon the sterile moor, and the unusual number of fishes preserved them from death by famine.

What did the prince of the land do for his oppressed subjects? Nothing to alleviate their misery, but he issued a command to rebuild the dykes and dams, threatening in case of non-compliance to withdraw their right to the land, and grant it to others wealthy enough to provide fresh dams. As might be expected, they could not obey the mandate of their prince, so the latter called some foreigners—Dutchmen and Brabanters—into the land.

By the time my guide had finished his long account of Frederick's evil deed we had reached a high sand-bank, upon which were several hillocks, having darker-coloured rings of soil at their base, which, with the sand-bank, were daily covered with water. These were ancient moles, upon which houses had stood; and my guide showed me, at a little distance, the church mole. We walked over it, and could distinguish the consecrated places where hymns had been raised to the glory of God, and men had cultivated a Christian belief. And see, we are wandering over the graves of old Frisians; there is a gravestone that the sea has thoroughly cleansed. "Here rests," stands engraven upon it; but the bones of the dead have found no rest in the grave, for the waves have borne away the bier and its contents. My guide next leads me to a spot whence a grey island can be seen, bearing a resemblance to the garden of Eden, in so much that it is surrounded by a stream, uniting in itself four other streams. There many skeletons of domestic animals have been found, and my guide makes the correct observation that they

have been collected by the meeting of the four streams—two ebb and two tide streams. We ourselves found a lamp of a strange old-fashioned form, which had, perhaps, shed its pale light upon a Frisian dwelling-room in the hour of trial; or could it be the lamp of the faithful sister?

We walked on, alternately wading through wide streams and little gutters. At length we reached the termination of our journey. The Schleswig swamp says, "Thus far, and no farther;" and we dared not wade on, for many adventurous spirits have here met their death.

It was time to return. We heard a hollow roar and a splash in the west. The great waves were announcing their speedy arrival, and bade us turn our steps homewards; the streams were filling up on the right and left. There we were, only three miles from the hallig. But look! the grey man is enveloping the marsh with his mantle, and obscuring every object around. I thought of the old woman's warning, and looked sharply at my companion. "It may turn out badly," he said, "but we must keep our heads cool, and go straight on." So on we went, trying to catch a glimpse of our footprints, but ineffectually. Soon the tide came rushing up, and the streams and gutters before and behind us widened out into great arms of the sea. My guide stood still, listening. "That was a horn; and again a second horn. There is no longer any fear, so let us go along briskly." In spite of fatigue, we quickened our pace. The horns were still blowing, and we could hear that the sound was growing gradually more distinct, so that we must be approaching the border of the hallig. Suddenly we saw before us a high wall, upon which stood several tall figures puffing away with all their might. It was the hallig, and the figures were those of men.

All anxiety was at an end, and two hours later I lay in a high downy bed in a niche of the house-wall. In my dreams I had to conquer the grey man again, but I did not wake until the sun had risen in the heavens, and revealed the inscription at the foot of my couch: "Have I not remembered thee in my slumber, and thought upon thee when I awakened?"

THE GOLDEN INGOTS.

I WELL remember, in a winter's night,
A tale that fell from my dear father's lips
On little wondering ears around his hearth—
A legend of the century that's past.

The neighbourhood of which he spake was rich
In deep historic interest. Ages back,
In yon green meadow, where swift Otter flows,
Wild streamlet of the West, now ankle-deep,
Now raging, rain-swollen, o'er its shelving banks,
The scattered host of Cornwall's hardy sons
Dropped their rebellious standard, raised to guard
Their ancient faith, and fell beneath the blows
Of Tudor Edward's soldiers, mingled with
Hirelings of German and Italian blood.

Another age beheld the iron bands
Of conquering Fairfax widely quartered, free,
Upon the inmates of the neighbouring town,

Their horses stabled 'neath the twin-towered church
(Enough to rouse loyal Otho from his grave,
Where sleeps the knight beneath his sculptured arch),
Till Pestilence and Death, Heaven's ministers,
Drove the invaders from their godless lair.

Strange tales of treasures, buried to escape
The foeman's search, were rife; and stories, too,
Of convoys plundered, messengers waylaid
Upon the king's high road, laden with gold;
What time from the far-distant Western Main
Rich-freighted argosies, armed to the teeth,
Discharged their cargoes on the banks of Plym,
Or where on beetling cliff the castle kept
The entrance to the land-locked port of Dart,
Thundering its welcome to the venturous sails
Of Hawkins, Grenville, Raleigh, prince of men.

But to my tale. It chanced upon a day
An husbandman of stalwart arm was sent
To dig away an ancient fence which stood
'Twixt two well-watered meadows, to the waste
Of many a rood of pasture. By his side
Laboured a youth, strong-bodied, but his tongue
The providence of God had doomed to mute,
Inglorious silence, and his mind was blest
With but scant measure of intelligence.

Through the long day they plied their task with hook
Uplifted and with pickaxe, delving 'mid
The tangled roots of ancient pollards, spread
Deep-seated in the stones and clinging clay.
Sudden the elder, Roger, struck upon
A rude rough mass of closely fitting stones,
And beckoned to his fellow to assist
And roll them off; when quickly came to view
Such treasures as we read by fairy hands
Bestowed on favoured mortals—one, two, three
Wedges of molten gold, untarnished, bright
As from the moulder's hand, with nought beside
To tell their history. The labourers paused
In dull amazement, but the elder strove
To check the curious pryings of the lad,
And, as the sun was sinking, covered up
The new-found treasure till to-morrow's dawn.

Meanwhile, at dead of night he slyly crept
Back to the spot, unearthed the glittering prize,
And bore it off securely, resolute
To turn his back upon his home, and haste
To find a market for his golden store.

And morning came, but Roger was not found,
And the mute idiot shrugged his shoulders oft
With roguish leer, as if he could a tale
Unfold; and led the neighbours to the spot,
And with strange gestures strove to satisfy
Their questions, and clear up the mystery
Of yesternight, his comrade's hasty 'scape,
And all the wonderment he could not tell.

But where was Roger? He had trudged away
To London city, found a dealer, sold
His "treasure-trove," perhaps for half its worth

In golden guineas, lived awhile in ease
And scenes unwonted, till his simple heart,
Sated with pleasures of the noisy Town,
Longed for the sweets of home, and bade him turn
His weary footsteps thither, haply full
Of one whose love he cherished, whom he hoped
To share his fortune. Well, alack! for him
Had he contented borne the burden back
On those broad shoulders which had strained beneath
The massive wedges! But disuse had dulled
His energies, and made him shrink from toil
Erst unregarded. So he packed the coins,
With all his worldly goods, to travel down
By carrier's waggon to his former home,
And followed leisurely along the road.

Be sure, no small amazement seized upon
His old employer, when the box arrived
Heralding Roger's coming. Secretly
He stowed away the package unobserved
Of neighbouring eyes, until the owner came
And claimed it, much the same in bulk and weight
As when he sent it off, and undisturbed
To all appearance.

For a night he slept
Upon his treasures, full of golden dreams—
His purchased cottage, and green paddock near,
And Cicely, with dairy, cow, and pigs,
And poultry—and, perchance, in distant view,
His little ones climbing their father's knee,
Or plucking gently at their mother's gown.

But, list that shriek! From Roger's room it shot
Next morning through the ears of those that heard
That cry of death, which they shall ne'er forget!
Bursting the door (fastened within the while
That he explored the casket of his hopes),
The neighbours found him sunk back in his chair,
Heart-broken, dead, staring with sightless eyes
Upon the open chest—no gold within,
But weighted with such pebbles as the brook,
That bubbled close beside, washed from the hills.

Little availed the stolen wealth to bless
The stealer. He, on whom suspicion fell,
Dropping his head in shame beneath the gaze
Of conscious neighbours, quickly fled the place;
And his sons squandered what he basely won.

And Dummy—so they named the speechless boy—
Lived to a good old age, whether with more
Of rogue or fool in his capacities
'Twere hard to say. I recollect him well;
And oft he would endeavour to describe
The doings of that eve, with upraised arms
And crouching shoulders, striving to display
The weight of Roger's treasures, till he seemed
Like Atlas staggering 'neath the weight of heaven.

Peace to his ashes! If he knew aught more
Than I have told, the secret died with him.

S. W. C.

THE ARLINGTONS:

SKETCHES FROM MODERN LIFE.

BY A LOOKER-ON.

PART THE FIRST.

I.

MRS. ARLINGTON.

IT was a showery day in the beginning of April, cold and raw, the wind howling, and the hailstones every now and then beating against the windows of a house in Eaton-square. But cheerful fires were burning in more than one drawing-room, in the dining-room, and in the library, while in the basement story, in the housekeeper's room, the servants' hall, the butler's pantry, and of course the kitchen, the grates were heaped with blazing coals, for servants always take care of their own comforts, regardless of the expense, which does not come out of their own pockets.

It might have been Christmas, rather than on the eve of summer, as far as the weather went, but so it is in this uncertain climate, which John Bull sturdily maintains to be the finest in the world. If John Bull would only reflect upon the number of deaths from consumption, bronchitis, diphtheria, rheumatic gout, and even severe colds, he would perhaps not be so boastful. But he has been brought up in the belief that "there is no country like England," and he will go down to his grave with the same happy conviction.

The house alluded to in Eaton-square was handsomely furnished, and comfortable in all respects, and its inmates ought to have been contented. But were they so?

Not any of them, perhaps, except the Paterfamilias and his youngest son, a boy about thirteen years of age, a sharp lad, but rather given to mischief, and fond of teasing his elder sisters. This young gentleman, Master Lionel, had made up his mind to go into the navy, much to the distress of his mother, who could not endure the idea that her darling—for he was her favourite child—should enter a profession wherein he would run so many risks, and which would exile him almost constantly from home. But Master Lionel had a will of his own, and very decided he was as to the superior advantages of life in a man-of-war over life on shore.

His elder sisters were not sorry for his penchant; he was rather a thorn in their side, and was often ill natured enough to fish out their ages from a record of their respective births and christenings, kept in the fly-leaf of an old family Bible, and to blurt out his knowledge on the subject at inconvenient seasons. The family Bible disappeared; search was made for it in vain, and finally a poor charwoman, who was sometimes sent for in order to assist the lazy servants, was blamed with having stolen it, and, on the principle of "giving a dog a bad name," &c., she was forbidden to enter the house again.

Miss Cornelia, one of the elder daughters, could have cleared the poor woman's character, and told where the tell-tale Bible was. But she prudently held her tongue, and, though she was an ultra-religious young lady, it probably never occurred to her that she was doing wrong. Ultra-religious people, as well as people of ultra-fine feelings, often patronise two rules of conduct—one for themselves, one for other people. Had any of the tiny children at one of the charity schools which Miss Cornelia sedulously attended hidden in fun or otherwise a penny book, and another child had been accused of stealing it, and punished for the theft, and had the real culprit been found out, not one of the lady visitors to the school would have been so anxious to inflict an exemplary punishment upon the little sinner as Miss Cornelia; yet she would not have allowed that she was just as blamable as the charity child—indeed, much more blamable—for she ought to have known better.

The father of Miss Cornelia and Master Lionel was a partner in a banking-house in the City of high repute; he was also an M.P. for some place in the south of England, though he did not often trouble the House to listen to his oratory. It is a mercy that some members are able to hold their tongues, for though all the twaddle that is indulged in in the House of Commons may be useful in filling the daily newspapers, it is very tiresome for general readers, if indeed it has any readers except the idlers who assemble at the club-houses, and have nothing better to do than to spell through the papers of the day.

Mr. Arlington gave all that was required of him—his vote; and so the vote was given when required, it did not matter whether it came from an ass or a wiseacre. Query, whether do asses or wiseacres prevail in the House? If ever Mr. Arlington attempted to make a speech in the House of Commons, he hummed and hawed most awfully. Why? Because he had had to get his speech by heart, it having been written for him by his better-half, a lady who thought herself very clever, and who ruled him and their family with, not a rod, but a reed of iron.

She was a placid, pleasant person apparently; but with her it was according to the Italian proverb, "Cheto fuor, commoto dentro." She was always engendering schemes, many more than one-half of which were sure to fail.

Mrs. Arlington was the daughter of a baronet in the north of England, who was neither rich nor influential, and was therefore thankful to Providence when his eldest daughter married a London banker.

It could not be called a *love-match;* a matrimonial union which sometimes took place in those former days, but which, of course, is now utterly exploded, and never heard of in society. But though not based upon *red-hot love*, according to an Irish lady's definition of the mutual attraction which drew people sometimes into matrimony, the engagement, not to be parted till death, was entered into in a very comfortable spirit by both parties, and they jogged on through life in quite a creditable manner. Mr. and Mrs. Arlington had eleven children, a plentiful store of olive-branches, of which three were boys, eight were girls.

It was with great dismay that Mrs. Arlington received the intelligence of the sex of each succeeding girl. Her husband took the infliction with more equanimity. He did not seem to think it signified much whether

the new arrivals in this world of trouble were of the male or female sex, and hardly understood his wife when she said, with a groan:

"What are we to do with all these girls?"

"Why, have them nursed, and fed, and clothed, and educated, my dear," replied the simple M.P.

"But when they have been fed, clothed, and educated, what then?" asked the lady, impatiently.

"Upon my soul, I don't know. I suppose they'll do as others do."

"They might do very well if you could give them fifteen or twenty thousand pounds apiece, Arlington, but as you can't do that, I don't know what is to become of them."

At such fretful remarks Mr. Arlington would shrug his shoulders, and exclaim:

"Well, well, there's time enough to think of their wedding portions, if portions they must have," and take himself off to study his beloved newspaper, while the lady would fall back on her sofa or her couch, lost in unpleasant reveries. And here she was, this chill, gloomy April day, brooding over the unpleasant fact that not one of her daughters had ever yet had a matrimonial offer, and the youngest of the eight was actually seventeen years of age!

"It is really dreadful!" she exclaimed to herself. "Here is Fanny, she will never see thirty again, yet no one seems to be thinking of her. And Cornelia is treading closely on her heels. Richard, thank Heaven! makes a break in the chain of girls, but then come Letitia, and Aurelia, and Eleanor. Silvester, happily, is a young man, yet he is no great comfort, for he spends so much money at Cambridge. It would have been better if he had been put into the bank, but he would not go. It is a million of pities, for he is as wanting in abilities as his poor father, and has not got his small portion of common sense. Maria, at any rate, is young and good-looking, and might do very well if she were not so eaten up with affectation. As to Julia and Amelia, they must be kept back as long as possible. I always speak of them as if they were mere children still. But that won't do for ever. Eight daughters! what a terrible infliction! And really there is nobody to help me to get them off. My sister, Lady Danby, might be of great use if she would, for Admiral Danby has always lots of naval officers at his house, and if only Letty would have the girls with her sometimes, one or two of them might take the fancy of some naval officer. She might at least invite her own god-daughter and namesake, Letitia, and try to find a husband for her; but not she indeed! She fills her house with the admiral's dolls of nieces whenever any gaiety is going on, and never asks *my* daughters to come to her, unless when she is ill or quite alone. It is too bad. Whenever Lady Danby wishes to come to town to shop, or go to the opera, or amuse herself in any way, she coolly offers me a visit, and thinks nothing of staying three or four weeks. I get so vexed sometimes that I feel inclined to tell her I can't receive her. She would not like it if she had to spend a mint of money in going to a hotel, or to lodgings at seven or eight guineas a week. But I don't see why *I* should put myself to the trouble of taking *her* in, and her fine lady of a maid, and the old admiral, who drinks brandy at no allowance, and their booby of a son, without some advantage in return. And Letty should remember,

that if it had not been for *me* she would never have been Lady Danby. I asked her to stay three months with me when first I married, and we had a house near Plymouth; it was there she met Captain Danby, who took a fancy to her pink cheeks and blue eyes. But for that visit she might have been a wizened old maid up in Northumberland."

Mrs. Arlington rose and stirred the fire vigorously, then threw herself back into her lounging-chair, and continued her monologue:

"I wonder if that man, Mr. Septimus Severin, has any serious intentions. To be sure, he is only a poor curate, but he might get on in the Church, and it would be better for Cornelia to marry *him* than nobody. He is always meeting her at the charity school, and the district visiting, and coming home with her to luncheon. I don't object to this if there is any chance of his coming forward, but I don't see why I should feed him for nothing. And Cornelia spends half her allowance for dress on the materials for making handsome altar napkins, and splendid footstools for Mr. Severin and the rector to kneel on, and I don't know what all.

"Then, again, there's that Captain Colville, whom Richard introduced here; he pretends to admire Eleanor, but I have my doubts if he will ever marry her. I begin to think that it is not for *her* sake that he comes here so often, but for the sake of our good dinners. I have observed that he generally calls so late in the day that it is impossible to avoid asking him to dinner. But if ever we request him to join a party to the Crystal Palace or the Zoological Gardens, he is sure to be otherwise engaged. He will go to a concert if his ticket is presented to him, but not if he has to pay for it.

"And there's Richard, he never brings a marrying man to the house, though he must know some at the clubs. A nice expense *he* will be to us! His poor father will have to buy every step in the army for him. He's not likely ever to distinguish himself, and get on by his own merits."

Poor Mrs. Arlington heaved a deep sigh, and lifted up her hands and eyes in despair. Very bitter indeed were her feelings as she mentally surveyed her brood. The hen is much happier in looking at her chickens; and the cat would be happier in looking at her kittens, were it not that most of them are taken from her to be drowned; but of course she forgets them.

We do not mean to insinuate that Mrs. Arlington would have wished to part with any of her offspring except in the matrimonial market: but that did not seem brisk. She remained in deep thought for a few minutes, then she started up, exclaiming:

"Cheltenham! we must try Cheltenham, but only two shall go. They say there are plenty of rich old East Indians there!"

On that same raw, damp April morning six of the eight sisters were gathered together in the library. Not that they troubled any of the well-bound books which adorned the shelves of the capacious bookcases, with the exception of a Peerage, which Fanny had taken out to study; but it was a warm, comfortable room, and they were more at ease there than in the drawing-rooms.

"How fond you are of poring over the pages of the Peerage, Fanny," said Letitia, with an ill-natured sneer, to her elder sister. "I'm sure it is not worth your while to get it by heart, you will never be a peeress."

"No, certainly not," replied Fanny; "but it is just as well, in society, to know who is who. The other day, in speaking of Lord Ilchester, you called him the 'Honourable Mr. Black.' If you had looked at the Peerage, you would not have made that mistake."

"It was no great mistake," retorted Letitia, "for the man was the Honourable Mr. Black until the death of his elder brother two or three months ago. A precious blockhead he was, and is. I have often danced with him, and I always found him horribly stupid."

"A man can afford to be stupid on five thousand pounds a year," remarked Aurelia.

"In such a case the stupider the better," said Eleanor, laughing.

"Good Heavens, Cornelia! you will work your fingers to the bone for these Puseyite clergymen. What do you hope to gain by all this labour?" exclaimed Letitia.

"She expects to gain the heart of the Reverend Septimus Severin," said Eleanor, answering for Cornelia.

"The heart! humph! Of much use the heart would be, if he has one, which I rather doubt," said Letitia, in her usual sarcastic tone.

Cornelia immediately fired up, and defended her clerical friend most warmly. She accused all her sisters, and Letitia in particular, of being quite devoid of religion.

"You would rather take a walk in the Park on the Sunday afternoons, or sit among the crowds of idlers there, than go to church."

"I don't care to hear the Roman emperor preach," said Letitia. She knew that nothing provoked Cornelia so much as to call her pet curate "the Roman emperor."

"I hate nicknames!" cried Cornelia; "and I wonder you can be so vulgar as to use them."

"But really Septimus Severin is so very like Septimus Severus, that it is hardly possible to remember the slight difference between *in* and *us*. It was very ill done of his godfathers and godmothers to bestow the name of Septimus on the poor curate when he was a baby, and could not protest against it."

"I dare say few people would choose the names selected for them, if they had sense enough to know what they were to be called. Poor little wretches, they can only squall when the water is splashed upon their faces," remarked Eleanor.

"I hear there is to be a grand ball at Plymouth next Tuesday week," said Aurelia.

"And an amateur concert the following evening," added Maria. "I think Aunt Danby might have asked some of us down."

"I think so too," Eleanor said. "Captain Colville tells me that there will be no end of parties for a whole week. He has some idea of going down, for he knows a number of the officers at Plymouth."

"It is absolutely sinful of that woman, Aunt Danby, always to prefer strangers to her own flesh and blood. I dare say she will ask those two addle-pated idiots, Rose and Susan Danby," growled Letitia.

"Addle-pated or not, these Danby girls make themselves useful to her," said Cornelia. "They are more humble-minded than all of you, and don't think themselves above helping in everything; they turn her gowns, and trim up her caps, and dye her ribbons; they exhibit more

of the Christian character than you do. They act upon the teaching in the catechism, 'to do to all men as ye would that they should do to you.'"

Cornelia delivered this quotation with half-closed eyes and in a sententious voice.

There was a stillness for a moment at this rebuke; then there came a general burst of laughter, and Eleanor replied:

"Well, you are better versed in the catechism, and better read in the Scriptures, than *I* am, Cornelia, and doubtless, with the assistance of Septimus Severus, understand it better; but *I* never saw that it was the whole duty of women to turn old gowns, and smarten up old caps. If these are the needful evidences of a Christian spirit, it would be easily acquired."

Cornelia looked at her sister angrily, and coughed, and cleared her throat, but made no reply. Just then some one seemed to tumble against the door, and their youngest brother, Lionel, bounced into the room.

"Why, what a conclave!" he exclaimed. "I can fancy myself in the presence of the Pope and the college of cardinals. Corny, of course, is the pope, and I ought to kiss her toe. What are you all disputing about now?" continued the pert youngster. "I wonder you don't have a good stand-up fight, as we have at school, and then be good friends, and let alone cross-grained hits at each other."

"You are a most disagreeable boy!" cried Letitia; "a sound flogging every day for a month would be very serviceable to you."

"Thank you. I don't agree in that opinion; old maids are not exactly competent judges of how the young lords of the creation should be treated," retorted Master Lionel.

"A fine specimen of 'the young lords of the creation' *you* are, Master Jackanapes!" exclaimed Letitia, with one of her usual sneers.

"I'll tell you what, Letty," replied the impudent boy, "if you keep always putting on such a vinegar face, and jerking out such peppery words, you'll never get a husband—that you won't." So saying, he made a long nose at her, and rushed, laughing, out of the room.

II.

DISAPPOINTED PROJECTS.

It was determined in a conference between Mrs. Arlington and her eldest daughter that Lady Danby should be offered a visit from two of her nieces for the forthcoming festivities, and bribed to receive them with the promise of a fashionable new head-dress.

"And which of us are to go, mamma?" asked Fanny.

"Well, my dear, that is rather a difficult question to answer. I suppose we must let Eleanor go, as her military admirer is to be there, and she will know him, if nobody else, to dance with."

"I don't know that it is quite right," replied Miss Fanny, who, now that she was no longer *very* youthful herself, was becoming a little prudish respecting the concerns of her younger sisters. "I really don't think it is quite right to throw Eleanor so much in the way of that Captain Colville. She sees quite enough of him when he is in town—and he

is constantly running up from Aldershot—without going down to Plymouth after him."

"If she goes to stay with her aunt, it can't be called running after Captain Colville."

"He is conceited enough to think so, at any rate."

"Eleanor is a showy-looking girl, and she might meet with some one to—to take a fancy to her down there. And Maria might go—she sings so very well, that she might make a sensation, perhaps."

"Not if she goes on, as she does in general, protesting she can't, and she won't, and she's not able to sing, and letting herself be almost dragged to the pianoforte, and then, when a few of her notes have drawn people forward to listen, and they are expecting to hear a second Jenny Lind, to break down suddenly, and run away to the refreshment-room to cool herself with an ice. That dodge did very well when she first came out, and the gentlemen, great boobies, were all charmed with her bashfulness and girlish dislike to showing off; but she has acted the timid part too often—it does not go down now."

"I grant you it is a great misfortune that Maria's affectation prevents her from making a good use of her really splendid voice. I am sure I have been like to dance with impatience when I have heard her piping like a sick chicken, and half singing, half breathing through, a stupid ditty that nobody cared to hear, for she seems always to select her very ugliest songs to bore people with at parties. Of course I know this is not bad taste on her part, for she has an excellent taste, but it is partly due to her conceit, which makes her fancy whatever *she* does in the way of music must be perfect, and partly to her wretched affectation. It is a sad pity. Husbands have been got before now by good singers and good players, if only the young lady performers were amiable and good tempered, and seemed willing to please. I remember how vexed I was when that rich Mr. Berthwick, who was so charmed with one or two Scotch airs Maria sang, asked her to sing his favourite, 'The Flowers of the Forest,' I think it was called; and though she knew it quite well, she would not do it, and pretended to have forgotten it. That little Miss Anson, who had a very small voice, offered to sing it, and got through it very tolerably. Mr. Berthwick took her down to supper, joined her the next day when she was riding in the Park, and married her three months afterwards. *There* was a good match probably lost to Maria."

"Yes, it is a great pity her fine voice had not been bestowed on some other member of the family, who might have made a better use of it," sighed Fanny.

Lady Danby's answer was looked for with much anxiety, especially by Eleanor, who had set her heart on meeting her military Adonis at Plymouth. She fancied that in the freedom which prevailed in her aunt's house, or amidst the festivities which were to take place on shore and on board some of the ships of war in the harbour, there would be an irresistible opportunity for Captain Colville to propose to her. How pleased she would be to return to Eaton-square an engaged young lady! how triumphant to be the first married in the family!

Eleanor had allowed her thoughts to gallop on so fast, that she actually found herself fixing what her wedding-dress should be, and how many bridesmaids she should have!

"Only two of my own sisters," she said to herself. "It is dreadful enough to have *seven* sisters present. But, after all, the two children, Julia and Amelia, need not come to it; they can remain at Brighton. It will be quite enough to send them and grandmamma some wedding-cake."

Eleanor was deep in her projects, when, like Alnascher's, they were suddenly doomed to destruction. Eleanor was to learn by actual experience that there's many a slip

'Twixt the cup and the lip.

The postman's knock was heard. Eleanor did not care; it was not likely that a letter from Plymouth would arrive in the middle of the day. But it *was* a letter from Plymouth, which the economical Lady Danby had committed to a private hand to be delivered in London; she never reflected, or if she did reflect she did not care, that the saving of a penny stamp to her would put the bearer of the letter to the expense of one. There is a great deal of meanness among persons who even move in a good position in society. This is a strange and debasing fact, but, unfortunately, one not to be contravened.

The postman, then, *did* bring a letter from Plymouth, and that letter brought a whirlwind of storm and rage into the female portion of the family in Eaton-square.

Lady Danby wrote her "dear sister" that she was extremely sorry she could not receive any of her nieces from London at her house, because it would be quite full from a day or two previous to the ball, until all the unusual gaieties were over. Rose and Susan Danby were coming to her; to be sure, they needed only one room, but the other spare bedroom had been offered to Captain Wilkinson, of the *Juno*, who was a great admirer of little Rose, and Lady Danby thought that by asking him for ten days or so to her house he might take an opportunity of settling the matter. Captain Wilkinson was not rich, she added, but he had about four hundred pounds a year besides his pay, and would be an excellent match for Rose Danby, whose father would not likely be able to leave her more than one thousand pounds.

"The selfish, designing, unnatural creature!" exclaimed Mrs. Arlington, rushing, with Lady Danby's letter in her hand, into the room where Maria was practising a very beautiful Italian song, Cornelia working hard at some church adornment, Letitia reading a French novel, and Eleanor reclining on a sofa, with her pocket-handkerchief thrown partially over her face, lost in pleasing day-dreams. "Your kind aunt won't have any of you, girls!" cried Mrs. Arlington, in a voice trembling with anger. "She's trying hard to make up a match for that little wretch Rose Danby with a captain in the navy, and the Danby creatures and this naval man are to be her guests for ten days or more!"

Maria stopped in the midst of a shake—Letitia flung down her French novel—Eleanor started up from her recumbent position, and stood motionless, as rigid as a marble statue or a pillar of salt. Cornelia alone seemed quite cool and unconcerned. What did the Plymouth balls signify to her? The Reverend Septimus Severin was not going to them.

There was no end of exclamations, and "Aunt Danby" and "the Danby girls" were well abused by all except Cornelia, who sometimes

bent more closely over her work, sometimes lifted her head, and cast up her eyes to heaven until only the whites of them could be seen.

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Letitia, at last.

"Never knew that your Aunt Danby was selfish, unfeeling, and insincere?" asked Mrs. Arlington. "But," she continued, "she shan't have it all her own way, and two of you shall go to the ball in spite of her—or three, if you like; Richard must escort you down, his father shall pay all his expenses, and we will write to the principal hotel for rooms. Lady Danby can't well refuse to matronise you, though I know she will be furious at having to take *five* girls with her. I quite enjoy the idea of her dismay. Rose Danby, forsooth! I think she might have the decency to think a little of her *own* relations. I don't believe she ever got a crust of dry bread in these Danby girls' home; whereas she has often made quite a convenience of us. But I will pay her back in her own coin. Where's Richard to be found, I wonder. Do you think he will be at the club, Eleanor? Do any of you happen to know if he is going to dine at home to-day?"

"You had better send a little three-cornered note to Mrs. Larpent," said Letitia, in her sneering way, "to ask about Richard. She is the keeper of his conscience, and himself into the bargain, I do believe."

"For shame, Letitia! How can you be so ill natured?" said her mother. "Mrs. Larpent has a pleasant house, and Richard naturally likes to go there."

The girls looked at each other, and Letitia, Cornelia, and Maria laughed derisively.

"Platonics are very harmless, to be sure," said Letitia, "if people will only keep to them."

"I do not know that there is any warrant for indulging in plantonics in the Bible," said Cornelia, "although we are told to 'be kindly affectioned one to another, with brotherly love;' and again, 'thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.' But I do not think Richard studies the Scriptures sufficiently to be acting on these exhortations."

"I should think not," sneered Letitia. "I do not suppose that either he or Mrs. Larpent are troubling their heads about the Bible injunctions to 'brotherly love' or being 'kindly affectioned one to another.' I don't believe the Roman emperor would be blockhead enough to fancy their flirtation arose from a pious movement of the spirit."

"I don't see the use of bothering about all this nonsense just now," said Eleanor. "The question is, shall we be able to go to Plymouth, or must we give it up?"

"If Richard will go with you, there will be no need to give up the visit to Plymouth," replied Mrs. Arlington. "I will write him a note, and send it either to the club or to the barracks." And she left the room to do so.

"His mother may write him a volume, if she likes, but Richard won't stir the length of his toe unless that Mrs. Larpent pleases to give him permission to go," said Letitia. "I wonder why she can't be satisfied with her husband and her children, and ruling them, without making a slave of poor Richard."

"*I* wonder what he finds to admire in that woman," said Maria.

"She flatters his vanity," replied Letitia, "and that's the secret of her influence over him."

"Will he go with us to Plymouth, or will he not, do you think?" exclaimed Eleanor, anxiously, to her sisters.

"He won't go!" cried Letitia. "No, he won't go," said Cornelia. "He won't go unless he is well bribed," said Maria. "Or," added Letitia, "unless Mrs. Larpent takes it into her head to go too."

But Mrs. Larpent did not take it into her head to go, and, moreover, she determined that Richard should not go. She did not see him on the day that his mother's little billet summoned him to Eaton-square, for she had been forced to accompany some "stupid" relations of her husband's to the Crystal Palace, and these people had arranged to dine there, and had further volunteered to return to Mrs. Larpent's house in Wilton-crescent to tea. Mrs. Larpent had groaned in spirit at the tiresome day before her; to play the agreeable to country cousins was a dreadful task to her, especially to her husband's cousins, and more especially still, as *he* was to join them at the Crystal Palace.

"I shall have a most wearisome wretched day!" she said to Richard the evening before, when they were sitting tête-à-tête, Mr. Larpent having gone to visit his sister. "I wish I could have you with me, but I cannot ask you along with these gaping, gossiping creatures. Besides, you would be tired to death with them; I should not be able to keep them off of you. I wish they were all at the antipodes."

"Even if I were to join you for an hour or so at the Crystal Palace," replied Richard, "I could not remain for the dinner, as I have promised Major Chapman of ours, and one or two other fellows, to dine with them at the club to-morrow. I pity you with all my soul. Can't you be taken suddenly ill—keep your bed, and let Larpent entertain his rural relatives?"

"Impossible," said Mrs. Larpent; "if I were to pretend to be ill they would put off going till another day, and I had better get through the worry at once."

As Mrs. Larpent was then engaged for the whole day, Richard was able to answer his mother's summons. And he did this the more readily because he wished to put her into very good humour, for he had a request to make to her; the fact was, he wanted money. Richard Arlington was always wanting money; not that he gambled, or betted, or was on the turf. But his money melted away for all that, he could hardly have told how. He had a handsome allowance from his father, besides his pay in the Guards, yet his purse was generally empty, and he found it sometimes awkward to have a very small stock of cash in hand; credit, however, would not always do. Whenever he went anywhere with Mrs. Larpent he had to pay his own expenses, and very often hers also. And when it pleased that lady to carry him off anywhere in a cab instead of using her own carriage, he had invariably to pay the cab hire. Small items, to be sure, but amounting, in the aggregate, to something considerable. Then there were Mrs. Larpent's fancies to gratify. If she saw, when he was shopping with her—and she was fond of making him shop with her—any pretty fancy brooch or other article of bijouterie, or a "recherché fan," or a "lovely shawl," she gave hints which always induced poor soft Richard to buy them and present them to her. If he had

been a millionaire, she would have ruined him, but being only, what she called, "a genteel pauper," she let him off, as she considered, very lightly.

It was scarcely a month since Richard had wheedled his kind father out of fifty pounds, and made the good man promise that he would not mention to Mrs. Arlington or his sisters that he had bestowed this gift upon him. The fifty pounds were done, and Richard wanted more; he must try his mother next. So he presented himself, in answer to her note, in Eaton-square, and announced his desire to do anything she wished. The matter in question was explained to him, and, with more readiness than she had anticipated, Richard agreed to escort some of his sisters to Plymouth.

"But not *three*, mother," he said. "I can't enter any ball-room with one hanging on each arm, and a third holding on by my coat-tail behind."

Mrs. Arlington laughed.

"No, certainly, Richard. But one might have your arm, and two follow you."

Richard shook his head.

"I can't undertake it, ma'am. Two may go, not more."

"Then which two?" asked the mother.

"Eleanor for one—she is pretty and good tempered, and makes herself agreeable in society."

"And whether shall the other be Letitia or Maria?"

"Not either of them. Letitia is too ill natured—a perfect wasp—I should have no comfort with *her;* and Maria, though younger than the others, and more fresh-looking, is too affected. Her absurdity makes me sick. No, let Aurelia go. To be sure, she is getting passée, but she is still a nice-looking girl, and she is quiet and lady-like. I will take these two."

"Poor Fanny will be disappointed," sighed Mrs. Arlington.

"Fanny! Why, it is time for her dancing days to be over. She had better go to quiet card-parties, and try to get hold of some elderly widower."

Richard looked at his watch, and exclaimed:

"By Jove! I must be off now, for I have to dine with Chapman, who gives a spread to-day, and he is fidgeted to death at the slightest want of punctuality at feeding-time. His dinner, I verily believe, is the most important event on earth to him."

"Major Chapman? Oh, indeed! He is very well off, is he not? I think, Richard," continued his scheming mother, "that it would be well to ask him to dinner *here* occasionally. He seems rather to admire Aurelia; at least, he sometimes walks with her in the Park, and never with any of your other sisters, and a few evenings ago, at Lady Hill's ball, he danced with no one else but Aurelia. I heard him with my own ears refuse to be introduced to that Miss Pembroke, who has just come out, and who is called one of the beauties of the season."

"You would only waste your dinners upon Chapman, my good mother; he's not a marrying man. Supposing even that he admired Aurelia, there is not the most distant chance of her ever marrying him. He is too much under petticoat government already; his chère amie

won't let him escape from his vassalage to her. She is a very imperious dame, and the major is quite under her thumb."

Mrs. Arlington looked aghast. She had been indulging in a fool's paradise about this Major Chapman, and putting a very exaggerated value upon his small attentions to her daughter Aurelia.

"Is the woman very beautiful—very fascinating?" she asked.

"Not at all," said Richard. "She is a great raw-boned, masculine-looking creature—a regular painted Jezebel."

"Was she a lady?" demanded his mother.

"Well, no; she was the wife of a tobacconist somewhere in or near Oxford-street. Chapman met her at a casino, and I believe he was victimised by her."

"Did the husband sue for a divorce?"

"Oh dear no. I dare say he was too glad to get rid of her quietly; her extravagance had half ruined the poor devil, and it was not likely that he would go to any further expense about her. And now I must say *au revoir*. But first, as I am to take two of the girls to Plymouth, I am afraid, mother, I shall want a little tin. I am very hard up just now."

"Well, my boy, your father must pay all your expenses."

"Yes; but you know it would be awkward to have nothing of my *own* in my pocket."

The lady demurred a little, the son pleaded poverty, and she soon gave way, and promised to furnish him, privately, with a ten or twenty pound note, and to ask from his father a larger sum than would be absolutely needed for the trip to Plymouth, giving him permission to put any balance that might be over into his own purse. Richard was delighted at the result of his diplomacy, and left the house in high glee. That day at dinner, Mrs. Arlington evinced more than usual suavity and cheerfulness, Eleanor was in high spirits, and Aurelia, generally silent, and always very quiet, seemed to be rather elated, while Letitia looked as sour as a crab-apple, Maria sulky, and Fanny as if she had a toothache, or had just received a good beating. Richard's choice and Richard's resolve were at the bottom of all these varieties of humour.

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